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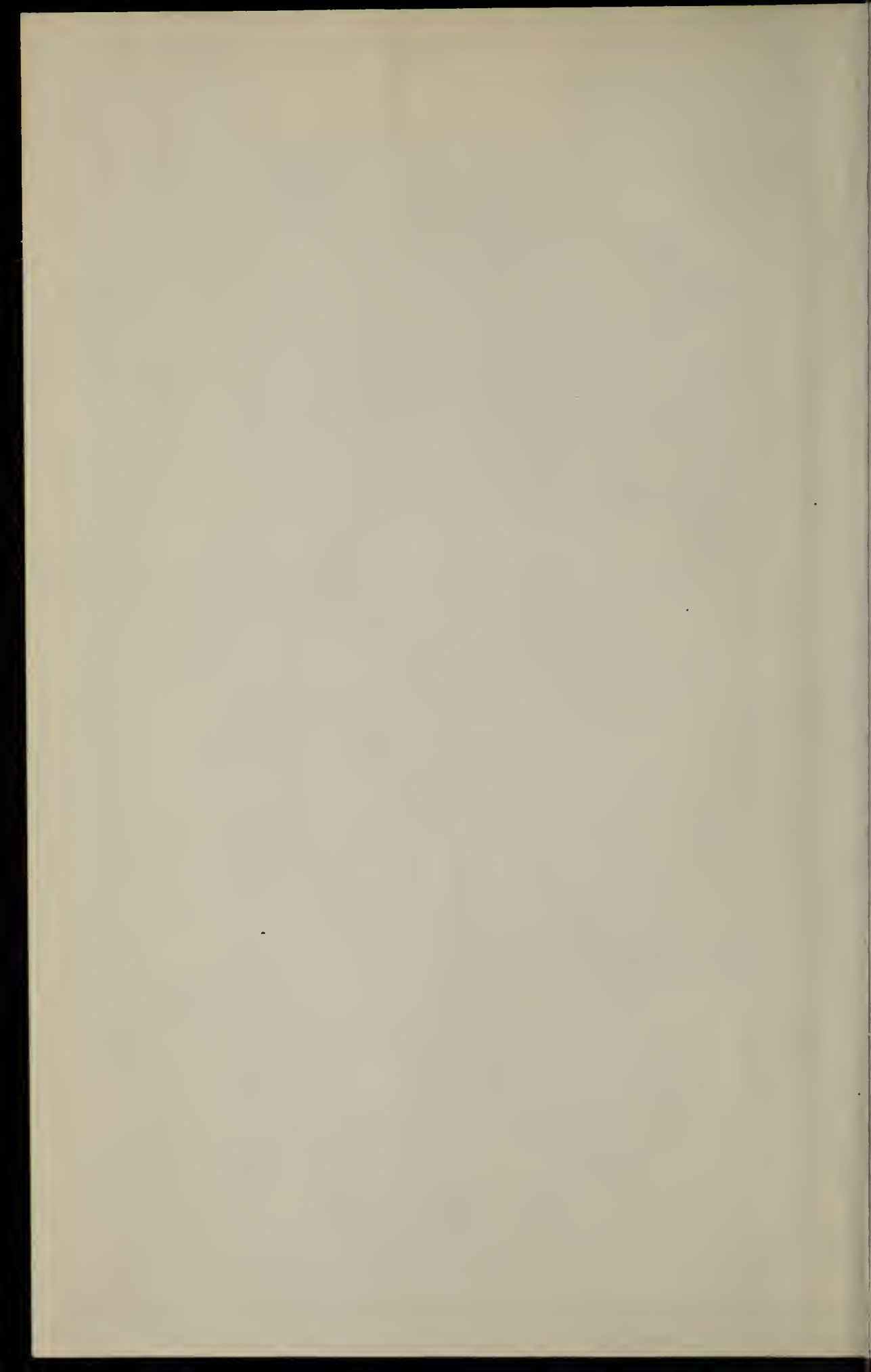
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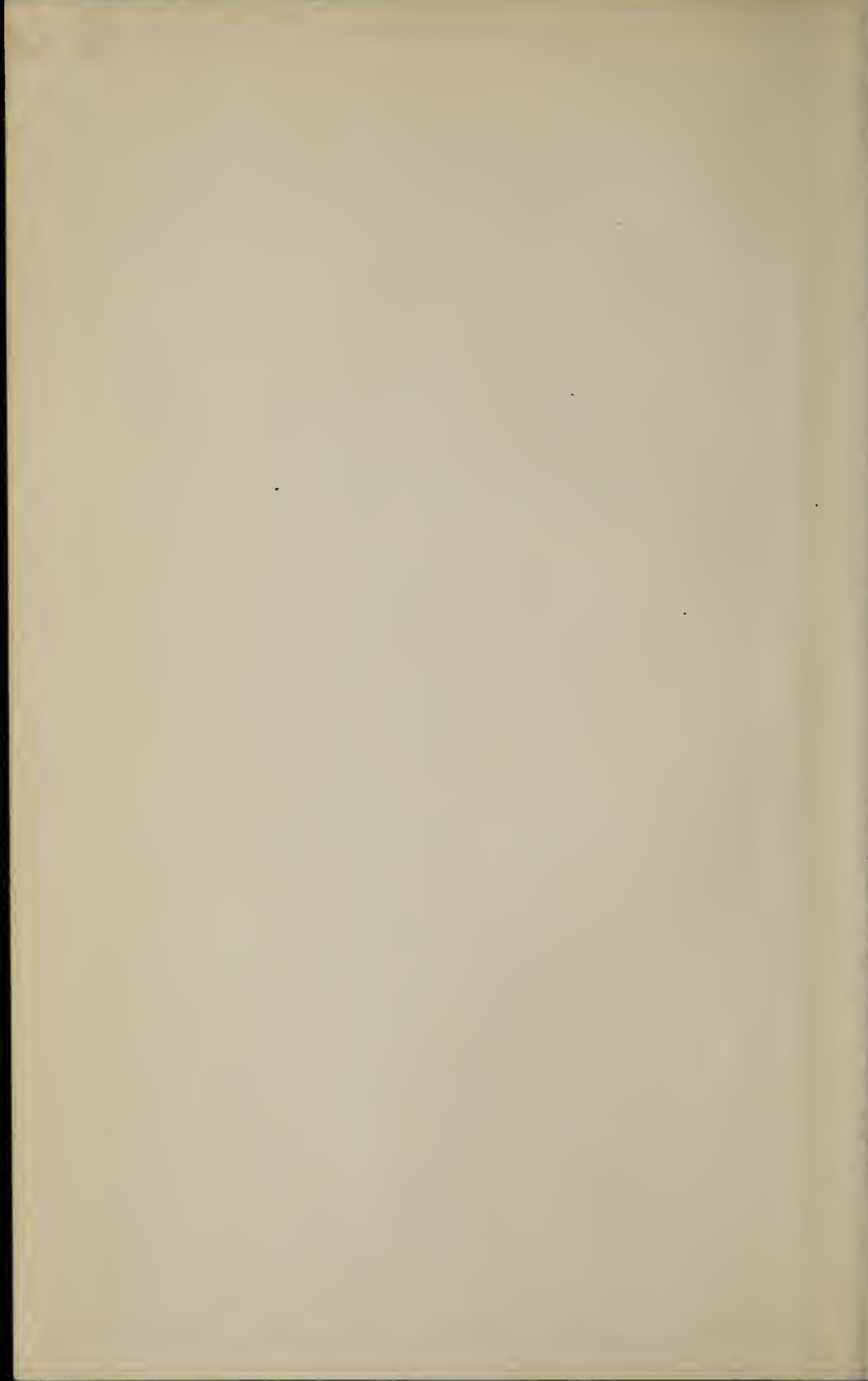
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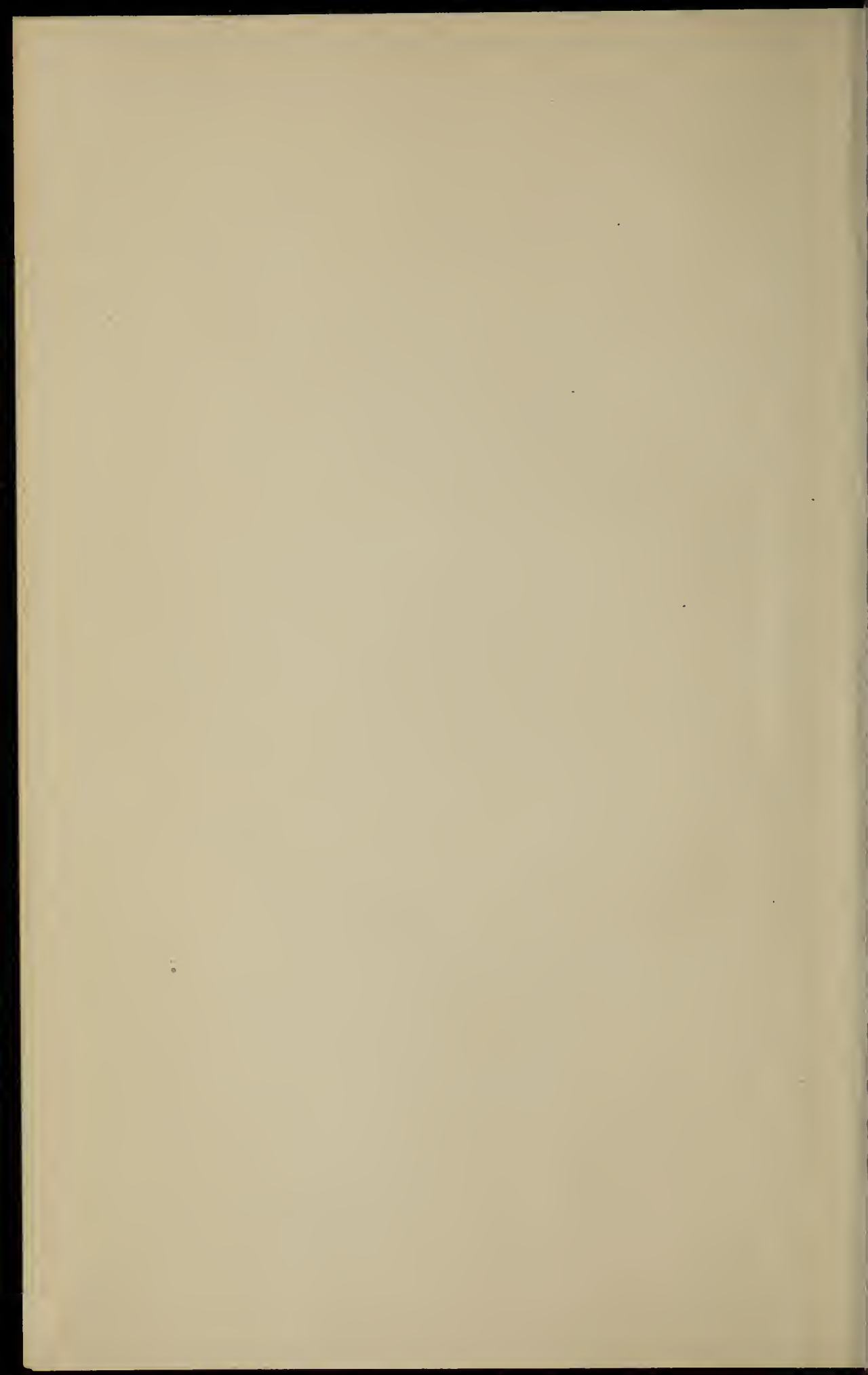
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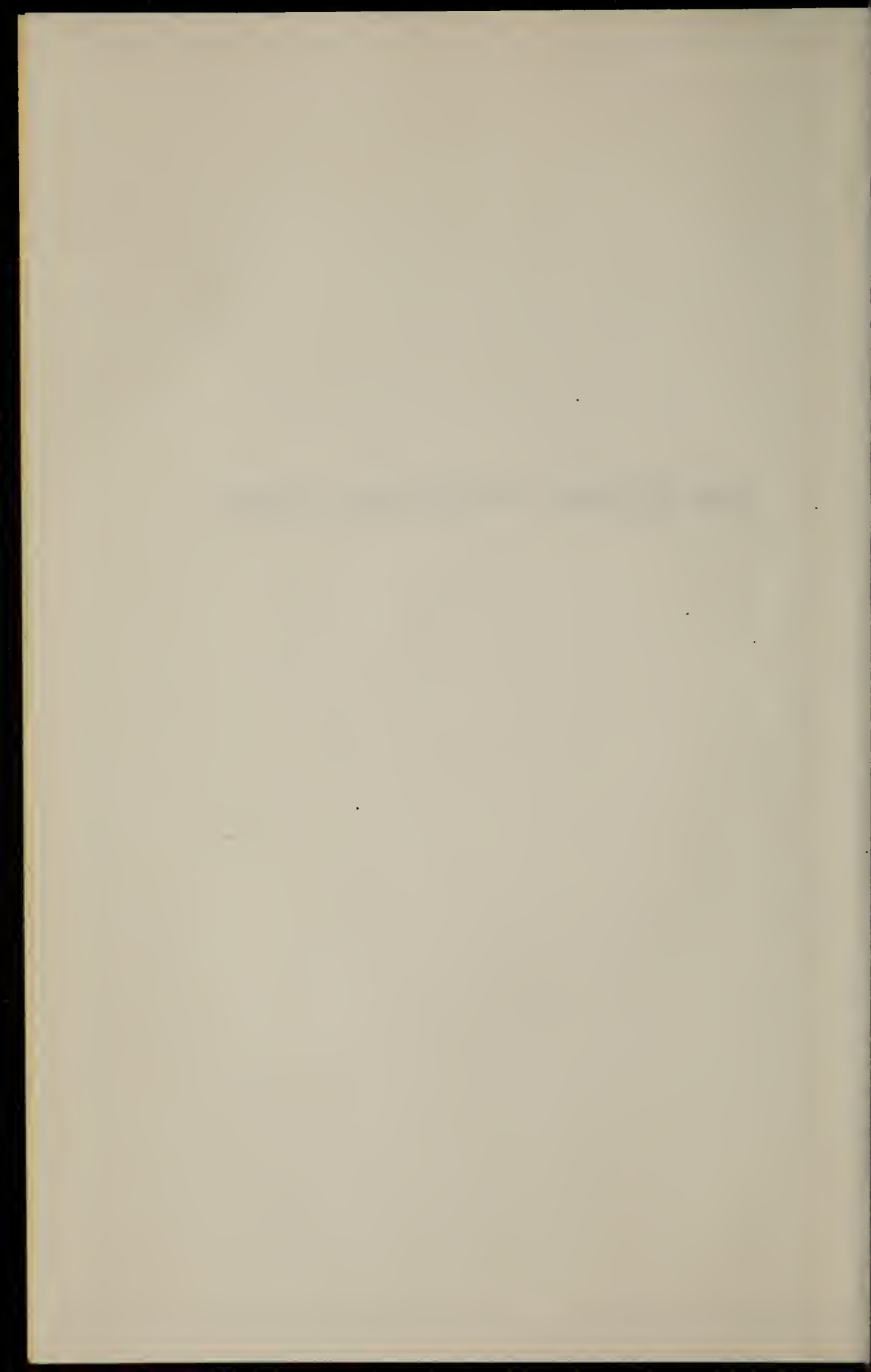


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THE HISTORY OF SHELTER ISLAND





AERIAL VIEW OF DERING HARBOR
Courtesy Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc.

The History of
SHELTER ISLAND (n.y.)
1652-1932

by Ralph G. Duvall

with a Supplement 1932-1952

by Jean L. Schladermundt

Ed. 2, rev

Shelter Island Heights

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New York

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1952

First Edition

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Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged

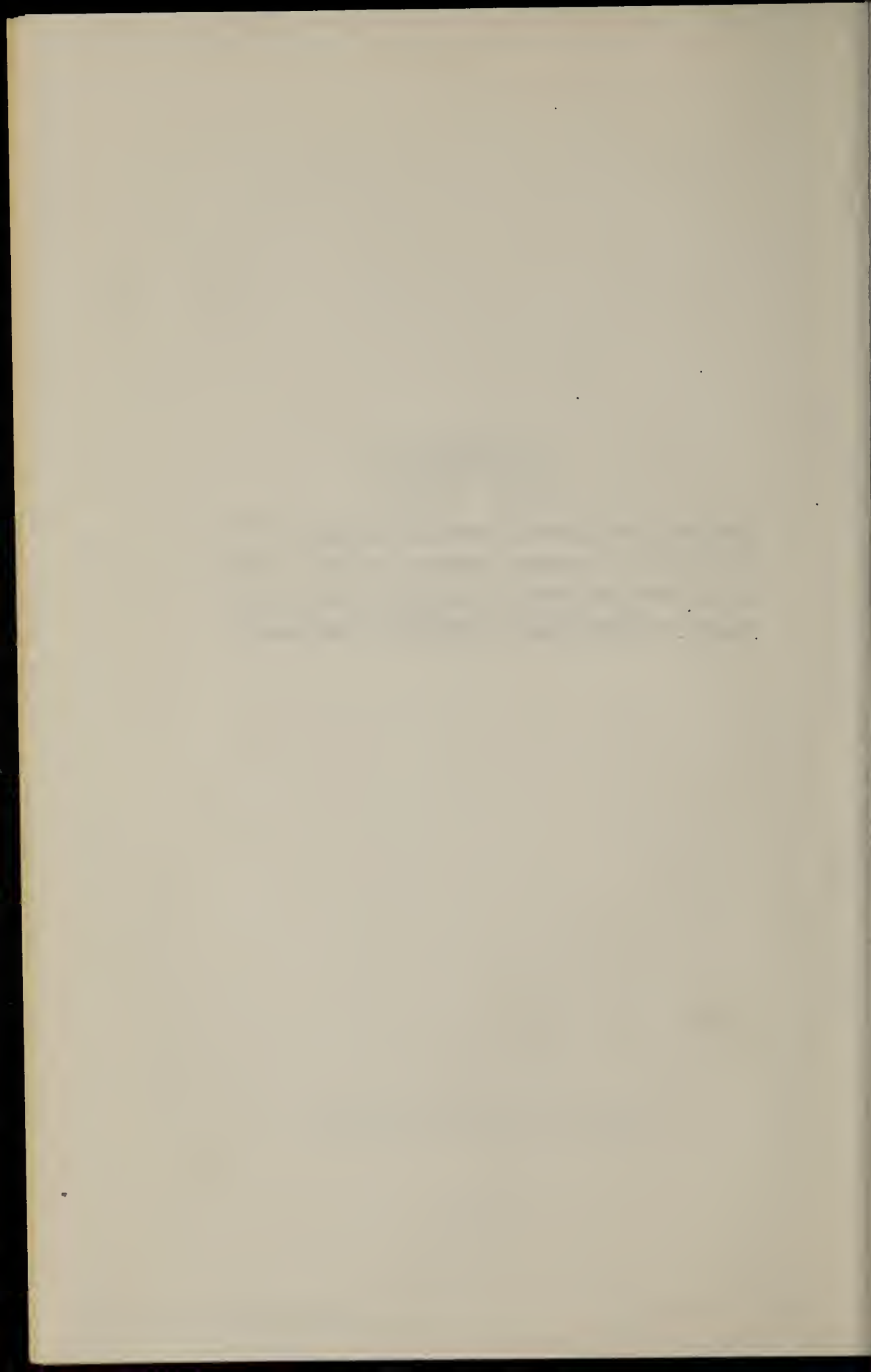
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JEAN LICHTY SCHLADERMUNDT

Printed in the United States of America

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THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS DEDICATED TO THE PEOPLE
OF SHELTER ISLAND, AMONG WHOM I HAVE
LIVED FOR SEVENTY YEARS, AND FROM WHOM I
HAVE RECEIVED MANY TOKENS OF FRIENDSHIP.

Seaside Book Co. - 5.00



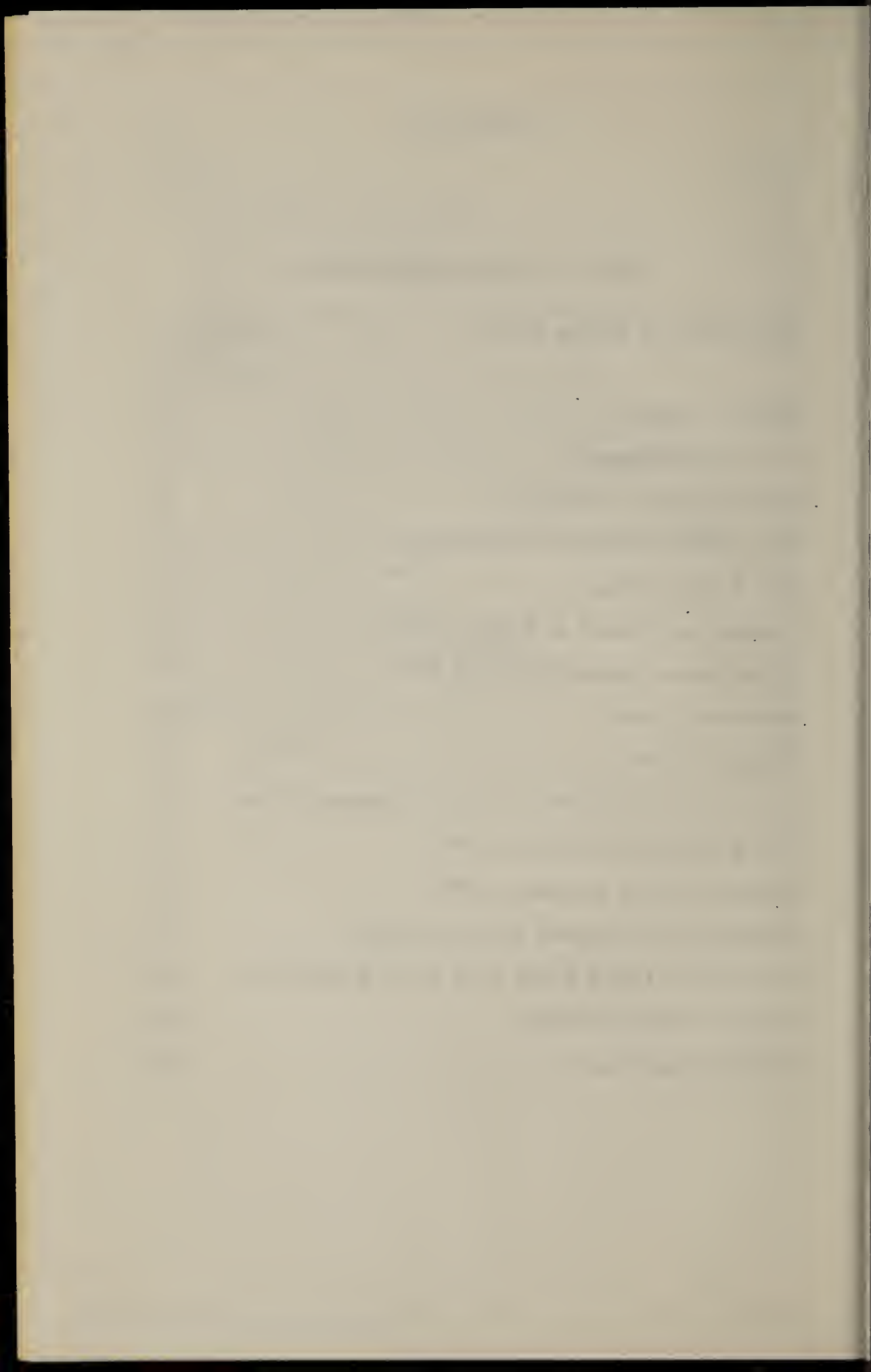
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FOREWORD

IN presenting this history to the public I do so by making this one claim for it,—that as far as I know it is the only complete history of Shelter Island in existence. Mr. Mallmann's history is the most complete one of recent times, but that brought the history of the town only down to the close of the War of 1812.

In this volume I have endeavored to give a concise, chronological and complete account of the principal happenings in the history of the island during the 280 years of its settlement.

I have tried to link some of the important events in the island's history with some of the important ones in the country's history, thinking they would be more readily fixed in the reader's mind in that way.

Realizing that the reading of bare facts soon wearies the mind I have interspersed facts with anecdotes, stories and bits of verse in hopes by doing this to give a little variety to my story.

I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to Rev. J. E. Mallmann's history, and to the Morton W. Pennypacker Library at East Hampton, for many of the facts that are recorded in this book.

I am also indebted to those who have contributed papers to the Shelter Island Historical Society for some of the material that has been used in compiling this history.

If the reading of this little volume should prove the means of calling to mind pleasant memories to some who

are familiar with Shelter Island, and should stimulate in the minds of others more interest in the island, then I shall feel that I have not written this little story of Shelter Island in vain.

RALPH G. DUVALL

FOREWORD TO THE SECOND EDITION

MR. RALPH DUVALL died in 1941 at the age of seventy-nine. Two printings of his "History of Shelter Island" were exhausted before his death, and since that time there has been nothing to fill the need for a modern chronicle of the island's development. Through the courtesy of his widow, Mrs. Alma Curtiss Duvall, and of his daughter, Mrs. Glorian Duvall Devereux, it is now possible to reissue the history on the occasion of the three hundredth anniversary of the settling of Shelter Island.

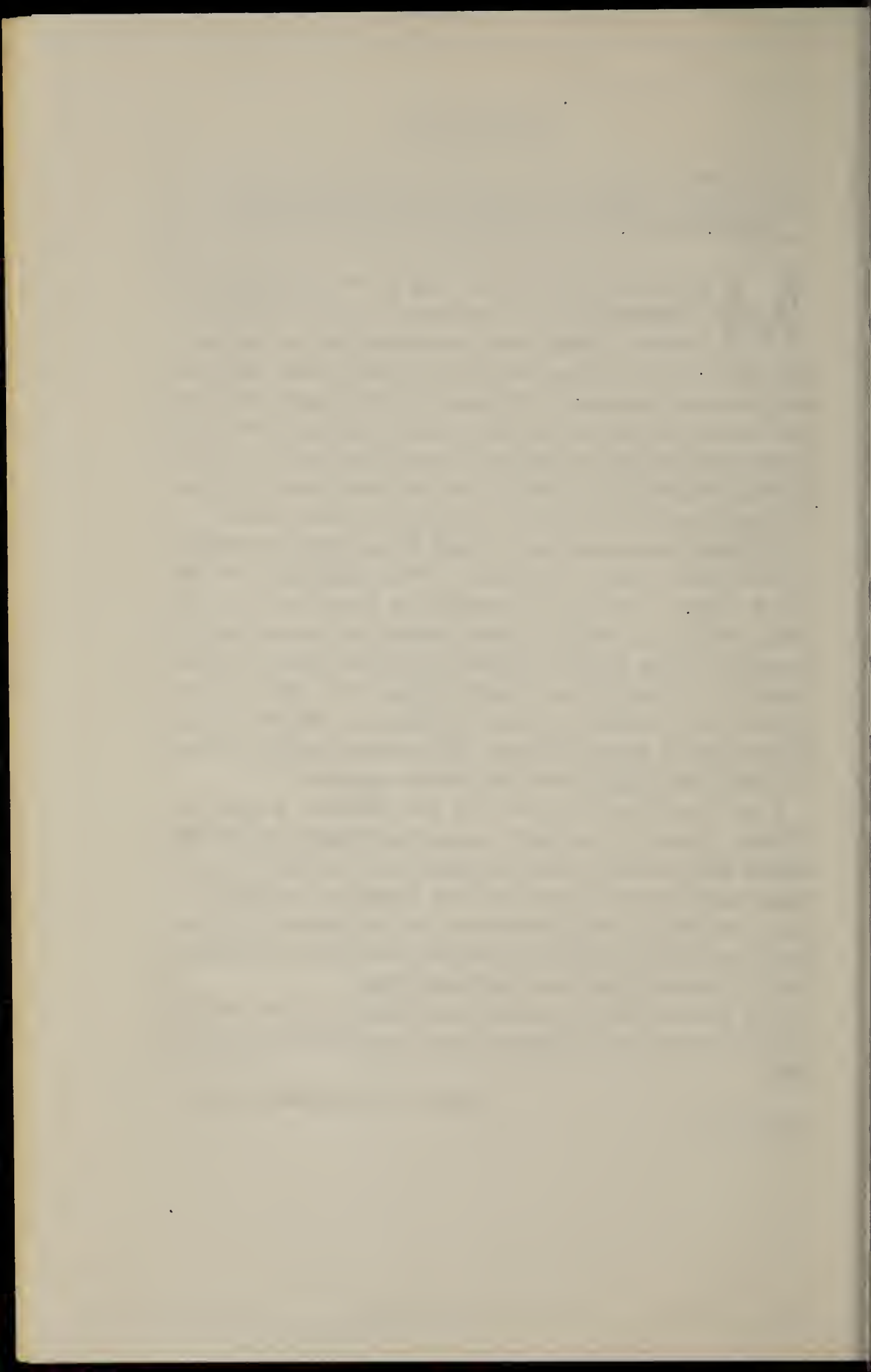
To bring the account up to date, I have added a chapter on the years since 1932 and a brief description of the island today. I have also supplied an index to the entire work, which the earlier volume lacked. In preparing this material, I have had the friendly help and counsel of Mr. Everett C. Tuthill, the island's Supervisor, and of Mrs. Minnie H. Conklin and Mrs. William C. Wilcox of the Shelter Island Public Library. My sincere thanks to them for their unfailing interest and encouragement.

I am also deeply grateful to Mr. Andrew Fiske, Mr. William Johnston, and Mr. Louis Biedermann of Shelter Island, and to Mrs. Lloyd Goodrich of New York City, to name only a few of those who have helped me to check the facts and locate the illustrations for this edition. My husband and Mr. William Dennerlein have given invaluable help in preparing the book for publication.

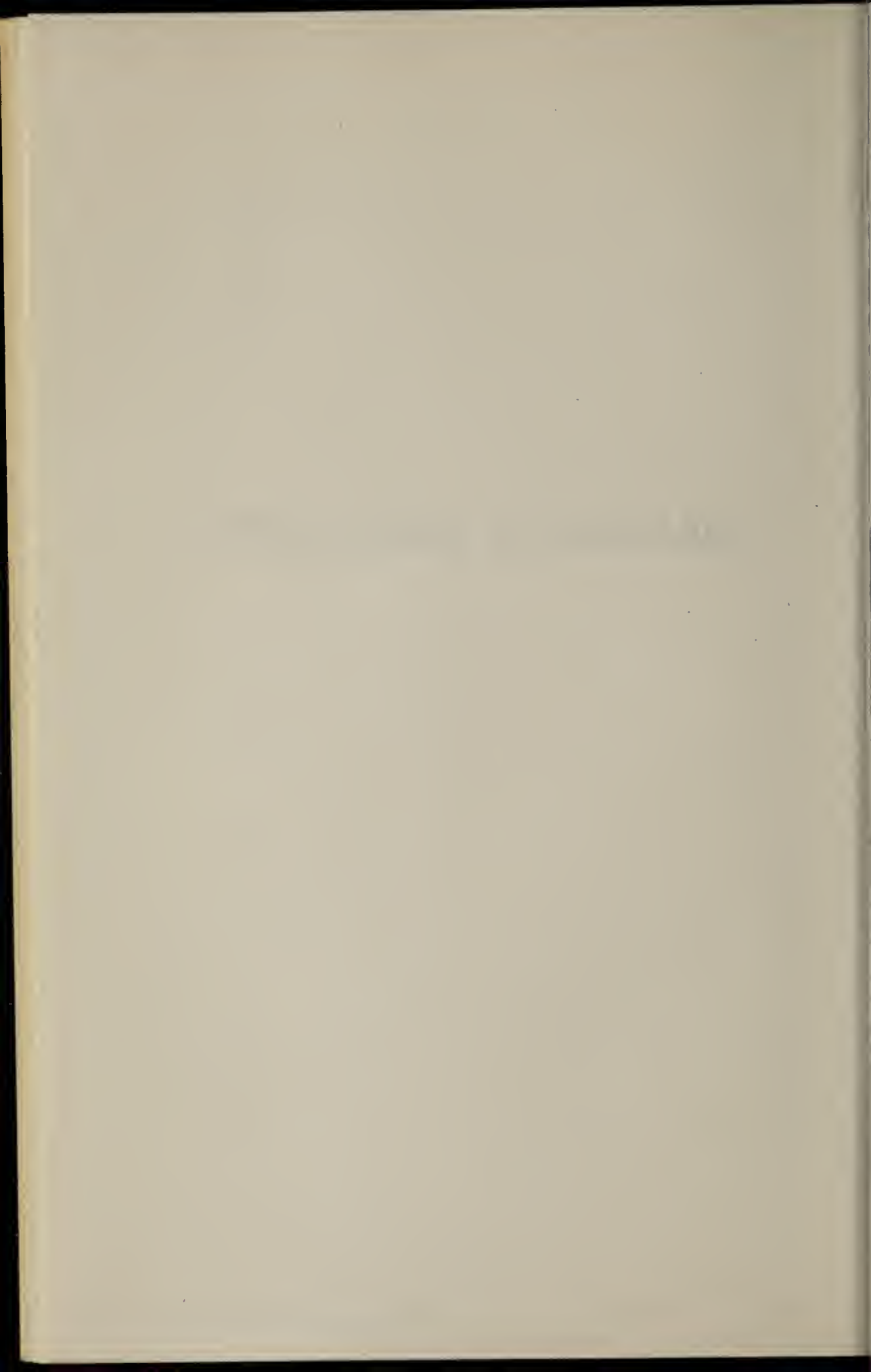
The entire "History of Shelter Island" is now rededicated to the people of Shelter Island with affection and good will.

JEAN L. SCHLADERMUNDT

March 1952



THE HISTORY OF SHELTER ISLAND



Chapter I

THE MANHANSET INDIANS

BEFORE giving our attention to the history of Shelter Island during the 280 years that the White Man has lived here, let us glance for a moment at the White Man's predecessor, the Red Man. It is rather a misnomer to apply the descriptive adjective "red" to the Indian, as they varied from a merely dark skin to one of light yellow. What a pity it is that the Indians who inhabited the territory now known as the United States have left no written records of their race. How interesting it would be to know from whence they came,—how long they had roamed the mountains, plains and shores of this country before their existence was known to the civilized world,—in fact, to read their entire history down through the centuries preceding the advent of Europeans to this country. But how long the Indians had been here, or from whence they came, they know no more than we. To them, time was dateless, and it simply flowed as it had always flowed, marked by the seasons, by birth, life and death. All we know of their past is what they have told their white brethren, and from what we have gathered from the implements and other relics they left behind.

Have you not often tried to picture to yourself our little island as it looked before the advent of the white man, when the Indians were the only inhabitants of this country? The writer of the following lines has visualized the scene so vividly that we can imagine he might have been stand-

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ing upon one of the hills of Shelter Island as he describes the panorama before him.

This is a quotation from the History of Suffolk County:

"To realize the primitive condition of things, let us indulge imagination for a moment by looking in upon a scene of that period. We have wandered along the ocean shore, and listened to the hoarse song of the sea,—our faces have felt the burning of the glancing sunlight, and we have breathed the strong salt air. There were no mammoth hotels, no villages of bathing-houses, no light-houses, no life saving stations nor fragments of stranded wrecks. From the seashore coming through the interior we see no roads, no houses, no farms, but life is represented by the animals and birds that dart away from our approach, and by the fruit and flower-laden vines and shrubs that obstruct our movements. From an interior hill we can see now and then a little band of Indians following some obscure trail through the valley below, as they move from tribe to tribe upon some unknown embassy of friendship or of hatred. As we stand there and look across the valley we see where an Indian huntsman has secreted himself hard by a little sheet of clear, fresh water, to watch for the deer that may come thither to drink. While we look, the sharp twang of the bow, the whirr of the death-dealing arrow and the commotion of the bushes where the game has fallen in its dying struggle tell us that he has not watched in vain. On the shores of the different bays we find the Indians congregating in villages. These locations are the most favorable to their convenience and habits of life. From the adjacent waters the fish and bivalves which constitute an important part of their bill of fare may be obtained, as well as the shells from which they manufacture wampum. The numerous springs of fresh water, bursting from the pebbled shores, afford them

a bountiful supply of that pure element. Approaching one of these rude settlements unobserved, we may take refuge for the purpose behind one of these old oaks which, unmolested by the destructive hand of what we call improvement, has braved the storms of heaven and the decay of time for more than a century,—or, if we choose, hide ourselves within the hollow trunk of its neighboring ancestor, and from this covert watch the movements of the savages before us. They know nothing of the existence of any race of beings in the shape of men beside themselves. Their lives, habits, religion and language are unmixed,—and shall we say uncorrupted?—by contact with the white man.

From the elevated position which we have taken we look down upon a quiet Indian village in the immediate foreground, located upon a low bluff rising from the shore of a bay, which with its partially encircling belt of white sand and the verdure-clothed hills rising from it in beautiful undulations, presents a landscape of surpassing loveliness.

Beyond the glimmer and sheen of the nearer waters the view takes in a glimpse of the wider expanse which loses itself in the hazy veil that obscures the distant horizon. On the placid water before us half a dozen canoes are paddling lazily about, some containing a single Indian each, others with several, returning perhaps from some neighborly errand to another tribe, or different village of the same tribe, or it may be from some hunting or fishing expedition. There comes a canoe containing three half-grown boys with a quantity of long coarse grass or rushes which they have gathered from the bog just across the cove. They are bringing them to be made into mats by that group of women seated on the slope just in front of us. That rude manufacture in which they are engaged is

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to them one of the fine arts. But a much finer art is being practiced by that little company which you see to the right of them, hovering about that heap of shells. They are working out from the shells they have gathered, by a slow and tedious process, the details of which we are not near enough to see, those curious little beads which when strung are called wampum and are used for ornaments as well as for money.

The facilities of the Island Indians for obtaining desirable materials are superior to those of many living on the mainland,—hence this is an article of export, as far as their relations with those tribes allow commercial transactions. Then there are others about that shell heap busy opening clams which they have taken from the flats not far away, and which when opened they expose in the sun until they are thoroughly dried. These dried clams are an important commodity with them, being in demand for home consumption and exportation as well. The great quantities of them are found beneath waters here and afford an exhaustless supply to the moderate wants and industry of the Indians.

Back on the rolling elevation to the right of us and in the rear of the little cluster of wigwams lies their corn-field. In it six or eight women are at work pulling weeds and stirring the soil with some kind of rude implements. Just here on our left two men are digging clay from the side of the very hill upon which we stand. This clay they are forming roughly into some sort of primitive dishes, which they will presently harden by baking in a hot fire when all is ready. A little way from them three old men sit chatting rather sociably for Indians, and pecking away at stone arrowheads which they are forming for the use of the younger and more active men, two of whom may be seen just now returning from the woods, bringing with

them the carcass of a fine fat buck which their skilled aim and the magic qualities of the old men's arrows have brought to the ground.

Between the primitive pottery works and yonder clump of cedars which crown the projecting bluff some men have rolled the trunk of a huge tree down from the higher hill where it grew, and are working perseveringly with fire and water and their stone axes, digging it out and shaping it for a canoe. This is primitive shipbuilding.

As we gaze upon the scene before us, ruminating on the contrast two hundred and fifty years will bring, two Indian girls emerge from the cedar thicket and come running down the slope where these men are at work. With excited gestures they tell the men of something they have seen from the hill behind the cedars. We cannot hear their story, but from the manner of its recital and the absorbing attention the men are ready to give to it we are led to wonder what startling news the little girls have brought. Presently the men throw down their implements and start with quick and stealthy tread, following the lead of the girls as they retrace their steps until the whole party disappears among the cedars.

Some women at work about the shell-heap and wigwams, having seen the movements we have just noticed, come over to where the old men are shaping arrow points and inquire what strange story the little girls brought to the other men. The old arrowmakers are evidently the sages of the village, whose superior wisdom is recognized and sought whenever any mystery is to be solved. These old men are doubtless believed to possess some peculiar spirit charm, by which they can divine things not made known to ordinary minds. This peculiar charm invests their arrows with additional value. To them the women come for the solution of a mystery that troubles them in

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regard to the movements of those men who have gone into the cedar-crowned mount. But the old men give them no relief. Then the returned hunters come over to the spot, and the small boys come running up from the shore with the same inquiry upon their lips. The collecting group attracts the attention of the women in the cornfield, and they leave their work to come and learn the cause of its gathering together. Now nearly all the Indians of the village who happen to be anywhere within sight have joined the mystified company.

As they stand there considering the proposition to send two swift-footed young men to find out what they are all anxious to know, the absent men and girls are seen emerging from the thicket and running down the hill and across the valley to where the wondering group is waiting. They are almost too much out of breath and overcome with excitement to say more than that they have seen a strange sight that they fear is an omen of danger. As they recover sufficient calmness and possession of their faculties, they explain that away out on the great water something was moving, something like a great canoe, so large that a big tree was growing out of it, and a very great blanket was hung upon the tree. The wind blowing against it pushed the thing along. What it was they could not tell. Whether it was a great canoe with men in it, or some terrible monster of the sea, with wings, or a veritable delegation from the spirit world, good or bad, is a matter of speculation with them. They could not even tell which way the thing was trying to go, for it would move first in one direction, then in another, changing its course so often that it was impossible to calculate on its intentions. While the men hold their listeners entranced with a description of what they have seen, the thing itself shoots out from behind the cedar-crowned point into full view less than

half a mile away. Its sudden appearance is greeted by an exclamatory chorus which we may interpret as being equivalent to "There it is," and this is followed by a silent contemplation of the wonderful spectacle. The children cling tremblingly to their mothers, while the squaws crouch nearer to their husbands and the warriors, and all draw instinctively together as they press around the old men, who have thrown down their work and sit gazing in speechless wonder at the approaching nondescript. Fear seizes every heart, and the breast of even the bravest warrior is troubled with deep misgivings as to what the end of this may be. There they stand, like so many statues, fixed and silent. Presently the spell is broken, and one of the wisest of them explains this singular phenomenon to this effect: "The Great Spirit is angry, and is coming in his big flying canoe to look for some warrior who has done some wicked thing, or for some other man who has displeased him! But maybe he will not find the bad one here. If he wants any of us, we must go. It is no use to try to run away from him, so we might just as well stay where we are."

Another explains: "I don't think it is the Great Spirit. He don't travel that way. I think it is a great big canoe loaded with men. Maybe they are Pequots, maybe Narragansetts, maybe Mohawks, maybe some other tribe from away off somewhere."

"No," answers a third, whose clearer vision has allowed him to see the faces of those on board, "these are not men like us. They are pale-faced,—more than our dead fathers and brothers are. They must be spirit men. That is a more beautiful canoe than any man could make in this world. It comes from the spirit land where our fathers and our chiefs have gone. Its wings are white and beautiful. They are made of the skins of the animals that are

hunted in the world where everything is so white and good. Maybe the spirit men in the canoe are our friends who are looking for us, to take us in the beautiful canoe to the happy hunting grounds which they have found."

But still, the young warriors think, whatever may be the errand upon which the approaching party comes, it would be well to be ready for the worst, at least as far as the power to prepare for it is theirs. So their bows and arrows are made ready and brought out with them to be at hand in case of need. But some of the squaws, though they have never heard the proverb "Distance lends enchantment," still have an instinctive conviction of its truth, and act on that conviction by retreating beyond the cornfield as the approaching vessel anchors in the harbor and a small boat with a few men starts for the shore. Some of the Indians at the same time move cautiously down the slope.

As the representatives of two different races of men approach each other, the newcomers are able to convey to the Indians—by what sort of language who shall ever know?—the impression that their mission is a friendly one! that they intend no harm to them, but that they have brought some very useful and curious things which they will show them, by way of friendly entertainment. And then they show them some of these wonderful contrivances! knives of metal, so sharp that they will cut a sapling clean off at one thrust! awls, which the Indians at once see will be very useful for boring out the holes through their wampum beads! axes, bright and sharp and smooth-edged, with which they can cut a tree down more than ten times as easily as they can with their own clumsy tools! and other things which we cannot afford time or space to enumerate. The Indians are allowed to go aboard and examine the big canoe and all the appurtenances of

civilization which the pale-faces have brought with them, until they are fairly intoxicated with curiosity and wonder.

The setting sun that evening closed a day never to be forgotten by those who participated in the events which we have portrayed,—the day which saw the meeting of two races of men upon the soil which had been, no one knows how long, the home of one, and was to be, no one knows how long, the home of the other. While one should decrease, the other should increase.”

The Indians that the early visitors found on Shelter Island (or as the Indians called it, Manhansack-ah-quash-awamock) were the Manhanset tribe. Just how many they numbered at this time cannot be definitely stated. In one of his historical sermons, which the Rev. Thomas Harries delivered in the fall of 1871, he has this to say about the number of braves that the Manhanset tribe could summon: “A little more than two centuries ago, this beautiful gem of the sea was the home of the Manhanset tribe of Indians. Their wigwams dotted its hillocks and glens; their wild war songs echoed through its primeval forests, and over its tidal inlets their bow and arrow and bloody tomahawk sent terror to their foes, for they could summon 500 fighting men to the war-path for the scene of savage carnage.”

It hardly seems possible that the island was as thickly populated as this would indicate. We know that the Indians were rather thinly scattered all over this country. It is said that the huge continent that is north of Mexico supported only about one-half million of savages that we call Indians.

The Sachem of the Manhansets at the time the white man first came here, was Pogatticut, a very distinguished Indian. In fact, it might be said that Pogatticut was an aristocrat, and belonged to the Royal Family of Indians,

for there were four brothers in their family who were Sachems. Pogatticut was not only the Sachem of the Manhanset tribe, but was the Grand Sachem of most if not all of the tribes of Long Island,—at least as far west as Hempstead or Canarsie.

In the opening chapter of that interesting novel, "Lords of the Soil," the late Nathan Cuffee gives the following fine description of the old chieftain as he viewed the setting sun for the last time from Sunset Rock, which is located on the east shore of Dering Harbor, a short distance north of the mouth of Gardiner's Creek:

"The date, a day in the month of May, in the year 1654. From his wigwam beneath the shadows of the giant oaks, adjacent to Sunset Rock, upon the shore of Lesser Peconic Bay, an Indian chieftain emerged, a man of commanding mien, and slow but stately step. In form he was erect and matchless, although the frosts of a hundred winters had bleached his once raven locks to snowy whiteness, and his eagle eye gazed unblenchingly at the setting sun as he seated himself upon the pinnacle of the rugged rock that for so many years had been his throne. It was Pogatticut, King of the Manhansets, who had come forth to take a last look at the setting sun, and to bid farewell to the dying day, for ere the luminary should again brighten the eastern horizon the brave soul of the mighty Sachem would be gone to the spirit land."

Pogatticut's brother, Wyandanch, was at this time the Sachem of the Montauks. On the death of Pogatticut, he became the Grand Sachem of the Long Island tribes. Another brother, Witaneymen, afterward known as Nowedonah, was the Sachem of the Shinnecocks, and a third brother, Momoweta, was the Sachem of the Corchaugs.

In a history of Suffolk County, in speaking of the different tribes of Indians in this county, this is said:

"Above the mass of all these Indians, there loomed three characters of such commanding power and superior qualities, that they were accorded a higher position in the popular estimation than that of ordinary chiefs, a sort of royal triumvirate in the persons of three brothers, Pogatticut, chief of the Manhansets, Wyandanch, chief of the Montauks, and Nowedonah, chief of the Shinnecocks. Of these, the first held the title (though it would seem in a sense scarcely more than honorary) Grand Sachem of the island Indians. On the second rested the more practical burden of duties and authority belonging to that title. The third might be called a sort of prince, a reserve, and perhaps an adviser."

Pogatticut was sometimes referred to as Yoco and Yokee.

A sister of these four Sachems married a man who became very famous as an interpreter of the Indian language. His name was Cockenoe. The late William Wallace Tooker of Sag Harbor, who made an extensive study of the Indians in this vicinity, wrote an essay on this Indian entitled "Cockenoe de Long Island," which was published in book form in 1896. In this paper, Mr. Tooker brought much evidence to prove that Cockenoe was the Indian who gave so much assistance to Rev. John Eliot in his translation of the Bible into the Algonquin language, which was the language spoken by the Indians in this part of the country. At the time Mr. Eliot met him, Cockenoe was being held as a captive near Boston. In various transactions between the English and the Indians of Long Island, Cockenoe acted as interpreter.

In his essay on Cockenoe, Mr. Tooker states that an Indian deed which conveyed East Hampton Township to certain parties in the Colony of Connecticut, the conveyance was signed by the four Sachems of Eastern Long

Island, to wit: Pogatticut, the Sachem of Manhanset; Wyandanch, the Sachem of Meuntacut; Momoweta, the Sachem of Corchake; Nowedonah, the Sachem of Shinnekok, and their marks are witnessed by Cheekanoo, who is thereon stated to have been "their Interpreter." In a footnote, which was taken from the Colonial History of New York, it says, "This is the only instance in the early records of Long Island where we find the old Sachem of Shelter Island called Pogatticut." In 1652, the year that Shelter Island was first settled by the whites, a dispute arose between the owners of the island and the Indians as to the rights of the latter in the island. The Indians claimed that in a conveyance made some years previous to this time, they did not relinquish all their rights in the island, but only a certain portion which was marked by some trees. They sent Checkanoe, or Cockenoe, to Hartford as their representative, to plead their cause before the Commissioners of the United Colonies of New England who were assembled there. This was in September, 1652, soon after Nathaniel Sylvester had come here to reside. As no deed could be found showing that the Indians had sold their rights in the island, the case was decided in their favor, and Captain Middleton and his associates had to purchase the island a second time from the Indians. The deed of this second purchase appears among the records of Easthampton Town under date of December 27th, 1652. A confirmatory paper of this deed is on file among the records of Southold Town, and reads as follows:

"Wee whose names are here underneath subscribed doe hereby testify and declare that Yokee, formerly Sachem of Mahansick Ahaquatawamock, now called Shelter Island, did on the three and twentieth of March, 1652, give full Possession unto Capt. Nathaniel Sylvester and Ensigne John Booth of the aforesaid island of Ahaquatawamock, with all that was belonging to the

same. And hee the said Yokee, delivered unto the aforesaid Captaine Nathaniel Silvester and Ensigne Booth one turfe and twige in their hands according to the usual custome of England—after which delivery and full possession given, the said Yokee with all his Indians that were formerly to said island of Ahaquatawamock did freely and willingly depart the aforesaid island, leaving the aforesaid Captaine Nathaniel Silvester and Ensigne Booth in full possession of the same. Unto which we Witness our hands the date above being the 23d of March, 1652.

JOHN HERBERT of Southold.

CAPT. ROBERT SEELEY of New Haven.

DANIEL LANE of New London.

GILES SILVESTER."

It would appear that there was some confusion in the dates as to the time the Indians made their claim before the Commissioners in Hartford, which was said to be in September, 1652, and the time they departed from this island, which according to the statement just quoted was prior to the 23d of March, 1652. But it should be remembered that the year began at that time in March, probably the 25th, instead of the first of January, so that March, 1652, was six months subsequent to September, 1652.

It is said that the Indians believed in two Supreme Divinities,—the one good, the other evil,—and in a multitude of subordinate gods, which were represented by idols and worshipped. They also believed in a future life,—the good to enjoy singing, dancing, feasting and hunting, and the evil to be condemned to servile labor, which the Indians deemed as the severest of punishments. It is also said that their religious festivities were marked by horrible yells, wild gesticulations, and sometimes by drunken revelry. The Manhansets were a friendly people, but it is claimed by some writers that Yoco the Sachem was a decided

enemy of the white man, but being in advanced years when the Europeans arrived here, he did them but little injury. No matter what may have been the feeling between Yoco (or Pogatticut) and the early comers to our island, yet it is very evident that he was held in high esteem and reverence by the Indians. This is plainly shown by the following account of his burial, which was written by the late David Gardiner in his *Chronicles of East Hampton*: "His remains were transported for burial from Shelter Island to Montaukett, where was the burying ground of the Indians. In removing the body the bearers rested the bier by the side of the road leading from Sag Harbor to Easthampton, near the third milestone, where a small excavation was made to designate the spot. From that time to the present, more than 190 years, this memorial has remained as fresh, seemingly, as if but lately made. Neither leaf nor stone, nor any other thing, has been suffered to remain in it. The Montauk tribe, though reduced to a beggarly number of some ten or fifteen drunken and degraded beings, have retained to this day the memory of the event, and no one individual of them now passes the spot in his wanderings without removing whatever may have fallen into it. The place to them is holy ground, and the exhibition of this pious act does honor to the finest feelings of the human heart. The excavation is about twelve inches in depth, and eighteen inches in diameter, in the form of a mortar." When the turnpike between Sag Harbor and Easthampton was laid out about 1860, the spot was plowed up and the sacred memorial of over 200 years' standing was obliterated. This particular locality was known for many years as "Whooping Boys Hollow."

It must have been with heavy hearts that the Indians left their native isle, every spot of which was probably familiar to them, to be dispersed among neighboring tribes

on Long Island. But in this we see only another instance of the Red Man being obliged to move on to make room for a superior race. And as we bid him farewell, that old and familiar expression that is so full of meaning comes to our mind, "Lo, the poor Indian."

Chapter II

THE SETTLEMENT OF SHELTER ISLAND

IT is the year 1638. No settlement has been made at the east end of Long Island up to this time, but there begins to be a rustling in the tree-tops portending that a change is about to take place. Two or three years earlier than this a few small settlements had been made at the extreme west end of Long Island. With these exceptions, the various tribes of Indians still held unmolested possession of Long Island and the smaller islands about it. Eighteen years before this time, in 1620, James the First, who was then King of England, granted unto the English Colony of Plymouth, an immense tract of land in this country, extending from ocean to ocean, and about 500 miles in width from north to south. This territory embraced the northern part of what is now the United States, and the southern part of Canada. Much of this country was so densely wooded then that a squirrel might have leaped from bough to bough for a thousand miles and never have seen a flash of sunshine on the ground, so contiguous were the boughs, and so dense the leafage.

Of course Long Island and Shelter Island were included in this grant. In the same year that this historic grant was made to the English Colony of Plymouth, a historic event occurred at Plymouth, Mass. It was then that a band of exiles moored their bark on a wild New England shore, and Mary Chilton placed her foot on Plymouth Rock. In 1637, upon request of Charles the First, who had succeeded his

father James the First, as King of England, the Plymouth Colony granted to William, Earl of Stirling, all of Long Island and the islands adjacent to it. A Scotchman by the name of James Farrett was appointed the Earl's agent to inspect and dispose of this property.

As the Earl of Stirling once owned Shelter Island, and as our nearest neighbor, Greenport, was once called Stirling in honor of the Earl, it might be of interest to know a few more facts about him than appear in most histories. By consulting an encyclopedia, we gain the following information about him:

William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, most generally known as Sir William Alexander, was a Scotch poet and statesman. In 1621, he received from James I enormous grants of land in America, embracing the districts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and he was appointed hereditary lieutenant of the new colony. This territory was afterward increased on paper so as to include a great part of Canada. Alexander proceeded to recruit emigrants for his "New Scotland," but the terms he offered were so meagre that he failed to attract any except the lowest class. These were despatched in two vessels that were chartered for the purpose, but the enterprise was not a success, and Alexander found the colony a constant drain on his resources.

He was the King's secretary for Scotland from 1626 to the time of his death, 1640. In 1631, King Charles sent instruction to Alexander to abandon Port Royale, and in the following year the whole of the territory of Nova Scotia was ceded to the French.

Alexander continued to receive substantial marks of the royal favor. In 1631 he obtained a patent granting him the privilege of printing a translation of the Psalms of which James I was declared to be the author. There is

reason to believe that in this unfortunate collection, which the Scottish and English churches refused to encourage, Alexander included some of his own work. In 1623 he received the right of a royalty on the copper coinage of Scotland, but this proved unproductive. He therefore received for his fourth son the office of general of the Mint, and proceeded to issue small copper coins known as "turners," which were put into circulation as equivalent to two farthings, although they were of the same weight as the old farthings. These coins were unpopular, and were reduced to their real value by the privy council in 1639.

Alexander died in debt on the 12th of February, 1640, at his London home in Covent Garden.

He was an author of considerable fame, both as a poet and a dramatist. Among his earliest poems was "Aurora," containing the first fancies of the author's youth, a miscellany of sonnets, songs and elegies. A collected edition of his works appeared in his lifetime under the title "Recreations with the Muses."

James Farrett, having been appointed the Earl's agent in 1637, came to this country the following year to perform the duties for which he had been commissioned.

It was in that year that Mr. Farrett visited Shelter Island. If any European had been here previous to that time there seems to be no record of it. We read that in 1614 Adrian Block, the Dutch navigator, sailed from New Amsterdam, now New York City, through Long Island Sound, as far east as Block Island. At this time he discovered Fisher's Island and Block Island, the latter of which was named for him. If he sailed into Gardiner's Bay and visited Shelter Island, no mention seems to have been made of the fact in history. It is said that Adrian Block's vessel was accidentally burned, and that he built another on or near Manhattan in the summer of 1614. If

this is correct then it was the first vessel built in the United States.

After Farrett had inspected the whole domain that had been granted to the Earl, he chose Shelter Island and its little neighbor on the west, Robbin's Island, for the ten thousand acres that had been offered him for his services as agent. So as far as we know, James Farrett was the first white man to set his foot on Shelter Island. This was in 1638, the year before Gardiner's Island was granted to Lion Gardiner; two years before Rev. John Young and his little band of followers settled in Southold; two years before Southampton was settled, and seven years previous to the settlement of Easthampton.

During his visit to the Island, Farrett made a bargain with the Indians, in which he claimed to have bought their rights, and about which there was a dispute later. He was the owner of the island for three years, and during that time it was known as "Mr. Farrett's Island." In 1641 he sold Shelter Island to Stephen Goodyear, of New Haven. Mr. Goodyear was a merchant of high standing and at the time he bought this island he held the important office of Deputy Colonial Governor of New Haven. It is said that among the powers granted to Farrett in his commission from the Earl of Stirling was the power to mortgage the said territory or any part of it; and in accordance with this power a mortgage was given to Goodyear and other parties July 20, 1641, and it is supposed that by the purchase of this island and other property belonging to the Earl the claim was satisfied. Shelter Island belonged to Goodyear from 1641 to 1651, and during this time it was known as "Mr. Goodyear's Island." In 1651 Mr. Goodyear sold his island to four merchants who were interested in the sugar industry in the Barbados,—namely, Thomas Middleton, Thomas Rouse, and Nathaniel and Constant Sylvester. It

is claimed that these merchants were first attracted to this island by the large amount of white oak timber that was growing here at that time, and that much of the timber for the manufacture of the hogsheads in which to ship their sugar was furnished from here, as it was better suited to that purpose than any produced in the West Indies. The consideration that Mr. Goodyear received for his island was 1600 pounds of good merchantable Muscavado sugar.

It was very appropriate that the consideration named in the deed by which this island was conveyed to these merchants should have been sugar, for the grantor and the grantees were all interested in that business. It has been estimated that the value of this sugar was from fifty to one hundred dollars. Let us analyze this transaction to see how much Shelter Island real estate was worth at that time. To make it easy to compute, let us say the value of the sugar was eighty dollars, and the amount of land sold was eight thousand acres, which would make the price of the land about one cent per acre.

Of the four gentlemen who bought this island, Nathaniel Sylvester apparently was the only one who intended to make his home here. While on the island at that time he selected the site for his house, which was a short distance east of where the present manor house stands. Mr. Sylvester soon sailed for England, from whence he shipped the material for his new dwelling. Early in 1652 he married Grissel Brinley, a daughter of Thomas Brinley, Esq. In 1887 Martha J. Lamb, a well known author, wrote an article for the Magazine of American History entitled "The Manor of Shelter Island." We will let her relate some of the interesting incidents in connection with the coming of the Sylvester family to this island.

"The Sylvesters were Englishmen who, through their adherence to Charles I, and subsequently to Charles II,

found it inconvenient to remain in England. Had there been no Oliver Cromwell, Shelter Island would have had a very different and doubtless much more prosaic history. The disasters that befell the unfortunate Charles I, and his final execution, turned the attention of many a Royalist toward the new world. While Cromwell was leading his army against the Scots at Dunbar, in 1650, the Sylvesters (there were five or six brothers, all of whom were wealthy merchants) were resolutely preparing to leave the kingdom; and when, on the 3d of September, 1651, Cromwell achieved his great victory over Charles II, at Worcester, they had already nearly three months before acquired Shelter Island in America, and the family had found a temporary asylum in Holland. Important business interests must be adjusted, and then three of the brothers, with their families and their mother, a lady of strong character and many virtues, removed with their effects to Barbados.

Even there they were not beyond the reach of the Cromwell government, and on several occasions were in great trouble. Constant Sylvester was arrested and imprisoned for a time as the leader of the loyalist faction.

Madame Sylvester, the mother, is on record in Barbados as asking that she might be treated as an Englishwoman and not as a Dutchwoman. The father-in-law of Nathaniel Sylvester was Thomas Brinley, Auditor of Charles I, and also of Charles II, and keeper of the accounts of the dower of Henrietta Marie. He was a man of integrity, wealth and sound judgment, very much loved and trusted by the royal family. It was to the fastnesses near the ancestral home of the Brinleys in Staffordshire that Charles II fled after his final defeat by Cromwell, and Thomas Brinley was one of the few who met the fugitive monarch at Woodstock under the roof of Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchby. A few days later Charles II, while journeying

south in disguise, hoping to escape into France, summoned Thomas Brinley to meet him at Oxford to consult about supplies. As a consequence of his compliance, Brinley's estates were confiscated and a warrant issued by Parliament for his arrest.

He eluded his pursuers, however, and with the King reached the continent in safety, but he was obliged to live in exile until the Restoration. His family were scattered. His lovely young daughter Grissel Brinley, only sixteen years of age, (she was baptized in 1636) went forth from his luxurious mansion to wed her husband, Nathaniel Sylvester who, although he had been absent from England for several months, appeared upon the scene to claim her hand. Their romantic wedding occurred in the early part of 1652, and their bridal tour was a voyage across the Atlantic ending in a veritable shipwreck. Their fellow passengers were Francis Brinley, brother of the bride, founder of the well known Brinley family in this country, —Governor William Coddington of Rhode Island, with his bride,—he had just married Anne Brinley, elder sister of Grissel,—and Giles Sylvester, brother of the bridegroom. This family party stopped at Barbados and were handsomely entertained at the home of Constant Sylvester. Then they sailed for Newport, but encountering a terrific storm, were driven upon the rocks near Conanicut Island. Their unlucky ship, 'The Swallow,' was dashed in pieces, —prior to which the ladies had been rescued through the heroic efforts of Sylvester, Coddington and Brinley, and before the wreck was complete, nearly all on board, including a large number of servants belonging to Sylvester, were saved. The vessel was laden with necessities for the new home in America and the loss under the circumstances must have been very severe; some of the household goods were washed ashore by the breakers and saved. The

record is extant of a priceless cabinet which Sylvester earnestly besought the captain of the vessel to save at any risk, supposed to have contained royal treasures from the Brinley archives. It was broken open in the struggle for life, and a portion of its contents destroyed; but there still exist, in possession of the descendants, a quaint silver knife and fork, broken, with carnelian handles, and an enameled case of Italian workmanship, of Charles I, an heirloom given to each Princess Mary at her christening, which tradition informs us crossed the ocean in this royal cabinet. A shallop was obtained at Rhode Island, and after weary waiting on a desolate shore, and agonizing delays attended by excessive discomfort, Sylvester and his wife, and a part of his servants, reached their future home. And a conspicuously undeveloped watering place they found in which to spend their honeymoon."

Although it was an undeveloped and lonely spot to which Nathaniel Sylvester brought his young bride, yet the Sylvester home on Shelter Island was soon made most attractive. The first manor house must have been a handsome building. Some of its ornamental features, and its doors, sashes, tiles, etc., were so highly prized that they were incorporated into the present manor house. The brick for its huge chimneys, and its scriptural tiles, were imported from Holland. Near the house evidences of cultivated taste on every side, were soon to be seen. Gardens were planted, rose bushes, foreign shrubs and plants, fruit and shade trees, were set out; the large box bushes that stand a short distance east of the house, and the hawthorne hedge at the north, were undoubtedly brought from England, and probably often reminded the Sylvesters of the hedge rows of "Old England."

A few months after the Sylvesters' arrival here, the Indians, whose claim to the island was settled a second time,

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departed, leaving the Sylvesters in full possession of Shelter Island. That is, the Indians relinquished all claim to the island at this time, and the main body of them departed. But it is probable that a few of them remained here as mention is made of them later. Even as late as 1790 it is said that a few Indians were living at Sachem's Neck.

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Chapter III

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

GEORGE FOX, the founder of the Quakers, was the son of a weaver of Leicester, England. In 1648, he began preaching his new doctrine, and in a few years had gathered around him a large body of followers. Almost from the beginning the members of the Society of Friends, as the Quakers called themselves, were objects of persecution of all kinds. This they endured with extraordinary patience. Many of the Quakers came to this country and settled in New England, particularly in Rhode Island. The persecutions of the Quakers in New England began in 1656, and lasted for five years. They were subjected to all sorts of cruel persecutions, such as imprisonment, starvation, banishment from their homes, flogged and branded with hot irons. John Rouse, the son of Thomas Rouse, who at one time was part owner of Shelter Island, had his ears cut off for being a Quaker. Many of these persecuted people came to Shelter Island from New England, and were received by the Sylvesters into their home. Among the sufferers who found an asylum here were Lawrence and Cassandra Southwick, an aged couple in feeble health. They had been imprisoned, whipped, and nearly starved in Boston, and then were banished with the threat that they would be put to death if they should ever return to their home. They were kindly cared for by the Sylvesters, but their strength had been so depleted by the cruel treatment they had undergone that death claimed them shortly, within three days of each other.

The following quotation is from one of Whittier's poems, which was inspired by this incident:

"So from his lost home to the darkening main
Bodeful of storm, good Macy held his way,
And when the green shore blended with the gray,
His poor wife moaned, 'Let us turn back again.'
'Nay woman, weak of faith, kneel down' said he,
'And say thy prayers; the Lord Himself will steer,
And led by Him nor man nor devils I fear.' "

"So the gray Southwicks from a rainy sea
Saw, far and faint the loom of land and gave
With feeble voices thanks for friendly ground
Whereon to rest their weary feet, and found
A peaceful deathbed and a quiet grave
Where ocean walled, and wiser than his age,
The Lord of Shelter scorned the bigot's rage."

It is believed that the Southwicks were buried in the old cemetery on the Horsford estate where the Sylvester monument now stands. Mary Dyer, who was a prominent member of the Society of Friends, in Boston, came here for protection, but soon returned to Massachusetts and was hanged on Boston Common. James Bowden, in his "History of the Society of Friends," says that except on Shelter Island, and in the colony of Rhode Island, there was not at this time a rock in the colonies of North America on which a Friend could land without being exposed to severe suffering! The following is another quotation from Mrs. Lamb's article, which tells how the persecution of the Quakers was stopped by King Charles II:

"But events on the other side of the Atlantic were about to terminate these merciless outrages. The fall of the Cromwell government and the restoration of Charles II spread consternation among those rulers in Massachu-

setts who had assumed powers never conferred by their charter. It looked as if the skies were about to fall on them. Mrs. Sylvester, who opened her doors so generously to the starving and the suffering, had been writing graphic and truthful accounts of the horrible persecutions to her father in exile who was always near Charles II; and the young King, thereby, was kept well informed on the subject in all its dreadful details. When the news of the tragic fate of William Leddra reached England, and it was further stated that many other Quakers in Boston were sentenced to die, Edward Burroughs sought and was granted admission to his royal presence. The interview was brief, Charles II being perfectly familiar with the situation. When Burroughs said, 'A vein of innocent blood has been opened in your dominions,' the King interrupted him with 'I will stop that vein'; and when Burroughs suggested that 'it should be done speedily,' the King responded, 'As speedily as you will,' and at once called his secretary and dictated the famous mandamus which, as the 'King's Missive,' has been immortalized in verse by one of our beloved American poets (Whittier), and which was forwarded to Boston at once by Samuel Shattuck, one of the exiled Quakers. The scene described by Whittier on its arrival is in accordance with the records:

"Under the great hill sloping bare
To cove and meadow and Common lot,
In his council chamber and oaken chair,
Sat the worshipful Governor Endicott,
A grave, strong man, who knew no peer
In the Pilgrim land, where he ruled in fear
Of God, not man, and for good or ill
Held his trust with an iron will.

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His brow was clouded, his eye was stern,
With a look of mingled sorrow and wrath;
'Woe's me!' he murmured; 'At every turn
The pestilent Quakers are in my path!
Some we have scourged, and banished some,
Some hanged, more doomed, and still they come,
Fast as the tide of yon bay sets in,
Sowing their heresy's seed of sin.'

'Did we count on this? Did we leave behind
The graves of our kin, the comfort and ease
Of our English hearths and homes, to find
Troublers of Israel such as these?
Shall I spare? Shall I pity them? God forbid!
I will do as the prophet to Agag did;
They come to poison the wells of the Word,
I will hew them in pieces before the Lord.'

The door swung open, and Rawson the clerk
Entered, and whispered under breath,
'There waits below for the hangman's work
A fellow banished on pain of death—
Shattuck, of Salem, unhealed of the whip,
Brought over in Master Goldsmith's ship
At anchor here in a Christian port,
With freight of the devil and all his sort.'

Twice and thrice on the chamber floor
Striding fiercely from wall to wall,
'The Lord do so to me and more,'
The Governor cried, 'if I hang not all!'
'Bring hither the Quaker.' Calm, sedate,
With the look of a man at ease with fate,
Into that presence grim and dread
Came Samuel Shattuck, with hat on head.

'Off with the knave's hat!' An angry hand
Smote down the offence; but the wearer said,
With a quiet smile, 'By the King's command
I bear his message, and stand in his stead.'
In the Governor's hand a missive he laid,
With the royal arms on its seal displayed,
And the proud man spake as he gazed thereat,
Uncovering, 'Give Mr. Shattuck his hat.'

He turned to the Quaker, bowing low,
'The King commandeth your friends' release;
Doubt not he shall be obeyed, although
To his subjects' sorrow and sin's increase.
What he here enjoineth, John Endicott,
His loyal servant, questioneth not.
You are free! God grant the spirit you own
May take you from us to parts unknown.'

.

With its gentler mission of peace and good-will
The thought of the Quakers is living still,
And the freedom of soul he prophesied
Is gospel and law where the martyrs died."

George Fox came to this country to preach, and was entertained in the Sylvester home at two different times. We read that he preached to the Indians from the steps of the manor house.

It is claimed by some writers that Mr. Sylvester and his family were Quakers. Dr. Charles Evans, the author of "Friends in the 17th Century," says that Mr. Sylvester "either became a Friend at the time he purchased the island, or he was convinced of the principles of the Friends soon after he obtained possession of it." "Here the weary exiles on account of religion always found a home, and a heart to receive, to succor, and refresh them, so that the

kindness and liberality of Nathaniel Sylvester were widely known and highly appreciated by Friends in America and Great Britain." If he was not a Quaker, he showed by his treatment of them that he was a broad-minded Christian gentleman. Both James Bowden and Dr. Charles Evans, the historians, thought that the friendliness and hospitality shown the Quakers by Mr. Sylvester gave to this island its name of Shelter Island. But in this they must have been mistaken for in the paper dated March 23, 1652, and signed by John Herbert and others, which appeared in the first chapter of this history, the island was referred to as Shelter Island. The name of this island was undoubtedly derived from its Indian name—Manhansack-aha-quash-awamock—meaning "an island sheltered by islands."

Chapter IV

DEATH OF NATHANIEL SYLVESTER

IN a previous chapter we have seen that Mr. Sylvester's brother, Constant, and two other men, were associated with him in the purchase of Shelter Island. But as none of the other parties ever came here to reside, they do not particularly interest us in connection with this history. Twenty-one years after he came here to live, in 1673, Nathaniel Sylvester became the sole proprietor of Shelter Island. In order to explain how this came about it will be necessary to turn our thoughts away from the island for a few moments and give our attention to happenings in some other parts of the world.

History tells us that in these early days the English and Dutch were warring against each other in their efforts to gain control of this part of the country. Sometimes the English were in possession of it, and sometimes the Dutch, so that owners of property did not always know just how good their titles were.

The Dutch had settled about the Hudson River, and the English in New England, but both claimed Long Island and its adjacent islands. But as both could not possess the property very well, they agreed to divide it,—the Dutch to take the western half and the English the eastern half. An agreement to this effect was drawn up on September 19, 1650, and sent to England and Holland for ratification. England refused to recognize the claim of the Dutch, and consequently there was war in which the Dutch were badly beaten.

This occurred at the time that Oliver Cromwell was acting as ruler of England under the title of Protector. A little more than a year after Cromwell's death, Charles the Second was invited to return to England to become King, which he did on May 29, 1660. In March, 1663, King Charles gave to his brother, the Duke of York, an extensive grant of territory in the New World, which included the Dutch settlement of New Amsterdam, and the whole of Long Island. Upon receiving this patent, the Duke appointed Colonel Richard Nicholls as Deputy Governor of the Colony, and commissioned him to take possession of this territory. The following year (1664) a fleet of man-of-warships, under Governor Nicholls, left England, and upon its arrival in New York harbor the Dutch were ordered to surrender, which they did without bloodshed, so the English came into possession of New Amsterdam (now named New York in honor of the Duke of York) and the whole of Long Island and the smaller islands near it. It was then necessary to obtain a confirmation to the title of this island, which the owners sought and received from Governor Nicholls. They also received at this time a perpetual exemption from taxes and other public burdens upon the payment of 150 pounds, "one half of which was to be in beef, and the other half in pork." *

The confirmation paper, which bears date of May 31, 1666, reads as follows,—“A tract of land lying and being in a certain bite, bay, or arm of the sea, which runneth between the lands of Easthampton, Southampton and Southold, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, upon Long Island, heretofore purchased from the Indians by James fforett, agent to William, Earl of Stirling, and which hath

*The following quotation from the confirmation paper is from Mallmann and is not the exact wording of the grant as preserved at the Manor.
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since come by several deeds, conveyances and grants to the said Constant Sylvester, of the island of Barbados, and Nathaniel Sylvester then inhabiting and residing in Shelter Island aforesaid, merchant—, and which said manor and place of itself, and forever have, hold and enjoy like and equal privileges and ammunities with other town, infranchised place or manor, within this government—but not to extend to the protecting any traitor, malefactor, fugitive or debtor, flying unto the said island, to the damage of any person, or the obstruction of the laws. The same to be held, as of his majesty, the King of England, in free and common soccage, and by fealty only, yielding and paying yearly one lamb, upon the first day of May, if the same shall be demanded.” You will note in this paper that Governor Nicholls places Shelter Island on the same footing with “any other town, infranchised place or manor within this government,” but it was not a fully organized town until 1730, as we shall see later. For seven years after receiving these papers from Governor Nicholls the owners, Thomas Middleton, and Nathaniel and Constant Sylvester, remained in peaceful possession of the island. Then in 1673 the Dutch suddenly recaptured New York, and all their lost territory. On April 28, 1673, the Dutch Governor, who was now ruler of Long Island and its adjacent islands, declared Thomas Middleton and Constant Sylvester enemies of the government, and confiscated their interests in Shelter Island. Thomas Middleton was in England at this time, and Constant Sylvester had passed away, leaving his portion of the island to his heirs. In order to enforce the confiscation a number of man-of-warsmen appeared off Shelter Island. The following is an exact copy of a document that is recorded in the State Capitol at Albany showing the terms that were agreed upon between the Dutch officials and

Mr. Sylvester—"Nathaniel Sylvester delivered in council an extract from his Privileges. He was commanded to produce the original, which he said he left home—on which the protocol being examined it was ascertained that the Heirs of his Brother, late Constant Sylvester, with one cos. Middleton, residing in England, were co-partners of the Island, named Shelter Island—whose share must be confiscated in behalf of the State.

To which the aforesaid Nathaniel Sylvester replys that a considerable sum of money was due to him by the aforesaid heirs of Constant Sylvester—but after many discussions pro and con it was finally agreed with the aforesaid Nathaniel Sylvester that he, in compensation for the action of said heirs of Constant Sylvester and Thomas Middeltowne—as for the confirmation of his Privileges—shall pay to the Government the sum of five hundred pounds in provision of this country." The confiscation of Shelter Island and its transfer to Nathaniel Sylvester took place on August 28, 1673, at Fort William Hendrick, afterwards known as Castle Garden in New York City. Very soon after Mr. Sylvester had received title to the whole of this island, the Dutch were again forced to surrender to the English the territory they had recently regained. But before relinquishing this island to the English, the Dutch Governor sent a ship with fifty men to collect five hundred pounds from Mr. Sylvester, the amount of the bond he had given.

In his will, dated 1679, Mr. Sylvester relates how the Dutch soldiers landed on the island, and surrounded his house, compelling him to pay the amount of the bond.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Sylvester were the parents of eleven children. Two of the daughters, Grissel and Patience, developed into unusually beautiful young women, and both had romantic courtships. There were no schools

on the island at that time, but the best tutors had been employed to teach the Sylvester children, so these young ladies were as thoroughly educated as if they had been brought up in England. Grissel, the elder, was engaged to a wealthy young Englishman by the name of Latimer Sampson, chief proprietor of that large and beautiful estate now known as Lloyd's Neck, which borders on Long Island Sound, and lies near Huntington. But the marriage never took place, as Mr. Sampson was soon smitten with consumption. By orders of his physician, he sailed for a warmer climate, but died on the voyage, and was buried at sea, leaving by will all his possessions to his beloved Grissel. A hundred feet or more from the manor house is a picturesque stone bridge that spans a small branch of Gardiner's Creek. It is said that this bridge, with its cyclopean terrace-wall and rough-hewn stone steps was built by the slaves of the estate, and was the ancient landing place. On one of the stone steps leading to the water's edge, are carved in capitals the letters L S, which are the initials of Latimer Sampson. These letters can be plainly seen as one approaches the bridge by boat. They mark the spot where the lovers stood when they bade each other a fond and final farewell. Two years after the death of her fiancé, Miss Grissel married James Lloyd, of Boston, and the young couple went to live on the Long Island estate that had been bequeathed to the bride by her former fiancé. Many of the descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd became people of note.

Miss Patience became the wife of an exiled Huguenot by the name of Benjamin L'Hommedieu, who at that time was living in Southold. Mrs. Lamb describes the meeting and marriage of this couple so prettily that we will let her tell it:

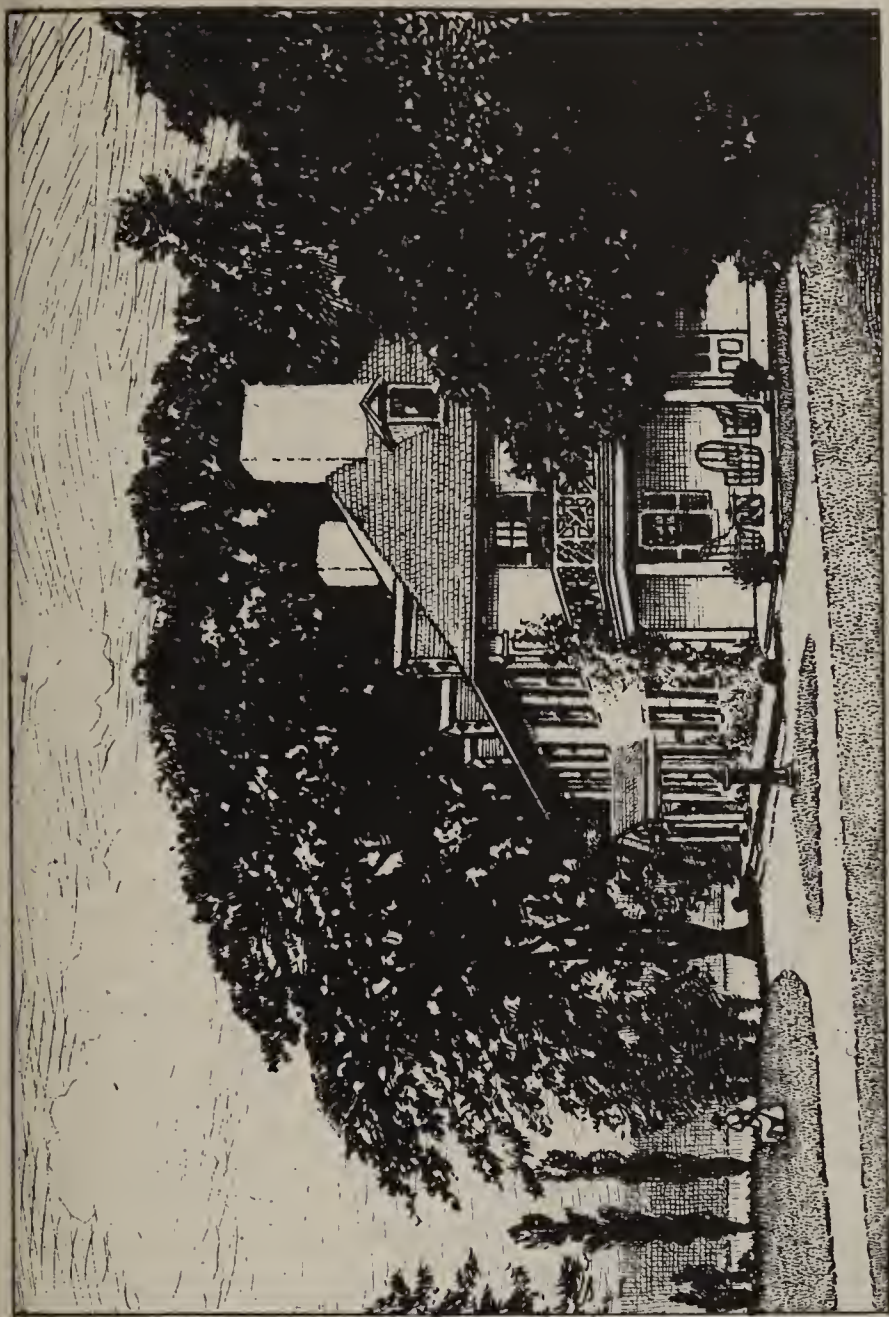
"The marriage of Patience Sylvester, the sister of Mrs.

Lloyd, was also an exceptionally romantic affair. Among the exiled Huguenots of the period was Benjamin L'Hommedieu, who settled in Southold. There being no church on Shelter Island, the Sylvester family were accustomed to attend Sabbath worship in Southold. One pleasant Sunday morning soon after his arrival, L'Hommedieu was attracted by an extremely novel object moving over the sparkling waters of the bay. As it came nearer, he observed two remarkably handsome young women in a barge with a canopy over it, and six negro slaves rowing it. The vision haunted him. He went to church that morning, and despite Puritanical customs, permitted his eyes to remain open during prayers. The story is so very like every other love story that it is hardly necessary to say that his French heart was hopelessly lost before the preacher had reached 'Amen' in his benediction. The sequel was a beautiful wedding, and Miss Patience Sylvester was henceforward Mrs. L'Hommedieu." Later in this history it will be seen that the descendants of this couple came into possession of Sylvester Manor, and still own it.

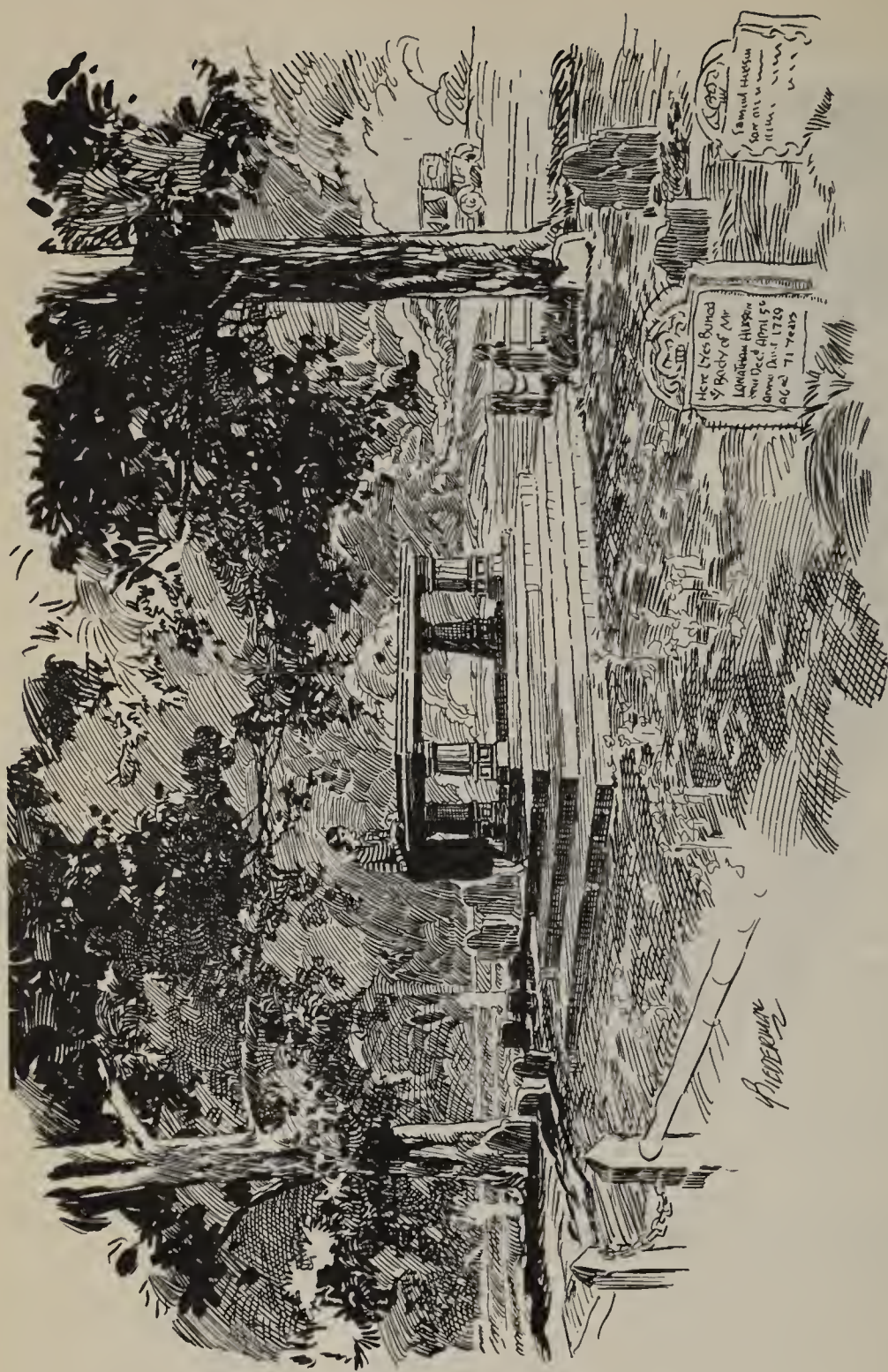
A letter or notice written or dictated by Nathaniel Sylvester shortly before his death, which is still in existence, indicates either that horses were much more venturesome at that time than they are now, or that the channel between Shelter Island and North Haven has grown much wider during the 254 years that have elapsed since Mr. Sylvester's epistle was written. The following is a copy of the notice warning the farmers of Southampton town to keep their horses at home:

"This 6 of April 1678 Capt. Nathaniel Sylvester, for peace and good neighborhood's sake with the town of Southampton desireth to bee here entered upon record as followeth:

That whereas hee hath given serious intimation or notice



SYLVESTER MANOR
From a drawing, c. 1915



SYLVESTER MONUMENT; UNVEILED JULY 17, 1884

From a sketch by Louis Biedermann. The headstone in the foreground shows the first marked grave on Shelter Island. See page 38.

of divers strange horses come over to his island that are exceedingly troublesome and to his great spoyle and damage, especially to his meadows and mowing land; And yet people take noe care to look after them, and rid him of the daily vexation & damage hee sustaines by them; And hee, being very desirous to still continue the good correspondence with this said town of Southampton, and very loth to offer violence to any neighbors' horses or horse kind that may at any time (unknown to them) make escape to his island, thought good to record this and procure the same to bee published, That in regard to the present busie time of sowing and planting hee yet gives liberty to the neighbors of Southampton or any others concerned, until the last day of the third month (called May) next ensuing, to fetch off their horses from his said Island. But if they shall still neglect, hee the said Sylvester must and shall bee enforced to deliver and rid himself of the said cumber and damage by reason of said horses and horse kind by destroying them, the which he doth declare he is exceedingly loth to doe, if possible by any other means he could prevent it."

Mr. Sylvester died in 1680, 28 years after he came here to reside. By his will, which was made in 1679, he bequeathed Shelter Island to his five sons in equal parts. It is a recognized truth that a right start is a great asset in the success of any enterprise. What a fortunate thing it was for our island that it was first settled by such a man as Nathaniel Sylvester. His name is still a familiar one in every household, and his memory is highly revered by the people of the island. And through the many years of its existence, Sylvester Manor has been in the possession of people of character and distinction. No one knows the exact location of Mr. Sylvester's grave. The late Professor

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E. N. Horsford offered \$1000 for this information, but up to this time no one has qualified for the reward.

No headstone marks the grave of any person who was buried on Shelter Island between the years 1652 and 1729. The earliest grave that is marked, so far as the writer knows, is on the Horsford estate and reads as follows: "Here lyes Buried ye Body of Mr. Jonathan Hutson, who dec'd April 5 Anno Domo 1729 Aged 71 years."

On the Horsford estate, near the head of Gardiner's Creek, on the edge of a beautiful grove of forest trees, can be seen a monument that has been erected to the memory of Nathaniel Sylvester. The location is an ideal one for such a purpose, being beside the graves of a number of the early settlers of this island, and just far enough from the State Road to be quiet and secluded. The monument is in the form of a table, the base being of sandstone, and on the top a marble slab, with the Sylvester Coat of Arms carved on it. As this is an unusually interesting shrine, perhaps it will be well to quote the full text of the inscription that appears on the monument. On the marble slab, besides the Coat of Arms, appears the following fine tribute to Mr. Sylvester:

"To Nathaniel Sylvester, First Resident Proprietor of the Manor of Shelter Island under grant of Charles II, A.D. 1666. An Englishman Intrepid, Faithful to Friendship, the soul of Integrity and Honor, Hospitable to Worth and Culture, Sheltering ever the Persecuted for Conscience sake, the Daughters of Mary and Phoebe Gardiner Horsford, Descendants of Patience, Daughter of Nathaniel Sylvester, and Wife of the Huguenot Benjamin L'Hommedieu, in Reverence and Affection for the good name of their Ancestor, in 1884 set up these stones for a memorial.

1610.

1680."

DEATH OF NATHANIEL SYLVESTER 39

On the base of the monument, besides the Brinley Coat of Arms appears this record:

Thomas Brinley, Kings Auditor, married Anne Wase.

Nathaniel Sylvester	v	Grissell Brinley.
Benjamin L'Hommedieu		Patience Sylvester.
Benjamin L'Hommedieu 2d.		Married
		Martha Bourne.
Ezra L'Hommedieu		Mary Catherine Havens.
Samuel Smith Gardiner		Mary Catherine L'Hommedieu.
Eben Norton Horsford		Mary L'H. Gardiner.

Succession of Proprietors,

The Manhanset Tribe
The King,
The Earl of Stirling,

James Farrett,	
Stephen Goodyear,	
Nathaniel Sylvester,	Brinley Sylvester,
Giles Sylvester,	Thomas Dering,
	Sylvester Dering,
	Mary C. L'Hommedieu,

Samuel Smith Gardiner,
Eben Norton Horsford.

On the steps are the following names of Quakers, most of whom came here for protection:

“Of the sufferings for conscience sake of Friends of Nathaniel Sylvester, most of whom sought shelter here including George Fox, Founder of the Society of Quakers, Mary Dyer, William Robinson, Marmaduke Stevenson and William Leddra who were executed on Boston Common. Lawrence and Cassandra Southwick, Despoiled, Imprisoned, Starved, Whipped, Banished, who fled here to die.

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Daniel Gould, bound to the Gun Carriage and Lashed,
Edward Wharton the much Scourged,
Christopher Holder the Mutilated,
Humphrey Norton the Branded,
Giles Sylvester the Champion,
Ralph Goldsmith the Ship Master, and
Samuel Shattuck of the King's Missive these Stones are a testimony.

The Puritan in his Pride, overcome by the Faith of the Quakers
gave Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill to History.

The Blood and Spirit of Victor and Vanquished alike, are the
Glory of Massachusetts."

This monument was unveiled on July 17, 1884, with appropriate ceremonies, in the presence of a large congregation of people. The grove where the monument stands has been named "Woodstock," that being the name of the ancestral home of the Brinleys in England.

Chapter V

THE COMING OF THE HAVENS FAMILY

SOME of us who were living when the last century was nearing its close, were somewhat surprised to learn that the year 1900 would not be the beginning of a new century, but the last year of the old one. So the year 1700 was not the first year of the 18th century, but the closing year of the preceding one.

We mention the year 1700 particularly as it was a very eventful one for Shelter Island, and should always remain a memorable one in its history. Why? Because,—well, perhaps you already know the reason, but if not, it will be revealed a little later.

Let us take a mental account of stock and see how matters stood here at the beginning of this year. Nearly fifty years had elapsed since the island was first settled. Perhaps no particular change in the physical aspect of the island had taken place during that time, except in the immediate vicinity of the manor house, but there had been many changes in the Sylvester home. The house that once rang with the voices of many children is quiet now. No longer is the stillness of summer evenings broken by negro slaves singing the old home songs of the beautiful Barbados. Nathaniel Sylvester had been laid to rest twenty years before this and three of his sons had joined their father in his last sleep. Giles, the oldest son, and his wife, are occupying the homestead now. On the death of his three brothers (Constant, Peter and Benjamin) their inter-

ests in the island reverted to Giles, as the eldest son. So at one time, Giles was the owner of four-fifths of the island, and his brother Nathaniel owned the other fifth. Five years previous to the time of which we are writing, in 1695, Giles sold to William Nicoll, the patentee of the town of Islip, one quarter of the island, which included the part known as "Sachem's Neck," for the sum of five hundred pounds. As the Nicoll family will figure very prominently in the history of Shelter Island from this time on, let us pause for a few moments to consider the early history of this remarkable family.

Matthias Nicoll, the progenitor of that branch of the Nicoll family that settled on our island, was born in Islip, Northamptonshire, England. He came to this country in 1664, with the expedition that was sent out by the Duke of York, to take possession of New Amsterdam, Long Island, and other territory. As you will remember, Colonel Richard Nicholls was the commander of this expedition. It was thought by some writers, probably because of the similarity of their names, that Colonel Richard Nicholls and Matthias Nicoll were relatives. Rev. J. E. Mallmann, in his *History of Shelter Island and the Presbyterian Church*, speaks of them as brothers. But Edward H. Nicoll, a brother of the late Delancey Nicoll, published a small book in 1894 entitled "The Descendants of John Nicoll of Islip, England," and in it he states that "if Colonel Richard Nicholls and Matthias Nicoll had a common progenitor it cannot be traced."

Mr. Nicoll was one of the commissioned officers of the expedition, holding the rank of Captain. He was also appointed Secretary to the Commission. Soon after his arrival in this country, he became a prominent citizen of the Colony of New York, and held a number of important offices. In 1671, he became the first Mayor of New York

City. He was sent as a delegate to the first General Assembly of New York, which was convened on October 17, 1683, and was chosen its Speaker. He acquired the title to considerable land on the west end of Long Island; 200 acres of land at Cow Neck were given him on condition that he would assist the town of Hempstead in defending their common rights, as he was a lawyer. It is said that he was a man of the strictest integrity and of superior abilities. A great tragedy came into his life, while he was living in New York. Three of his children were drowned by the upsetting of a boat in the East River, near Hell Gate. His son, William, who was also in the boat, saved himself by swimming. This is the son who in 1695 purchased Sachem's Neck of Giles Sylvester.

William Nicoll 1st, as he was generally referred to, was born at his father's home in Islip, England. He came to this country with his father in the York expedition, when he was seven years old. At the age of twenty, he returned to England and went into the army. He was sent with his regiment to Flanders, and nearly died there from a severe illness. Later, he returned to America, and entered upon his career as a lawyer, and eventually, it is said, he acquired a high and deserved reputation for ability. In 1683 he purchased a large tract of land on the south side of Long Island, for which letters patent were granted him. He named the place Islip, after his birthplace in England. He held the office of Clerk of Queens County for five years. In 1702, having taken up his residence in Islip, he was elected a Member of Assembly from this county, and continued as a member of that body until his death. For most of the time, he was Speaker of the House, but in 1718 he resigned that office on account of failing health. He was a member of the Assembly for twenty-one years, and its Speaker for sixteen years. On the death of Giles

Sylvester, in 1706, Mr. Nicoll came into possession of a large portion of Shelter Island, as we shall see later. He died in 1723, and was buried at Islip, and on the tablet that marks his grave is this inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of William Nicoll. Hospitality, charity and good will toward his fellow man were the marked characters of his life, and a perfectly resigned submission to the will of his Creator distinguished the sincere Christian at the hour of death, which took place November 29, 1723 Ae 64."

Mr. Nicoll bequeathed his property on Shelter Island to his son William, who was William Nicoll 2d. As William 2d took an active part in the affairs of this town for many years, reference will be made to him and to other members of the Nicoll family as they appear upon the stage in our island's history.

We will now tell why the year 1700 was such an important one to the people of Shelter Island. In March, 1700, Nathaniel Sylvester 2d conveyed to a party by the name of George Havens, 1000 acres of land in the center of Shelter Island. Perhaps this statement does not seem of much importance to those who are not acquainted with our island's history. But to those of us who live on the island, and know something of its past, realize that no other transaction in the history of Shelter Island was ever so far-reaching in its effects as this one. It soon changed the whole character of the place. We do not read anything about George Havens that is outstanding, as he lived only six years after his arrival here. But he will always be remembered by the people of this island as being the progenitor of a numerous and very remarkable family whose members have been most desirable and useful citizens of this community from 1700 to the present time.

One has only to look over the list of officers of the town

and church during the past 200 years to see how well represented the Havens family has been in the island's activities. And not only on Shelter Island have members of this family been prominent but they have made names for themselves in many walks of life.

According to Mr. Mallman's history, George Havens was the son of William Havens, a Welshman who came to America about the year 1635, and settled on Conanicut Island, near Newport, Rhode Island. Soon after purchasing the land on this island, Mr. Havens moved here with all his family, with the exception of one son. This son, George, apparently preferred Rhode Island to Shelter Island, for he never came here to reside, although his father offered him 250 acres of his land if he would do so. Later, it appears that he preferred Fisher's Island to either of the other two islands, for his will is dated from there in 1726. In 1706, six years from the time he came here to live, George Havens passed away and his remains were taken to Connecticut for burial.

Mr. Mallmann, in his history, gives the following interesting account of how he found the burial place of Mr. Havens:

"While visiting the ancient burying ground of New London, Conn., the past summer, in search of certain epitaphs, I accidentally came upon the grave and tombstone of George Havens, the first Havens of Shelter Island. I had searched and inquired for it in all directions, but without success. One can, therefore, imagine the surprise and pleasure that were mine when the above discovery was made. The grave can be easily found by those interested, as it is marked by a small brown-stone headstone with the following inscription upon it:

George Havens, who deceased Feb. 25, 1706. Ae 53 years."

Although the Havens family has been a numerous one through all the history of this town, (and we shall have occasion to mention a number of them in this story of Shelter Island), yet at the present time there is only one man living on the island that bears the name of Havens, and that is Walter R. Havens, one of our grocers. But the name of George Havens still continues, for Walter has a brother of that name who is Professor of the Romance Languages at the State University of Ohio.

Chapter VI

ORGANIZATION OF SHELTER ISLAND INTO A TOWNSHIP

IN looking over the history of Shelter Island for the first thirty years of the 18th century, we do not find many important events during twenty-nine of those years, to record. But the year 1730 was another memorable one in our island's history.

Up to that date, there was no town organization, or church, or school, here, consequently there were no supervisors or other town officers, or ministers, or teachers, to make material for history. Under such conditions, it would seem as if there must have been a dearth of topics upon which to converse in those early days of our island's history. But as we read between the lines, we realize that the first thirty years of the 18th century must have been a period of development. At the beginning of the year 1700, there was but one resident property owner living on the island, and that was Giles Sylvester. In 1730, we find that the island had developed into a community of farmers with enough inhabitants to organize a township of their own. Before giving our attention to the great event that occurred in 1730, let us consider a few other matters that were important factors in molding the character of our island. It was rather a singular coincidence that two of the large land owners of this island, one of whom owned four-fifths of the island at one time, and the other a thousand acres of it, should have died so nearly together. Giles Sylvester and George Havens both died in the year 1706. Mr. Sylvester left a will that was dated March 12,

1706, which was very short, and rather peculiar, for one who possessed as much property as he owned. And it was worded in such language that its meaning might have been subject to more than one interpretation. He bequeathed one-third of his property to his wife, Hannah, and then he adds, "I give to William Nicol, Esq., all the remainder of my estate, both real and personal, of land, improvements, goods, etc., to dispose of as he thinks best for the payment of debts. And all the overplus is to be to him as he thinks best. And I make William Nicoll Esq. executor." It has been said that Brinley Sylvester, a nephew of Giles, and William Nicoll had some litigation over this will, and that the case was decided in Mr. Nicoll's favor. However that might have been, it seems reasonable to believe that these two gentlemen came to some amicable understanding about the property, for some years later we find Brinley Sylvester living in the manor house that was built by his grandfather, and he was the owner of a large portion of the property that is now known as the Horsford estate.

In studying the history of our island, we note that there were a number of coincidences that might be called queer, or peculiar, or unusual, according to the term one preferred to use in referring to them. One of these was the arrival at nearly the same time, of two intelligent, interesting and influential personages who came to Shelter Island to reside permanently. These men had much in common; both were well educated, able and aristocratic, and owners of large estates; both were among Shelter Island's first town fathers; both filled the highest office and some of the minor offices of the town, and the abilities of both were recognized outside of the town,—one holding important offices in the county, and the other being one of the leading statesmen in the legislative halls of what was then the Colony of New York. Reference is made to Brinley Sylvester, who at that

time was the proprietor of Sylvester Manor, and to William Nicoll 2d, the first resident owner of Sachem's Neck.

They came here to live in about the year 1726. We will have occasion soon to speak again of these two notable persons, the two most notable, perhaps, in point of service, of any who have ever been connected with the affairs of our island.

It was in the spring of 1730 that this island was organized into a municipality of its own. Before that time, the men of Shelter Island associated themselves with the Town of Southold as far as recognizing the books of that town as being the proper ones for the recording of their legal papers, and they also attended the town meetings of Southold, but did not vote in them. It was probably because of this arrangement between the two towns that the erroneous impression has gone abroad that Shelter Island was once a part of Southold town. As has already been stated, Shelter Island, as early as 1666, had been empowered with equal privileges and immunities of any other town, enfranchised place or manor within this government. And now, in 1730, after the lapse of more than three score years, the men of Shelter Island were about to avail themselves of the rights and privileges that were bestowed upon them by Governor Richard Nicholls. On July 12, 1729, the following act was passed by the legislature of the Colony of New York:

"And it is further enacted by the same authority that from and after the Publication of this act, it shall be lawful for the inhabitants of Shelter Island, in the County of Suffolk, and they are hereby empowered and required annually upon the first Tuesday in the month of April to elect and chuse among them two assessors and a Collector to assess and collect such Taxes as shall be now or hereafter laid or imposed on them, and a Constable and Su-

pervisor for keeping the Peace and auditing their Public Accounts at the Time the County of Suffolk shall do, by virtue of this Act."

In accordance with this Act, the men of Shelter Island held their first town meeting on April 7, 1730. Would that some fairy wand might bring before our eyes this scene of long ago. To the men who took part in the meeting it seemed, perhaps, quite a commonplace occurrence, but to us, after a lapse of more than two centuries, it assumes the proportions of an event of great interest and importance, such being the magic wrought by the passage of time.

Perhaps it doesn't convey very much to our minds to read that our island was organized as a township in 1730, for there is only one figure different between 1730 and 1830, or between 1730 and 1930, but when we remember this occurred two years before George Washington was born, we realize that it happened some time ago.

The first entry that appears in the records of Shelter Island Town reads as follows,—and how formal and grand it sounds,—“Precinct of Shelter Island, 7th April 1730. At a meeting held at the said place and time the inhabitants of this said precinct proceeded and chose according to an act of the General Assembly made in the province of New York, in the third year of the Reign of King George the Second, over Great Britain, etc., as followeth, viz.

WILLIAM NICOLL, *Supervisor*
 JOHN HAVENS }
 SAMUEL HUDSON } *Assessors*
 EDWARD HAVENS, *Collector*
 EDWARD GILMAN, *Constable.*"

There were twenty men, most of them heads of families living on Shelter Island at the time the town was organized. As they were our first Town Fathers, we will give their

names:—William Nicoll, John Havens, Samuel Hudson, George Havens, Elisha Payne, Joel Bowditch, Abraham Parker, Edward Havens, Samuel Vail, Thomas Conkling, Edward Gilman, Brinley Sylvester, Jonathan Havens, Joseph Havens, Noah Tuthill, Sylvester L'Hommedieu, Henry Havens, Samuel Hopkins, John Bowditch, and Daniel Brown.

By reading over this list, one can readily see how the name of Havens predominated at this time,—six out of the twenty men bearing that name. Mr. Mallman, in his history, gave a few facts about each one of these men, but we will confine our attention to a few of the more prominent ones.

William Nicoll, the first Supervisor of Shelter Island, came here from Islip, in 1726, when he was twenty-four years of age, to reside on the Sachem's Neck estate that had been left to him by his father, the patentee of Islip. He was the first Nicoll to reside here, although his father bought the property in 1695. Why his father bought this large tract of land does not seem clear. If for speculative purposes, it was a poor investment, for the property remained in the possession of the Nicoll family for 230 years. It is possible the property was used for hunting purposes by the first owner. Judging from the active part Mr. Nicoll took in the affairs of the town after it had been organized, it is probable that he was one of the leading spirits in bringing about its organization. He filled the office of Supervisor for ten years, viz., 1730 and 1731, and from 1734 to 1741 inclusive. In 1739, he was elected to the Assembly, and became active and influential in that body. He was chosen Speaker and held that position for nine successive years. It was for that reason he was known as "Speaker Nicoll." In 1768, he was returned to the Assembly for the 29th time. After the dissolution of the Assem-

bly in that year, he started to return to Shelter Island, but died suddenly in a house on Hempstead Plains, December 3, 1768. He was never married, and he bequeathed his Sachem's Neck estate to his nephew, William, a son of his brother, Benjamin, of Islip.

Thompson, in his history of Long Island, has this to say of Mr. Nicoll:

"He was a man of sound and discriminating mind,—bold and fearless as a politician, and an unwavering asserter of the rights and liberties of the Colony. In all public acts as a legislator, he was diligent and attentive to every duty devolving upon him."

Shelter Island certainly started out well as a town, with such a man as William Nicoll at its helm.

John Havens, one of the first Assessors to be elected, was the son of the original George Havens who came here to live in 1700. In 1744, John Havens moved to Brookhaven, where he became an extensive landowner. His descendants in Brookhaven have been numerous, and many of them well known personages of that town.

Samuel Hudson, the other Assessor that was elected in 1730, was the son of Jonathan and Sarah Hudson, and came here from Lyme, Connecticut. He married Grissel L'Hommedieu, a daughter of Benjamin and Patience L'Hommedieu, of Southold, the couple of whose romantic courtship we have already read.

At the town meeting held in April, 1732, Brinley Sylvester was elected Supervisor, and re-elected the following year. You will remember that it has already been stated that Brinley Sylvester came here to reside in or about the year 1726. It is very probable that he assisted in the organizing of the town, for after its organization, he was very prominent in its affairs. Mr. Sylvester was born in Easthampton, as his father, Nathaniel Sylvester 2d married

Mary Hobart of that place. When a boy, he moved with his parents to Newport, R. I., where later he was engaged in business as a merchant. Upon the death of his father, he came here to live on the large estate he had inherited. He was about 32 years old at that time. For several years he occupied the manor house that was built by his grandfather, the first Nathaniel Sylvester, in 1652. In 1733 (some give the date as 1737) he replaced the old house, that had withstood the storms of eighty years, by the erection of the present Sylvester Manor House.

Mr. Mallmann, in his history of Shelter Island, refers to the building of this house as follows:

"It is said that when he (Mr. Sylvester) was building this new house, which was the largest structure of its kind in the three counties of Long Island, it occasioned much talk among his Puritan friends, and the raising of it was made a great affair for those days,—Mrs. Sylvester coming from the west end of Long Island to see it. Much of the interior work such as the cornices, panels, wainscoting, and the like, was executed in England; that which was serviceable of the prior homestead, such as doors, sashes, tiles, etc., were worked into the new building."

Mr. Sylvester was a very interesting and picturesque personage. Martha J. Lamb, in her article on Sylvester Manor, has this to say of him: "He was extravagant in his expenditures, and lived in a style of grandeur exceeding all his predecessors. He presided over his rich and extensive plantations with the dignity of a lord, and on every side there was costly and showy display. He was polished in his manners, scholarly in his tastes, hospitable, generous even to recklessness." At one time, he was one of the Associate Justices of the Court of General Sessions, and was also Surrogate of Suffolk County. He held a town office every year from 1732 to 1752, the year of his death.

In 1733, he was elected the first Clerk of the town, and held the office as long as he lived. Mr. Sylvester also rendered valuable assistance in the erection and support of a church on the island.

It was soon after the town was organized that the people's thoughts were turned toward the building of a church on Shelter Island. Without doubt Brinley Sylvester was one of the moving spirits in this worthy project, for a subscription paper was circulated in 1732, and donors were requested to hand their gifts to Mr. Sylvester on or before a certain date. About forty people that were not residents of this island agreed to contribute to the cause, but for some reason the matter was dropped at that time. It was in 1742 that Jonathan Havens, Jr. gave a half acre of land in the middle of the island for the "setting of a meeting house," and for a burying ground, and the next year, 1743, he associated with others in erecting a building for religious worship. To accomplish their benevolent designs contributions were solicited in the neighboring towns, and even in the cities of New York and Boston. Mr. Sylvester contributed generously toward the building of this church, and it was erected under his supervision. The church occupied the site of the present Presbyterian Church. Mr. Sylvester not only contributed of his time and means in the erection of the church, but at its completion he supplied the minister to preach in it. While living on the island he kept a chaplain in his family in the person of Rev. William Adams. Mr. Adams was a graduate of Yale College, and came to this island in 1737 when he was 27 years of age. He was never married, and while he was a preacher for more than sixty years yet he was never ordained, as he said he would not be encumbered with either a wife or a parish. While he was living at the manor house he performed the duties of preacher and

pastor to the people of this community. In his history Mr. Mallmann describes Mr. Adams as follows: "He was short and stout; wore a white wig and a cocked hat, and usually walked about the streets dressed in a black study gown." Mr. Sylvester passed away in his home at Sylvester Manor on December 24, 1752, at the age of 58. His body was first buried in the little burying ground at Sylvester Manor where his grandfather's monument now stands. Later it was removed to the Sylvester-Dering-Nicoll plot in the rear of the Presbyterian Church, and a monument in the form of a table marks his grave, and on it is inscribed a fitting epitaph for this truly good and useful man. But another monument, which was planned and erected by himself expresses some of his pleasing characteristics better than they could be expressed by any costly stone, and that is the stately, dignified and hospitable homestead that was erected by him two centuries ago and which is still known as the Sylvester Manor House. At his death Mr. Sylvester left 100 pounds sterling for the maintenance of religion on this island, the interest of which was to be expended in the support of a regular orthodox Presbyterian minister.

As Brinley was the only grandson of the first Nathaniel Sylvester on the paternal side, and as he had no sons, only two daughters, the family name became extinct on Shelter Island at his death. But there soon appeared another old and aristocratic name to give added dignity and distinction to Sylvester Manor, as we shall see.

Chapter VII

ARRIVAL OF THE DERING FAMILY

IN 1742 Jonathan Havens, a son of the first George Havens, was elected Supervisor of the town, and the following year his son, Jonathan Havens, Jr. was elected to this office. Jonathan Havens, Jr. married Catharine Nicoll, the daughter of William Nicoll 1st, the patentee of Islip. Mr. Havens built a fine residence on Shelter Island, which stood near Lily Pond, a short distance north of "Sweet Home," the residence of the artist, Miss Eustacie F. Sweet. From the stories that have been handed down from generation to generation, about this house, it must have been an unusually large and handsome one for those times, and it was known to the people of the island as the "Great Central Mansion." More will be said about the Havens residence later.

For a few moments we will give our attention to another name which is not an uncommon one in this country, but it is seldom seen or heard in connection with the history of our island, the name of Brown. Only two men ever held the office of Supervisor of this town longer than Daniel Brown, who filled it for eighteen years. He was first elected Supervisor in 1747, and with the exception of 1749, held the office continuously for seventeen years. He was again chosen for the highest office in 1784, making a total of eighteen years' service to the town at the head of its affairs. Mr. Mallmann, in his account of the organization of the town, names Daniel Brown as one of the first

Town Fathers, and in a little sketch of his career he gives the date of his birth as November 15, 1710. If that date is correct, then Mr. Brown was not twenty years old when the town was organized. Possibly it was Mr. Brown's father who was among the organizers of the town, as his name was Daniel also.

Mr. Brown must have been a man of considerable ability, for we read that in 1775 and '76, at the beginning of the Revolutionary War, he was a member of the First, Second, and Third Provincial Congresses. According to Mr. Mallmann, Mr. Brown was twice married, his second wife being Mary Havens, whom he married December 21, 1735, and by whom he had a large family. In the little burying ground where the Sylvester monument stands, there are headstones to Mr. Brown and his two wives, and two of his children who died very young.

We will now speak of the man who came to Shelter Island in 1760, and took Brinley Sylvester's place as Lord of the Manor, and who served the town in a similar manner to Mr. Sylvester. On March 9, 1756, Mary, a daughter of Brinley Sylvester, was married to a well-known merchant of Boston, by the name of Thomas Dering. This marriage took place in Newport, R. I., where the Sylvester sisters were living while receiving an education. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Ezra Styles, who later was President of Yale College.

The Dering family claim to be one of the oldest, if not the very oldest Saxon family in existence. They trace their ancestry back to the early history of Europe. Originally, the Derings were powerful leaders or petty kings in Saxony. Thomas Dering and his family came to Shelter Island in 1760, and took up their residence at the Manor House which Mrs. Dering inherited from her father.

He assumed the rôle of a gentleman farmer, and with

the aid of his servants and slaves, cultivated the broad acres of the estate inherited by his wife, on a large scale. Mr. Dering, being highly educated, and of a hospitable nature, enjoyed entertaining people of refinement, especially clergymen. In 1664, the renowned English evangelist, Rev. George Whitefield, visited this island, and was entertained at the Dering home. During his stay here, he preached twice to the people of the island, once in the little church, and once in the grove near the Manor House, and near the spot where George Fox stood one hundred years before and preached to the inhabitants of our island. Mr. Whitefield, as we know, was one of the most famous preachers of his time. He visited this country seven different times, and preached to large audiences wherever he went. A great many of the clergy did not approve of his manner of preaching, so would not open their churches to him; consequently, he held most of his meetings in the open. He came to this country the first time, in 1738, to join John Wesley in carrying on a mission in Georgia. Mr. Whitefield was so zealous in his work that in a compass of a single week, and that for years, he spoke in general forty hours, and in many sixty hours, and that to thousands. When his health began to fail, he placed himself on what he called "short allowance," preaching only once every week day, and thrice on Sunday. Some time after Mr. Whitefield's departure from this island, Mr. Dering received a letter from the evangelist which was dated, "Stirling, Feb. 3, 1764. At Night." This was when Greenport was called "Stirling." Mr. Whitefield began his letter by saying, "What a winding world we live in! I have been a good way round and now am come within sight of your house again." Like the people of the present time, he complained of just missing the ferry boat on the previous day.

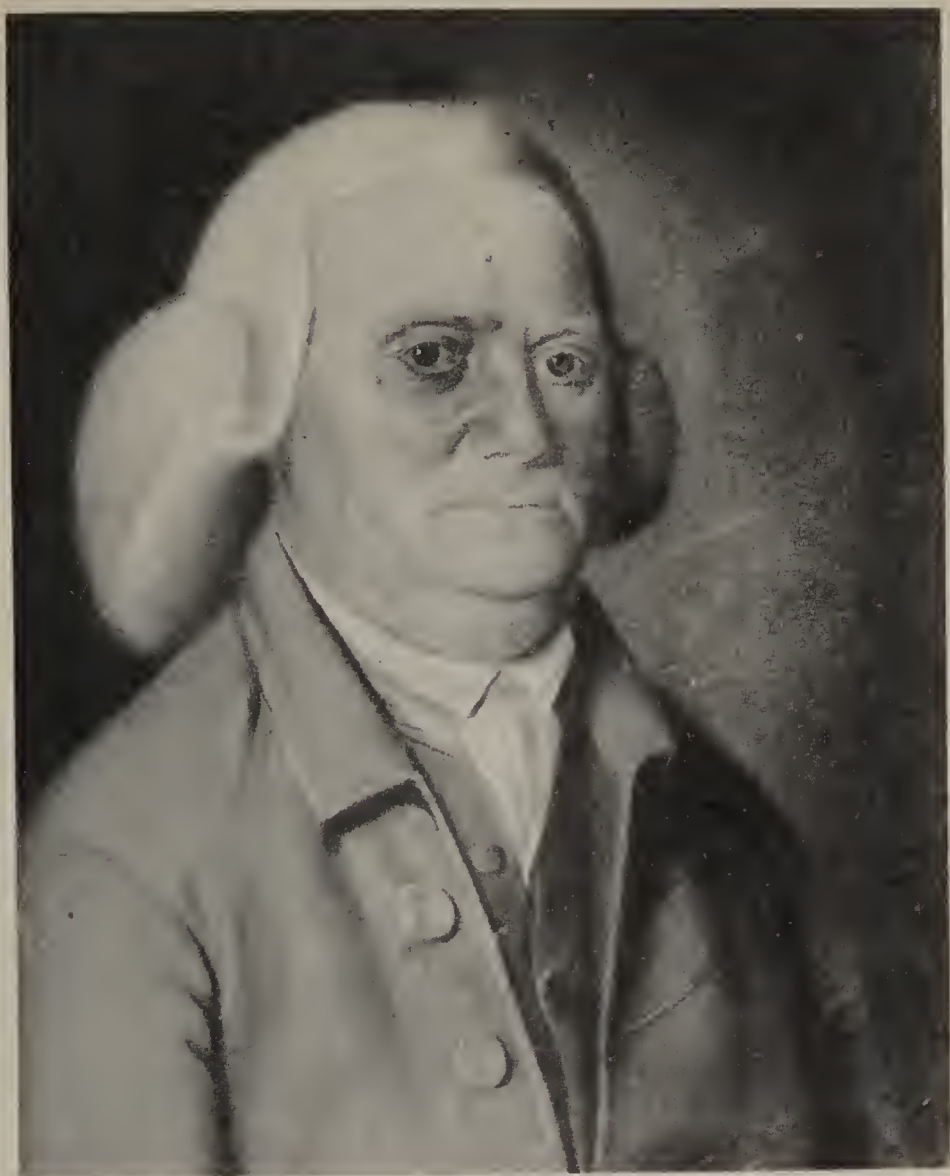
On his last visit to America, he died very suddenly, at Newburyport, Mass., where he had gone to preach. He is buried in the Old South Church in that city. Whittier, in one of his poems, describes visiting that church with a friend:

“Over the woods and meadow lands
A crimson-tinted shadow lay,
Of clouds through which the setting day
Flung a slant glory far away.
It glittered on the wet sea sands,
It flamed upon the city’s panes,
Smote the white sails of ships that wore
Outward or in, and glided o’er
The steeples with their veering vanes!
Awhile my friend with rapid search
O’er-ran the landscape. ‘Yonder spire
Over gray roof, a shaft of fire!
What is it, pray?’ ‘The Whitefield Church!
Walled about by its basement stones,
There rest the marvelous prophet’s bones’ ”

After Brinley Sylvester’s death, Rev. William Adams, who had been Mr. Sylvester’s chaplain for fifteen years, returned to his home in Connecticut for a time. Soon after Mr. Dering took up his residence at Sylvester Manor, Mr. Adams returned to the island, and resumed his duties as chaplain at the Manor House. It is probable that he was living there when Mr. Whitefield visited the island, and that the two ministers met. If so, it was the meeting of two men with extremely different temperaments. One of them limited his labors to the services of a chaplain in private families, and to preaching, at times, to small congregations, and the other was constantly preaching to immense audiences on two continents.

60 THE HISTORY OF SHELTER ISLAND

In 1766, Thomas Dering was elected Supervisor of this town, and held the office during the three succeeding years. But his services were soon to be enlisted in a broader field than that confined in the boundaries of a small town, as we shall presently see.



THOMAS DERING (1720-1785)

American Artist, Unknown, c. 1775

The painting is done in pastels and is badly rubbed, which accounts for the discoloration about the eye and forehead. Courtesy

Metropolitan Museum of Art.



MRS. MARGARET SYLVESTER CHESBROUGH

Oil by Joseph Blackburn, 1754

Mrs. Chesbrough (Mallmann spells it "Cheeseborough") was a daughter of Brinley Sylvester and sister of Mrs. Thomas Dering.

Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Chapter VIII

REVOLUTIONARY WAR

AS has already been noted, William Nicoll, the first Supervisor of our town, passed away in 1768, on his way home from attending a session of the General Assembly. He bequeathed his Shelter Island estate to his nephew, William, the son of his brother Benjamin, of Islip. After his uncle's death, William (sometimes referred to as William Nicoll 3d) came here to reside in the Nicoll homestead at Sachem's Neck.

In 1750, he was elected Clerk of Suffolk County, and held the office for twenty-six years, being the last one to fill this office under the Colonial government. In 1768, he was chosen as a member of Assembly, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of his uncle, and served in that body until it was dissolved in consequence of the Revolutionary War. So we see that William Nicoll 1st was succeeded by his son William as a member of the Assembly and as owner of Sachem's Neck, and that William Nicoll 2d was succeeded by his nephew William in the same two capacities,—the first William serving twenty-one years in the Assembly, and sixteen years of the time as its Speaker, the second William being a member of the same body for sixteen years, and nine years of the time as Speaker, and the third William for nine years, or until the Assembly was dissolved. During his lifetime, Mr. Nicoll gave his Shelter Island property to his son, Samuel Benjamin, but continued to live on the island until the time of his death.

Nicoll Havens, a cousin of William Nicoll 3d, was one of the leading men of the island, of his time, and represented two of the leading families,—the Nicoll and Havens families. His father was Jonathan Havens, Jr., the man who gave the land for the first meeting house, and for the burying ground, and his mother was Catharine Nicoll, consequently, he was a great-grandson of the first George Havens, and a grandson of William Nicoll 1st, the patentee of Islip. No wonder a brilliant man was produced by this combination, having both the Nicoll and Havens blood coursing through the same veins. We will speak of this remarkable man of whom Shelter Island is justly proud, a little later. In 1759, Nicoll Havens was elected Town Clerk, and held the office continuously for 18 years, or until 1777. In 1780, he was again elected to the office, and held it until the year of his death, 1783.

In 1770, Mr. Havens succeeded Thomas Dering as Supervisor, and for seven years he held both the office of Supervisor and Town Clerk. Nicoll Havens married Sarah Fosdick, and the family lived in the house that was built by Mr. Havens' father, which was called the Great Central Mansion, to which reference has been made before. There were a number of children in this family. Besides the son whose career was such a brilliant one, and of whom we will have more to say as our story progresses, there was another son by the name of Rensselaer, who became a distinguished merchant, financier, and patriot, and who, with another gentleman, fitted out a vessel and presented it to the government in the War of 1812. One daughter married General Sylvester Dering, and another, Hon. Ezra L'Houmedieu. We will have occasion to speak of these two men again.

A few years before her death, Miss Katharine Horsford wrote an interesting paper for the Historical Society, en-

titled "A Delightful Memory," and in it she refers to the Nicoll Havens house and its location, as follows: "Inspired by the pleasure which Mrs. Thorne's delightful paper upon her ancestral home, read at the September meeting of the Historical Society, had given me, my sister and I, one lovely autumn afternoon, went to look at 'Heartsease.' We saw the date, 1743, under the broad gable—and the present owner allowed us to go through the spacious rooms on the first floor, and we wished we had Mrs. Thorne with us to tell us more of the old days. After seeing 'Heartsease' we went exploring for the remains of 'The Great Central Mansion,' so called by Lodowick Havens in his 'Memories,' where my great-great-grandfather, Nicoll Havens, lived, and which, having been damaged by fire, we have always heard was taken down near the end of the 18th century. We found Mr. Floyd Sherman's house, standing under the shade of a great black walnut tree, which had been partially built, we have been told, from the remains of the Havens' house. Mr. Sherman came out to talk to us, and in answer to our questions, said he would show us, what his father had told him was the site of the old mansion, about a quarter of a mile away. So off we went, by a footpath through long tangled grass and blackberry vines,—crawling under barbed wire fences, and tramping over very rough fields,—coming at last to a beautiful sloping sunny pasture, looking down upon long narrow twin lakes, where the golden sunlight danced upon the quiet waters; and here, under a young sycamore tree, were the remains, very few and indefinite, of the foundations of the house, only indicated by an elevation above the surrounding grass. It was an ideal site for a house, and it pleased us to picture in our minds the spacious house, with many outbuildings,—for Nicoll Havens had two sons and eight daughters, and owned, history tells us,

fourteen slaves. On our way back to see Mr. Sherman's house, which I have already said had been built, incorporating much of the wreck of the Nicoll Havens' house, we saw the site of the old windmill, which I remember well was still standing in my childhood; and Mr. Sherman pointed out the depression in the pasture indicating the road which led to the windmill from the present road to Cartwright Town."

Lodowick Havens, in his note book, described the Nicoll Havens place as follows: "His house stood to the north of the mill pond (Lily Pond), a large two-story house; it had a negro kitchen the whole length of it; two large orchards, and fruit trees of every kind; outhouses, barns, blacksmith shop, and windmill."

Nicoll Havens' farm, according to Lodowick Havens, was owned by thirty-three different persons at the time he was writing his notes, which was about 1850, and it comprised a number of thousand acres of land.

As we wish to carry along our history in as chronological order as possible without having it appear too disconnected, we will not continue our narrative of the Nicoll Havens' family just now, but give our consideration for a short time to an eventful period in the history of the colonies, and one of anxiety to the inhabitants of our little island,—the period of the Revolutionary War.

During the twenty-five years preceding the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, there were many evidences of the strained relations that existed between the Colonists and the British government. The several Acts passed by Parliament in which the principle of taxation without representation was embodied, caused much dissatisfaction and complaint among the Colonists.

One of the most grievous acts passed by Parliament was the law forbidding the Colonists to settle the territory

beyond the Appalachian Mountains. The government feared that the Indians, who were already hostile to the English regime, and perhaps stirred up by the French, would make constant trouble on the frontier if the settlers pressed into the Indian hunting grounds. It may be that England thought we were too prosperous, and were advancing too rapidly, and so was a little jealous of us.

James Truslow Adams, in a recent history of the United States, entitled "The Epic of America," describes the condition of the colonies at this period, as follows:

"We were making great headway in developing our civilization, and our population was doubling every twenty or twenty-five years. It has been said that if one had been set down in Boston, without knowing where he was, he could not have distinguished it from a provincial town in England. The fields, the elms, the whole landscape about it, were taking on the aspect of the peaceful English countryside.

The advancement we were making along educational lines was evident by the following colleges which were then in existence; Harvard, William and Mary, Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, Rutgers and Brown. The movement for public libraries in which America has always led the world, had also gotten well started. Some of our newspapers ranked with those of England. Such cities as New York, and Charleston, S. C. were becoming centres for music and for the other arts. The New World had produced such noted painters as John Singleton Copley and Benjamin West. Many men were busying themselves with scientific discovery, Franklin with his experiments in electricity being merely the most notable. If American culture was as yet a little thin, it was genuine, though European. In many ways perhaps Franklin typified it best; making Philadelphia his home, though born in Boston, he occupied

in more ways than geographically a middle position in colonial life. Shrewd, practical, always alive to the main chance, anxious to make money and rise in the world, yet keenly alive to a life above money-grubbing, he had, on the one hand, none of the genuine depth or religious fervor of the New England intellectual (nor his conscience), and, on the other hand, none of the humane quality or natural gentility of the Southern gentleman. Always something of the actor, with genuine ability, a self-made man in every way, he was ever ready to make the best of every situation and, if there were two, of both worlds. He could draft a plan of union for the colonies, or invent a stove or a lightning rod, yet there was also that in him which brought the French to pay homage to him as a philosopher. If we were as yet able to say what an American is, we might name him as the first."

At times there was intense excitement over the passage of some act of Parliament that the Colonists considered unjust to them, and then if the act was repealed or modified, the excitement would subside. But such agitators as Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry would never let the feeling of the Colonists against England wholly die out. Such was the state of affairs in this country when a band of Boston men raided a ship belonging to the East India Company, and threw £30,000 worth of tea into the waters of the harbor. "The die is cast," wrote King George the Third, "the colonies must either triumph or submit." And we triumphed! What part did our little island play in this great drama?

It has already been stated that Thomas Dering would be called upon to render service to a cause of wider interest than could be found in the affairs of a small town. At the town meeting held in April, 1776, he acted as Moderator. As far as we know, that is the last recorded service he

rendered the town. The first important mission to which he was called was to act as a delegate to the 3d Provincial Congress, whose sessions in New York City, were held May 18—June 30, 1776. He was also chosen a delegate to the same body, which assembled at White Plains in July, 1776, which Convention unanimously adopted the Declaration of Independence as passed by the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, July 4, 1776. He was elected a member of the Convention which met at Fishkill in August 1776 to form a constitution for the State of New York. After the Battle of Long Island, in which the American forces were badly beaten, Mr. Dering deemed it unsafe for his family to remain longer in such an exposed place as our island, considering the prominent part he had taken in the cause of the Colonists, so he removed to Middletown, Connecticut, where he remained until the restoration of peace in 1783.

Among Mr. Dering's principal services were those rendered the Refugees after the war, in aiding them to regain the property that had been taken from them during the war.

On his return to Shelter Island he found that great depredations had been made upon his woodlands while the island was in the possession of the British. Some four thousand cords of wood had been cut and taken away by order of Lord Percy and General Clinton for the use of the troops and ships stationed at Rhode Island under their commands. It is said that Hay Beach Point, at the northeast corner of Shelter Island was so named because the British used to ship the hay and other produce that they obtained on the island from that point.

Lodowick Havens, in his "Memories," records the following ships as wintering in Gardiner's Bay:

London	120	gun ship,
Bedford	100	" "
Centurion	80	" "
Robust	74	" "
Royal Oak	100	" "
Royal George	100	" "
Grand Duke	120	" "
Culloden	74	" "

Mr. Havens stated that the inhabitants of the island had free access to trade with these ships, and any and everything sold at the highest prices for gold and silver. No fighting took place on the island, but a number of depredations were committed.

It is said that on the evening of September 15, 1781, the British ransacked the house of Nicoll Havens, and took two fowling pieces, a silver hilted sword, a silver mounted hanger, some tea, etc. At Captain James Havens', they took a watch, coat, fowling piece, etc. They went to Widow Payne's, insulted the inmates of the house, and threatened to burn it, made them produce a silver tankard, linen, a watch, a coat and a fowling piece, etc. One of the British vessels, the Culloden, ran ashore on the east chop of Fort Pond Bay, at Montauk, and became a total loss. The accident resulted from a blinding snowstorm that began just as the fleet was rounding Gardiner's Point. Because of the loss of this vessel, the point has been designated on all charts as Culloden Point.

Mr. Mallmann states that it is no wonder the people of the island assembled on the hills of Prospect, at the close of the war, and held a jubilee over the departure of the enemy's fleet.

Chapter IX

JONATHAN NICOLL HAVENS

AT the annual town meeting held in April, 1783, Nicoll Havens was elected to the following offices:—Supervisor, Assessor, and Town Clerk, it being the *twenty-second* time he was elected to the latter office. On September 7th of that year, Mr. Havens passed away, leaving vacant these offices. On November 4th, a special town election was held to fill the vacancies caused by Mr. Havens' death, with the following result: James Havens, Supervisor; Daniel Brown, Assessor; and Jonathan Nicoll Havens, Town Clerk. For some reason, another election was held on December 22d, and the following officers were elected: James Havens, Supervisor; Daniel Brown and James Havens, Assessors; Rufus Paine and Shadrach Conkling, Overseers of the Poor; John Bowditch, Constable and Collector; John Bowditch and Walter Havens, Fence Viewers; Jonathan Nicoll Havens, Clerk. And thus began the political career of Shelter Island's most celebrated son, Jonathan Nicoll Havens, by holding a minor office in a small town, and ending in the halls of Congress of the United States of America. James Havens, who was elected Supervisor at this time, was a cousin of Nicoll Havens, and was the owner of a large farm in the centre of the island, which for many years belonged to his grandson, Asher C. Havens, and later to his great-grandson, Henry P. Havens.

The Havens' homestead, which was known as "Hearts-

ease," was the summer residence of the family for many years. Mrs. Lillie M. Thorne, who was a daughter of Asher C. Havens, wrote a paper for the Historical Society about this historic place, from which the following is a quotation:

"On March 25 in the spring of 1700, George Havens bought 1000 acres of land from Nathaniel Sylvester the second, which covered all the central portion of the island including the ground belonging to the Presbyterian Church, and extending as far as West Neck, and upon a portion of this original purchase 'Heartsease,' the house of the Havens' family for seven generations in direct descent, was built, and this home with its swinging crane and old Dutch ovens was not lacking in charm of personal touch and personal achievement. . . . At the residence of James Havens, now known as 'Heartsease,' the Annual Town Meetings were held, and James Havens chosen with two others to represent our island in the various Provincial Congresses held in 1775 and 1776, and I have a letter which tells of sending 'the laws of Congress for the use of Shelter Island,' dated July 13, 1793. Here in this old house whose walls were so low that by standing on tip-toe and stretching mightily I could touch its sturdy beams and ceiling, was kept a store, the ledgers and accounts of which dating from early 1700 to 1801 were, until the death of its last owner, Henry P. Havens, in 1911, still in this old house, and I can well remember when a very little child wondering why my father took such an interest in those musty time-worn old ledgers and papers. . . .

Among the many old papers guarded so carefully in this old house, were deeds transferring portions of this property, quit-claim deeds, papers of administrations in the fourteenth year of our independence, 1789, and many older, one conveying one-half acre of land together with one-

tenth part of Meeting House standing thereon to James Havens in 1786. . . .

It also held in its keeping many other old documents and wills, preserved with faithful care, whose legible, fine copper-plate writing, is indeed enviable, one in particular, that of my great-great-grandfather, William Havens dated September 8, 1761. . . . Nor did this old house escape from the marauding British, for on the evening of Sept. 15, 1781 James Havens had taken by them his watch, coat, fowling piece, etc."

This house was built the same year that the first Meeting House was erected. The first Meeting House after serving the purpose for which it was created fell into decay, and was replaced by the present Presbyterian Church one hundred and fifteen years ago, but the staunch Havens house, after withstanding the storms of 189 winters is still in good state of preservation.

In 1785 Jonathan N. Havens was elected Supervisor. To show how the name of Havens predominated among our town officers, not only at this time, but generally throughout the history of our town, we give the names of the officers who were elected in 1785: Supervisor, Jonathan N. Havens; Assessors, James Havens, William Bowditch, and Sylvester Dering; Overseers of the Poor, James Havens and William Bowditch; Fence Viewers, Ezekiel Havens and Obadiah Havens; Constable and Collector, Ezekiel Havens; Town Clerk, Jonathan N. Havens.

On April 26, 1785, the first church society on Shelter Island was organized, and Mr. Havens was chosen as one of the trustees of the society. He served the town as Supervisor from 1785 to 1793. During that time (in 1786) he was elected an Assemblyman from this district. This was three years after the close of the Revolutionary War, and it was a period of uncertainty and anxiety for the people.

Independence had been acknowledged by the world, but the young nation was weak. It could hardly be called a nation, for practically there was no central government, merely the empty shell of a loose union. When the Colonists declared their independence, they expected America would become a great nation. Every great nation then in the world was monarchical and aristocratical. America began as a republic, and had made a long step toward a democracy, but there was one great doubt that assailed all, —would the experiment succeed?

In the year that immediately followed the beginning of peace, this began to look doubtful. England was treating us with contempt, and not carrying out the terms of peace. Neither were we, and the Confederacy was too weak to force either England or our own people to do so. As Washington sat on the verandah at Mount Vernon, looking up the beautiful reach of the Potomac, he had ample time to reflect on whether, after all, he had for nothing risked a noose for his neck and the confiscation of the estate that he loved above all else next to his country.

Many others were pondering the same problem. "At last," says James Truslow Adams in his history, "courage was found to grasp the nettle firmly, and in February, 1787, the almost moribund Congress sent an invitation to the several States to elect delegates to a convention to meet at Philadelphia in May for the sole purpose of revising the articles of Confederation. The group of fifty-five men who met at the appointed time to consider the momentous problem of devising a Constitution for the nation, was the most distinguished which had ever been gathered on this continent. The character, ability, and broad mental attainments which they possessed provided an amazing commentary upon the quality of American civilization in the eighteenth century. We must recall that the entire

free white population of the States at that time was scarcely double that of the mere city of Los Angeles to-day. Yet out of a colonial population equivalent to twice that of Los Angeles came a George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, Robert Morris, James Madison, Alexander Hamilton, C. C. Pinckney, John Dickinson, William Paterson, Rufus King, James Wilson, and others. In 1931, with forty times the population, and many thousand times the wealth of 1787, could we have forty groups of similar capacity sitting simultaneously now?"

Mr. Havens, our Assemblyman at this time, was a member of the State Convention which met at Poughkeepsie on June 17, 1788, and ratified the Constitution of the United States which had been framed the previous year by the gentlemen named. The people of Shelter Island must have been vitally interested in these important proceedings, as their Supervisor was taking an active part in them. When New York and eight other States had ratified the new Constitution, it was declared in force, and the old Congress notified the people that their new government would enter upon its duties on March 4, 1789. It was then necessary to find a man whom the people could trust to steer the new Ship of State through the shoals and out on the high seas. All eyes instinctively turned toward Mount Vernon, to the man who had led them through the dark years of the Revolutionary War. Washington was chosen for the office of President, not because he was the greatest statesman in the country, but because of the greatness of his character. It has been said of him that "In the travail of war and revolution, America had brought forth a man to be ranked with the greatest and noblest of any age in all the world." It was fortunate that Washington chose two skillful pilots to help him navigate the Ship of State as she started on her long voyage through uncharted seas.

With Thomas Jefferson as Secretary of State, and Alexander Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury, the ship escaped being wrecked on the rocks and shoals that beset her on all sides. The opinions of these two men as to the course the Ship of State should take differed greatly, so Washington took the middle course, which proved to be the safe one. If he had been wholly guided by either one of the pilots, the result might have been disastrous.

May our Ship of State, that has been skillfully piloted for so many years, continue its voyage with safety and success as long as time shall endure.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State;
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate.

Mr. Havens was elected to the New York Assembly in 1786, and he represented this district as Assemblyman for nine consecutive years. In this body, he distinguished himself for his integrity and ability as a statesman. He was chosen Chairman of a Committee which originated the law establishing public schools in this State.

After his long service in the Assembly, he was elected to represent this Congressional district in the Congress of the United States, which met in Philadelphia, the capital of the country at that time. He served as a Representative in Congress from 1795 to 1799, the year of his death. For two years of this time, George Washington was the President of the United States, as his last term expired in 1797. The historian, Thompson, said of Mr. Havens:

“He was not only a man of extraordinary abilities, but was distinguished likewise for industry and promptitude in everything which he undertook. The death of such a man

at the age of forty * years could not be otherwise felt than a subject of general regret with all who knew his worth."

In the South Cemetery, directly in front of the Presbyterian Church, is a monument in the form of a table, that marks the grave of Mr. Havens, and on the marble slab is this inscription:

"Erected to the memory of Jonathan Nicoll Havens Esq., Representative in the Congress of the United States. He was esteemed by a numerous acquaintance as a man of superior talent and erudition, a philosopher, statesman and patriot, and died greatly lamented Oct. 25, 1799, in the 42nd year of his age."

* It should have been forty-one.

Chapter X

THE STORY OF STEPHEN BURROUGHS

THERE seems to be no records in existence of the Shelter Island school prior to 1828 except the few items we find in the town and church records. In all probability these were destroyed at the time the school-house was burned in the winter of 1827-28. But we do know that a school existed here as early as 1791, and probably a little earlier than that date. This was only a few years subsequent to the enactment of a law establishing public schools in the State of New York. The information we have in regard to the school in 1791 has come to us in rather a round-about way. In our public library is a book that relates many strange events in the life of a very unusual man. This is the name of the book as given on the title page,—“Memoirs of the notorious Stephen Burroughs; containing many incidents in the life of this wonderful man, never before published.” In reading of the many and varied vicissitudes which this man passed through one feels that they are more like the imaginings of some clever writer of fiction, rather than real happenings to a real person. In a paper entitled “The Shelter Island School” written by Mrs. Minnie H. Conklin for the Historical Society we find this reference to Mr. Burroughs:

“The first mention I can find regarding the history of the Shelter Island School is in the Memoirs of Stephen Burroughs; I cannot determine the exact date of his

teaching here, but it seems to have been shortly after 1790. He lived in one of the New England colonies, and had just made his escape from jail. He was not by any means a depraved or unruly character. His trouble all started from a foolish school-boy prank, but ever after circumstances seemed always to place him in the wrong, and with unfair trials he had spent many years in prison. After his escape he planned to go to Long Island, find work, and procure a place to move his family. At that time his total assets consisted of fourteen dollars in cash, one shirt, a pair of breeches, a pair of socks, boots, waistcoat and a gown. After many difficulties he reached New London, crossed the sound to Sag Harbor, and gave his name as Stephen Edenson. He made inquiries for a vacancy where a schoolmaster was wanted, and was soon interviewed by Judge Havens of Shelter Island who questioned him as to his home, age and scholarship. Judge Havens informed him that the island contained about thirty families, and they wished to engage an instructor; 'Therefore,' said Judge H., 'if you wish to accept the chance I will use my influence in your behalf on the island that you may obtain the school.' Mr. Edenson accepted the offer at a salary of six dollars a month together with his board, lodging and washing. Mr. Edenson found that the secluded situation of the island had a very decided influence upon the manners of the inhabitants. By not coming into contact with people from other places they had become extremely attached to their own customs. He found their curiosity about his affairs so great that he determined to go elsewhere. He afterwards took the school at Bridgehampton, and was instrumental in founding a library there." Under the circumstances it is hardly surprising that Mr. Burroughs was not over-anxious to have the people express too much interest in his past life. The

Judge Havens referred to in this connection was the Hon. Jonathan Nicoll Havens, who at that time was an Assemblyman from this district. Burroughs certainly was not a depraved person, for he possessed many fine qualities. But there was a wrong bent to his mind that kept constantly leading him into difficulties. He would have been a grand subject for the psychologists of this age. As he had so many unusual experiences perhaps it will not be amiss to relate some of them.

He was born in Hanover, N. H., the town where Dartmouth College is located. His father, the Rev. Eden Burroughs, was a Presbyterian minister in that town, and was very highly esteemed by all who knew him. Stephen caused his father much annoyance and worryment by his boyish pranks. When he was fourteen years old he joined a regiment of Revolutionary soldiers, and went with them to West Point. It was only after much effort and persuasion on the part of the father that the son returned home. His father even wrote to General Washington in regard to his son's discharge. Stephen entered Dartmouth College, but was expelled in his second year for some mischievous act. His next venture was to ship on a vessel bound for France. This was in the time of the Revolutionary War, and when the vessel neared the coast of France it fell in with a British ship, and an engagement between the two vessels took place, in which Burroughs took part. On his return to Newburyport, Mass., from this voyage he was accused of stealing some wine from the captain. Although he declared his innocence, he was arrested and thrown into jail. On his release he returned to his home in Hanover. After teaching school for a time in a neighboring town, he started off again for parts unknown. After journeying down the Connecticut River for about 150 miles he stopped at a town and passed himself

off as a minister, and was engaged to preach the following day, which was Sunday. He created considerable surprise and curiosity by his appearance in the pulpit, for he was dressed in a light gray coat with silver-plated buttons, a green coat and red velvet breeches. He rather surprised himself by the ease with which he performed the duties of a preacher. In another town he preached for several months, with varying success. At this time he gave his name as "Stephen Davis," the surname being his mother's maiden name. He was finally recognized by an old acquaintance, and so he left the town without even waiting to have his resignation accepted. He was followed by some of the men of his congregation, and was overtaken in Rutland, where a boisterous encounter took place. He managed to escape from the enraged people, and went to Attleborough, near Providence. Here he was engaged to preach for four Sundays, and gave his right name. From there he returned to Pelham, the town which he had left so suddenly a short time before. He arrived at his old boarding place about one o'clock in the night. His former landlord told him of a scheme he had, in company with several other men, of making counterfeit money. He was shown some of the silver dollars that had been made, which looked very genuine. Burroughs tried to dissuade his friend from engaging in such a dishonest and dangerous undertaking, but all in vain. To these entreaties his friend replied, "The business is fixed,—the die is cast,—I have pledged my faith,—I have given my word to procure certain articles in Springfield. Not only myself, but more than a dozen others are now waiting for me to fulfill my engagements. Shall I, of all others, after having agreed in the most solemn manner to yield my aid in the prosecution of this business, now in open violation of faith, retreat and leave them in suspense?" Burroughs then

offered to take the money and go to Springfield and purchase the articles and return with them immediately. He claimed he did this to protect his friend, who was a married man with a number of children. In Springfield he was arrested for passing counterfeit money, and after a trial, which he declared a very unfair one, he was sentenced to stand one hour in the pillory, and remain three years confined to the House of Correction. Here he was accused of attempting to break jail, and was placed in a prison in Northampton. The sufferings he endured there cannot be fully described. He tried several times to make his escape,—once by setting fire to the building,—and for these acts he received terrible punishments. At one time he was taken out to the yard and beaten with a hunting whip and carried back to a dark dungeon and chained to the floor. Not being able to move his hands or feet he was kept in this situation for a month. This was in the month of December in the year 1785. This was a remarkably cold month, and he was deprived of fire, of clothing, of exercise, and with only a pitiful allowance of straw to lie on. "But this," he said, "was nothing compared with what I suffered with hunger." From Northampton he was taken to a prison called the "Castle" on an island in Boston Bay. From this prison he and several of his fellow prisoners made their escape to the mainland, but were discovered hiding in a barn under the hay and were returned to the island. After being imprisoned for a little more than three years he was set free. From Castle Island he went to Charlton, the home of his uncle, Ebenezer Davis. After working on his uncle's farm for a time, he secured a position as teacher in the school of that place. While teaching in this school he married the daughter of his Uncle Davis. He thought then that his troubles were all behind him, and that years of hap-

piness were in store for him. But in this he was mistaken, for he was soon arrested on a serious charge and committed to a jail in Worcester to await trial. At the end of his trial he received the following sentences,—that he should receive one hundred and seventeen stripes on the naked back; should stand two hours in the pillory; should sit one hour on the gallows with a rope around his neck; that he should remain confined in prison three months, and that he should procure bonds for good behavior for seven years, and pay the charges of prosecution. And all this was in the good old days of long ago. He was afterwards led to the place of execution and suffered two-thirds of the punishment which was comprised in the sentence. A day was appointed for the execution of the remainder of the punishment, but he states in his Memoirs, “before that day arrived I left the jail, the country, and my enemies to their own reflections.” An editor’s footnote in his book contains this statement,—“It is a notorious fact, that many people in the vicinity were of the opinion that Burroughs was too severely punished; among whom were some of the first characters in the county. Burroughs was aware of this, and cherished secret hopes of deliverance. One night, about 12 o’clock, he says his prison door was forced open, and he was requested to depart. He walked out and passed between two ranks of people to a great distance; the number appearing to him not less than a thousand. All this time there was a profound silence; and he departed, ignorant of the names of one of his deliverers.” It was directly after this that he made his way to Shelter Island. The time of his arrival here was probably in the Spring of 1791. As has been said, he gave his name on the island as Stephen Edenson,—Eden being his father’s given name. It may be that Burroughs used his imagination somewhat in relating his

experiences, but his observations as to the island and its people seem in accordance with the facts as we know them from history. While teaching our school he boarded for a time with James Havens who kept a tavern and a store in the house that is now known as the "Wayside Inn." In his remarks about the people of the island he mentioned the names of Nichols, Dearing and Havens as being the chief proprietors of the island. Mr. Nichols, he said, was born to a state of affluence, and was happily connected with a most agreeable family. He probably referred to Samuel B. Nicoll 1st, who was then the owner of Sachem's Neck. He stated that Col. Dearing was in possession of a large estate, encumbered with considerable debts, which by a system of strict economy he was annually decreasing. He was undoubtedly referring to General Sylvester Dering. He spoke of Jonathan Nicoll Havens as follows,—“Judge Havens was another character who made his appearance on the stage of action at this time, but performed a very different part from the others who have been already mentioned. He was a man of science, and in no way affected with the mania of discovering secrets. A close application to study had produced in him a habit of appearing absent in company unless the subject of conversation turned upon some branch of science; then he became animated and instructive. He lived somewhat secluded from common access, owing to his continual perseverance in the pursuit of science. His genius was not brilliant, but his unabating industry supplied the defect. He thought with metaphysical accuracy upon every subject which he undertook to investigate; which often produced too great a degree of refinement in his theories for the convenience of practice. He was a man of delicate feelings, though not so suddenly moved as many others of a more volative constitution. His integrity as a public

character was inviolate. As a private companion he was pleasing and agreeable, and as a member of society he was useful and beneficial." These remarks show that Mr. Burroughs was a man of discernment and a good reader of human nature, although his opinion of the genius of Jonathan Nicoll Havens is contrary to most writers.

Mr. Burroughs mentions writing some articles for a local periodical under the title of "Philanthropist." These articles evidently appeared in the newspaper published in Sag Harbor which was known as the *Long Island Herald*. This paper was established in May, 1791, and was the first paper ever published in Suffolk County. After several numbers had appeared a clergyman from Southampton took alarm at some sentiments that were manifested and published a very spirited answer to them. A reply on Burroughs' part was then unavoidable. The clergyman answered his reply, and Burroughs rejoined to the minister. By this time the attention of the public was excited over the controversy more than to the merit of the publications, and they were, of course, anxious to know the combatants. The man who carried the items to the printing office was known to the editor, and the articles were in his hand-writing. For a time the man kept the secret; but at length it became a burden too heavy for him to support alone. Therefore he imparted it to some of his friends who gave the matter to the public. Mr. Burroughs therefore withdrew his lucubrations from the press, and here ended the matter as it related to him in the character of the "Philanthropist." But he had excited the attention of the public, and everyone was ready to make his own comments upon a character so new; having by direct and indirect means given himself a character very novel. There were almost as many different opinions concerning him as there were persons to form them. But

none of the various conjectures happened to light on the identical character which he had sustained in reality, though the publications from Worcester relating to his confinement, trial and escape were among the people.

After finishing his term here Burroughs returned to Massachusetts to visit his family. A few weeks later he took charge of the school at Bridgehampton. He had not been there long before his wife's father appeared to make him a visit. Burroughs wished to have his family join him at Bridgehampton, so her father thought it best for him to look over the situation before allowing his daughter to go there. It was then decided that Burroughs, or Mr. Edenson as he was still called, should reveal his identity. Before doing so the two men consulted with Dr. Aaron Woolworth, who was then a young minister at Bridgehampton. It was decided to call a school meeting that evening and lay open the whole matter to the authorities of the school.

The plan was accordingly put into execution, and the most favorable consequences apparently produced. However, Burroughs found that the world was in a state of foment at the recital of this strange news. The people of Shelter Island had found themselves thrown out in all their conjectures. One was abashed; another confounded, and Judge Havens was the only man who appeared unmoved in the general tumult. A few days later, under date of November 14th, 1791 Burroughs received a letter from Mr. Havens, a copy of which should be preserved among Shelter Island's archives. The close reasoning powers, and the spirit of charity that the writer displayed in the letter were worthy of the mind of a Lincoln. It showed that Jonathan Nicoll Havens possessed a judicial mind and a warm heart. Mr. Havens closed his letter with these words; "With thoughts like these was I de-

prived of rest until my mind found consolation in the following ejaculatory prayer, 'O thou Preserver of men! deliver him from all those sins which do most easily beset him. Bring him back into the right road. Restore him to himself, and to his friends, and to his country; and if he should again return to seek our protection grant that he may no longer be stigmatized and scandalized as the vilest of men; and may no cold or formal reserve prevent me from giving him friendly and decent admonition. If it be Thy holy will and pleasure, may I be the happy instrument of reclaiming him; and may Jesus of Nazareth wipe all his dismal stains away.'" With this friendly admonition we will take leave of the notorious Stephen Burroughs who taught our school more than a century and two score years ago.

Chapter XI

MANUMITTING OF SLAVES ON SHELTER ISLAND

SYLVESTER DERING, son of Thomas Dering, and brother-in-law of Jonathan N. Havens, was elected Supervisor in 1793 to succeed Mr. Havens. Mr. Dering came to this island from Newport, R. I., with his parents when he was two years old. He always lived on Shelter Island except during the years of the Revolutionary War, when he went with his parents to Middletown, Conn., to reside. At the death of his parents he inherited the Manor House which was built by his grandfather, Brinley Sylvester, and a large tract of land, which is now a part of the Sylvester Manor property. The estate was then known as the "General Dering Farm." Mr. Dering was a Major General of the Militia at one time, and in that way acquired the title of "General." Having a large farm he was very much interested in agriculture. At one time he introduced a new grass on the island that was supposed to be of very superior quality. It must have been sown quite extensively by the farmers of the island, for it is still found very generally on all the farms. It proved exceedingly obnoxious to the farmers, for it spread rapidly in cultivated land, and it is extremely difficult to exterminate. It has always been known on here as "Dering Grass." In 1785, when the first church was organized on the island General Dering was elected one of the trustees, and held the office for thirty-six years, or until the time of his death. In 1796 he was again elected

Supervisor, and for many years he held the office of Town Clerk. In 1804 he was elected a Member of the Assembly.

On a September day in the year 1820 General Dering went for a ride on his horse, and was thrown from the saddle and severely injured by the fall. His injuries proved so serious that after lingering for fourteen days he died from the effects of them. Thompson, in his history, pays this tribute to General Dering,—“With those who knew him best, we hazard nothing in saying that few better men ever lived. Benevolence and sympathy were the tributes of his character, and as a public man he executed every trust confided in him with fidelity and honor.” His remains lie buried in the family plot in the rear of the Presbyterian Church. The monument, in the form of a table, that marks his resting place bears this inscription,—“Sacred to the memory of Gen’l Sylvester Dering who departed this life Oct. 8, 1820, aged 61 years. He united a sound and active mind with ardent and exemplary piety, he lived not for himself, but for the community about him. He was a wise counsellor and a faithful friend. The prevailing disposition of his heart was sympathy for the distressed, and corresponding efforts for their relief. For a long course of years he held various offices of trust in Church and State, and died lamented, honored and beloved.” The Derings, (Thomas and Sylvester), resided at Sylvester Manor from 1760 to 1820, except during the years of the Revolutionary War, when they were living in Middletown.

William Bowditch succeeded General Dering in the office of Supervisor in 1794, and apparently he made a very satisfactory one, for with the exception of five years, he held the office until 1820, a period of twenty-one years. Only once was the office held by one man for a longer

period, and that for only one year longer. Mr. Bowditch's name appeared among the list of town officers for the first time in 1784, and with possibly one or two exceptions it appears every year until 1820, the year of his death. When the church was organized on the island in 1785 Mr. Bowditch was chosen one of the three trustees, and with the exception of three years held the office as long as he lived, a period of thirty-two years. He was considered by some people as the moving spirit in the building of the present Presbyterian Church. Mr. Bowditch was known to his fellow-townsmen as "Squire Bowditch." It is rather strange that General Dering and Squire Bowditch, whose lives had run along in such parallel lines for many years, should have died within two months of each other. The loss of these two men, within such a short time, must have been keenly felt by their townspeople. According to the town records Benjamin Nicoll was elected Supervisor in 1795. Let us pause for a moment to get the Nicoll family straight in our minds. Three members of the family by the name of William Nicoll have appeared in our history; William Nicoll 1st, the patentee of Islip, who bought the Sachem's Neck property of Giles Sylvester in 1695; his son, William Nicoll 2nd, who came here to live just before the organization of the town, and who was our first Supervisor, and William Nicoll 3rd, a nephew of the first Supervisor, who came here to live after the death of his uncle, and who was Clerk of Suffolk County for many years. Now as our history progresses we shall have occasion to speak of three members of the family by the name of Samuel Benjamin Nicoll. The Benjamin Nicoll that was elected Supervisor in 1795, and again in 1817 was Samuel B. Nicoll 1st. His first name does not seem to appear in the records of the town or church. He was a son of William Nicoll 3rd, and we read that by will dated August 19, 1778

William Nicoll 3rd devises "All his land at West Neck and Sachem's Neck on Shelter Island to his son Samuel Benjamin Nicoll for life." In 1787 Samuel Benjamin came here to live in the Nicoll homestead at Sachem's Neck, when he was a young man of 23. He was living here at the time Stephen Burroughs was teaching our school, and Mr. Burroughs mentions him in his book, as perhaps you will remember. Mr. Nicoll was a man of strong domestic and rural tastes, and devoted his life to farming, which he conducted on quite an extensive scale. He was elected one of the trustees of the church in 1805, and filled the office for fifteen years. There were nine children in Mr. Nicoll's family, and we shall have occasion to mention several of them further along in our history. At Mr. Nicoll's death, and by virtue of an Act of the New York Legislature abolishing entails, the Shelter Island property descended to his son, Richard Floyd Nicoll, in fee, who afterwards sold the whole of Sachem's Neck to his brother, Samuel Benjamin Nicoll, who will hereafter be referred to as Samuel B. Nicoll 2nd.

The first reference in our town records to the slaves that were on the island appears under date of October 1st, 1795. The second census of Shelter Island, that was taken in 1776 showed a population of 171 of which 33 were slaves. Of these slaves fourteen were owned by Nicoll Havens; ten by William Nicoll; five by Thomas Dering; two by Daniel Brown, and two by Obadiah Havens. The names of the slaves owned by Nicoll Havens were Africa, Pomp, London, Titus, Tony, Cæsar, Cuff, Lum, Violet, Dido, Zilfer, Hagar, Judith and Fide.

Africa and Judith were Guinea negroes. London and Pomp ran away from their master; went South, and became slave drivers. On February 22, 1788 the Legislature

of New York passed an act for the manumitting of slaves within this State, under certain conditions.

On October 1st, 1795, Sylvester Dering, Henry Dering and Nathaniel Gardiner, who were sons and son-in-law of Thomas Dering, deceased, applied for the privilege of liberating a slave named "Matilda" which had been inherited by them. The privilege was granted, and the records of our town show that "Matilda" was the first slave to receive her freedom on Shelter Island. During the next twenty-six years a number of the slaves on the island received their freedom.

Probably the Declaration of Independence that so beautifully expressed the aspirations of the people at the time it was written, turned the minds of slave owners to the injustice of depriving certain people of God-given rights that they had so fearlessly demanded for themselves.

Shadrach Conkling succeeded Benjamin Nicoll as Supervisor in 1798. Mr. Conkling belonged to one of the oldest families on Long Island; his ancestor, John Conkling having settled in Southold about 1650. Mr. Conkling was the owner of a fine farm on the north side of Shelter Island, that lay between Chase's and Gardiner's Creeks, and extended north to Dering Harbor. He was a brother of Benjamin Conkling who, at the time of his death, bequeathed his entire property to the Presbyterian Church. In the cemetery that surrounds the church on three sides are the graves of these two brothers, and on the headstones that mark the graves are inscribed statements of how the men left their property,—one to the church, and the other to needy relatives. In a History of Shelter Island and the Presbyterian Church appears a statement regarding these two brothers which we feel needs a word of explanation. In commenting upon the

inscriptions that appear on the headstones the author has this to say,—“I do not intend to go into the merits of this proposition. One can, however, read very plainly between the lines of these epitaphs. Perhaps this significant fact will aid “posterity” in forming a correct opinion, namely, that while both men were wealthy bachelors, the latter (Shadrach) contributed but twenty dollars to the erection of the present church building, while the former (Benjamin) gave two hundred dollars, and yearly hired a pew, giving besides fifty dollars per annum to the support of the church. But we look in vain for Mr. Shadrach Conkling’s name upon the pew lists of those ten years, which are still in existence.” While we do not question the truth of the foregoing statement, yet we feel that the implication does an injustice to the memory of Shadrach Conkling. Shadrach and Benjamin together with their maiden sister, Mary, lived in the same house. Would it have been necessary or natural for a family of three living together in the same house to have hired more than one pew in the same church for their use. In regard to the contributions that were made towards the erection of the church; we note that Benjamin Conkling was the third largest contributor,—the two persons contributing more than he being owners of large estates on the island. While both brothers had accumulated a fair amount of property, yet their properties were in very different forms. Benjamin, being a seafaring man had his property invested in such a manner that it could readily be turned into cash, while Shadrach was a farmer, and his belongings consisted mostly of real estate. And farmers, as a general rule, are not apt to be overburdened with ready cash.

To make such a comparison is as unfair as it would be to look over the lists of the town officers during the time these men lived, and to find Shadrach holding various

offices ranging from Fence Viewer to Supervisor, while Benjamin's name appears but once, to conclude that one brother was public spirited, and the other lacking in this commendable trait. But this can be explained by recalling the vocation of Benjamin, who was a sea-faring man, consequently was away from home during a large part of his active life. No doubt but what both of these brothers were substantial men,—honest, industrious and thrifty,—one showing his interest in the church by his bequests, and the other his interest in the town by his services in different offices, and his affection for his relatives by providing for a family of small children.

The writer feels that it is only right for him to make this explanation, being one of Shadrach Conkling's beneficiaries.

Chapter XII

A SHELTER ISLAND VESSEL RUNS BLOCKADE

IT is not generally known, even by those who have always lived on Shelter Island, that shipbuilding was carried on here some 130 years ago, or about the beginning of the last century. Perhaps the term "shipbuilding" is not strictly correct, although the vessels that were built here were large enough to cross the ocean with a fair-sized cargo, for those days. The location of the shipyard was on a small tributary of West Neck Creek, not far from the Menantic Grove House. The inlet on which the boats were built has always been known as "Shipyard Creek." The late Daniel M. Lord, whose father was the pastor of the Presbyterian Church for many years, and for whom the son was named, sent a paper to our Historical Society some time ago, written by his daughter, in which is related an eventful voyage made by one of the vessels that was built in this yard.

Mr. Lord prefaced his daughter's paper with some facts regarding his ancestors. As the Rev. Mr. Lord left a lasting impression for good on the minds of the people of this island, we trust the following facts about his ancestors, and the story about his uncle will prove of interest to the reader. Mr. Lord wrote that his daughter made one error in the story, as the consignment of flour was from Norfolk, and not from New York. For many years Mr. Lord was a prosperous merchant in Chicago, but spent the latter part of his life in New York, passing away only

a few years ago. This is his paper about his ancestors,—
“My Lord ancestors came from England and landed in Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1635. I know very little of their history in England except that it was eminently respectable and one of my ancestors was knighted by one of the Edwards. His coat-of-arms was quite indicative of my idea of life, as it stood: A fair field and no favor. They evidently were all very much more liberal-minded people than many of the settlers of the Massachusetts colony for they protested against the persecution, religious and political, that was being carried on in that colony, and under the leadership of Hooker, who was one of the protestors, they followed him when he seceded from the colony and marched across the country, till they struck the Connecticut River at Hartford and Windsor. It was a fearful experience as their journey was through entirely new country inhabited by Indians only, but they found the region around the river so beautiful that they decided to settle on the shore of the Connecticut. There were six sons of them and they ultimately spread out on both sides of the river clear to its mouth.

My immediate ancestor, in 1685 moved to the vicinity of Lyme and bought a large tract of land in which, it so happened, that the highest hill in that part of Connecticut was included. He decided to make his home on that hill and named it “Lord’s Hill.” The family lived there for a number of generations. Evidently the Lords went into shipbuilding and also became sailors. Late in the eighteenth century, due to the exhaustion of the timber on the shores of Connecticut, the shipbuilding became very much curtailed. The family at that time consisted of three brothers of my grandfather and two sisters. Evidently in their desire to continue the shipbuilding part of their business, they looked around for land containing timber,

and found such a body of land on Shelter Island, between four and five hundred acres, more than half of it in primeval white oak forest. They bought this estate and moved to Shelter Island where they lived in a kind of feudal state. As I heard many times quoted by the Islanders "They were Lords by name and Lords by nature." They possessed the only two-wheeled vehicle on the island except ox carts.

It seems they made a practice of cutting the timber in the "Great Woods,"—it was known all over the island and, in fact, on the east end of Long Island as the "Great Woods." They cut the timber, dragged it down to the house, and there it was sawed, after which it was carried something about a thousand feet to a branch of West Neck Creek where a shipyard was established. The keel block on which a number of vessels were built was used by my brothers and myself as a diving block in our swimming. How many vessels were built there we have no means of knowing, but they made it a custom that when a vessel was built, one of the three captains would sail her away, carrying freight, and leave the other two at home to continue the building operations. As I have said, we have no record of how many vessels, or what kind were built, save one. They built one called the Paragon, which proved to be a very remarkable vessel; a fast sailer and a good sea boat, which was commanded by Captain Sam, the oldest of the family. In the course of his business he was in Norfolk, Va., when Napoleon declared a blockade against England, declaring all English ports closed; any vessel entering them was liable to be captured and condemned. While in Norfolk Captain Sam was offered a freight of 1000 barrels of flour for which he could get a guinea a barrel if delivered in Liverpool, England. This was too attractive an offer for the

captain to refuse, so he accepted it. In our family we have the register which is the warrant for the vessel under the American flag and ownership granted in 1804, signed by John Adams, and with this Captain Sam sailed for England. The accompanying story of this memorable voyage was written by my daughter, Mrs. Alice Tullis Lord Parsons, and I feel it is a better written account than I am able to offer. At any rate it is a true story of one of the many vessels that were built on the Menantic place in the old shipyard. We have every reason to believe that this business of building and sailing vessels was kept up until the timber was all exhausted. Of the three captains one was lost at sea and never heard from, and I have a little suspicion that another one met the same fate but, as I remember it, the tombstone on the lot at Shelter Island would tell the truth of that.

In the days of my boyhood, the Shelter Island estate was a really beautiful one. The house was pure colonial in design, and surrounded with beautiful trees, and north of the house was a grove of oaks and hickory that was a constant lure for men looking for ship timber. I can remember case after case where Father was offered \$75.00 or \$100.00 for a single tree but he stubbornly refused to sell, claiming it would be wicked to destroy the grove. So it was kept, and many of the trees are still preserved at the present day. This part that I contribute is more to show the migration of the Lord family. As I have said, the family consisted, besides my grandfather, of three brothers who were old bachelors, and two sisters who were old maids. They were peculiar, and as the old Menantic mansion was a pure colonial house, with a great hall through the center, the captains kept the east end of the house and the maiden ladies the west end. The only

communication they apparently had was when the captains marched across the hall to the northwest corner and in the dining-room ate their meals with the ladies."

THE VOYAGE OF THE PARAGON. (A TRUE STORY)

"Another bright night's afore us, and we a'most in sight of Cape Clear," growled First Mate Dave Cartwright, squinting at the afternoon sun slowly sinking into an unruffled sea, from a cloudless sky. "We'll be taken by the Frenchies or Davy Jones'll git us! Boney's ships are on every quarter, you mark my words, lad." An ominous shake of the head only deepened the gloom into which his croaking always plunged young Hull Payne, youngest and newest member of the crew of the schooner Paragon. Poor young Payne! It was his maiden voyage. Fifteen days before, the chance to ship before the mast on the Paragon, which he firmly believed to be the finest craft afloat,—to run the blockade under Captain Sam Lord, his hero, the idol of his boyish dreams—had seemed an enchanting prospect. Now, it was hourly becoming a most undesirable adventure, for his credulous and inexperienced ears were filled with the mate's dismal forebodings, and lurid tales of the horrors of French prisons and English impressment of seamen, by the crew. The voyage, to be sure, had been a fast and pleasant one, every breeze a fair and favoring one. The fast little Paragon skipped blithely over the waves, justifying her name and filling the heart of her master and owner with pride. "Lord luck," the crew called it, nodding their heads as they asked each other, "Will it last?" Young Hull Payne at the rail watched the sun set in a blaze of red and gold, drenching sky and sea in its wondrous, awful glory that no landsman ever sees and no sailor ever forgets. The thick, yellow-

gray clouds that sprang from nowhere along the horizon with the last ray of the setting sun brought reassurance to the lad's heart. He was enough of a seaman to know that such clouds meant a black night. A black night is the blockade runner's time. The blockade was Napoleon's in the year 1804. The runner, to test its closeness and efficiency that night, was the small American schooner *Paragon*, of New York, laden with a thousand barrels of flour for Liverpool. A little more than two weeks before, in a tiny office on Front Street, redolent with oakum and tar from the ship chandler's shop below, and bearing the sign *GOUVENEUR AND SUYDAM*, Ship Brokers, a group of sea captains, some retired and some waiting a charter, sat idly spinning yarns and deploring the slackness of trade caused by the war between England and France. One of them, a handsome man just under middle age, better dressed than the others and of distinguished bearing, was standing on widespread feet at the dust-covered window from which he might have touched with his hand the slender and graceful bowsprit of his schooner *Paragon* as she lay at the wharf. Up the crooked iron stairway which connected the tiny office with the dock and street, suddenly hurried the junior partner, *Suydam*. Into the comfortable circle he broke abruptly with the demand addressed to the assembled salts: "Any skipper here open for a thousand barrels of flour to Liverpool?" Exclamations of disgust and disappointment from all hands, only the man at the window said, "How much?" "A guinea a barrel!" The skippers in their chairs only shrugged indifferently. The man at the window was Captain Samuel Lord. Now, Cap'n Sam was rich—he followed the sea more for sport than for gain and because the Lords had ever been sea-faring folk. But he was a Yankee and a hard-headed one,—one thousand guineas,

gold at a premium. The Paragon cleared for Liverpool that night. Only when the Paragon had dropped Sandy Hook astern and was fairly out to sea (for the Hook was farther away in those days than now) did Cap'n Sam count up the odds against him. He might be sunk by a shot from a blockader, or his boat be taken as a prize and he and his crew serve indefinite terms of imprisonment in France. It was a long chance, but Cap'n Sam knew his boat. Had he not cut the timber for her from his own land on the island—not only cut it but had actually grown it, on the estate that had descended to him from the ancestor who received it by royal patent from the Merry Monarch. Had he not built her on his own keel-block, launched her in his own harbor where the tides run full? And, finally, had he not known her graceful lines of speed and christened her prophetically, Paragon? Yes, he knew her; she was small, only 176 tons burthen, but she was staunch and very fast. He knew, too, his crew—nine Island men, his playmates as a boy, whom he trained himself for the sea. They believed in him as in their God or the devil. Young Hull Payne, up from the Bay with a load of oysters for the day, had signed at the last moment to complete the full ship's company. Cap'n Sam knew the lad and his knowledge of men told him the boy could be trusted. Not infrequently he had surprised the doglike devotion and admiration of the lad's glance. Night fell on that fifteenth day of the voyage. The wind from the black clouds rapidly overspreading the sky rose to a gale. Cap'n Sam gave orders to keep a sharp lookout; to put out every light; to speak no word aloud on deck, and every man to stand by for any emergency. The sails were double reefed. Cap'n Sam took the wheel, his eye fixed on the compass, dimly illumined by a tiny shaded lamp. The Paragon's race for Liverpool began. The trial be-

tween Yankee wit and seamanship and French vigilance and craft was on. The steadily increasing wind was favorable. "Lord luck," the crew muttered under their breaths. For hours the swift Paragon bounded over the water. All through the night the men stood by, tense and silent, eyes and ears strained for sight and sound of a French frigate. All night long Cap'n Sam kept the wheel, laying his course with every whit of skill and knowledge he possessed. As the hours passed, a confident smile came to his firm lips and there was a twinkle that meant triumph in the eyes whose corners were drawn into tiny puckers from much gazing over the sea. Just before midnight the wind fell a bit. Suddenly there loomed dead ahead a shape of denser backness, topped by silhouetted masts and spars, and faint lights showing here and there. On the instant Cap'n Sam threw the wheel over. The whirring of the spokes, the tautening of the ropes sounded like a gasp of surprise. The mate crouched low in the eyes of the ship. Young Hull Payne almost choked with the sudden swelling of the lump in his throat. The Paragon swung to her helm like a top and before the lookout on the frigate looked again she had vanished like a wraith in the night. Orders aboard the Paragon were obeyed—and, perhaps the superstitious fear of Boney's fleet stopped their tongues—for no word of that close shave was spoken till morning dawned and the Paragon was flying up the Irish Sea to Liverpool. Cap'n Sam and his sturdy little schooner had won through. They had run the blockade. The crucial moment was past, but like the gentleman he was he meant to finish in style. That is the advantage of sporting blood. In the early afternoon the crowds of loungers numerous even in these days of unaccustomed idleness on the great wharves of Liverpool, witnessed an amazing sight. A small schooner, every inch of canvas

spread, her deck polished till it shone, every rope taut, every bit of metal bright, and the Stars and Stripes flying from her taffrail, sailed into the harbor and made fast to the dock. The Englishmen could scarce believe their eyes when Cap'n Sam stepped from the deck, where his crew stood in respectful silence, to the crowded wharf, presented his papers and with promptness and deliberation made over his cargo "in good order" to the Liverpool consignees. The congratulations showered upon the plucky captain by the curious and interested crowds that hurried to the wharf assumed the proportions of an ovation, warranted to turn any head less cool and level than Cap'n Sam's. He was begged for the details of the exploit, his opinion of the closeness of the blockade, and not infrequently he was asked the view of affairs that prevailed in the United States. Respect for the United States had been appreciatively increased since the arrival of this particular citizen.

The news of the coming of the Paragon flew fast and far and to the highest circles. Late in the afternoon came a messenger post haste from the Lord Mayor himself. The messenger hurried straight from the Town Hall; and the latter bore the great seal of the City of Liverpool. Within, the captain read thus: "The Lord Mayor presents his most gracious compliments to Captain Samuel Lord, Master of the good merchantman, Paragon of New York, and begs the pleasure of his company at a dinner in his honor, the next day, at five o'clock at the Town Hall." In closing, the Lord Mayor begged Captain Lord to believe him, with renewed assurances of respect and esteem, his most humble servant, his excellency, the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, on the twenty-second day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and four, and of his most gracious majesty, King George the Third, the fifty-

third. Cap'n Sam's compliments and acceptances were couched in phrases full as formal and correct—phrases which, by the way, in no wise reflected the intense gratification that filled his soul. No sooner was his answer dispatched than he applied to his friends, Messrs. Bethune and Griswold, shipping merchants, to whom the already famous one thousand barrels had been consigned, for the name of the best tailor in Liverpool. Having obtained it, he hastened to the shop and had his manly form most carefully measured. By virtue of an imposing manner transferred from the tiny quarterdeck of the *Paragon* to shore duty, a bulging wallet, not to mention his new fame as blockade runner and benefactor of Liverpool, the man of shears and tape took his solemn oath that the new suit should be ready for the great occasion. For once a tailor did not perjure himself. The suit was finished and delivered to the captain's cabin in ample time for Cap'n Sam to array himself with care. A fine figure of a man he was when dressed, for the close-fitting clothes fitted his tall, well-made figure snugly, and the soft ruffles were most becoming to his complexion, bronzed by much exposure to the weather. The coat was a light blue satin trimmed with gold lace; the waistcoat and knee-breeches of white satin; there were white silk stockings and polished shoes adorned with high red heels and big silver buckles. As he stalked serenely down the gangplank his admiring crew, or rather those of them who had not succumbed to the royal English welcome tendered them, were confident that no man in all Liverpool could rival their American captain in pride of bearing or elegance of attire. Mate Cartwright for once forebore to shake his head, and young Hull Payne's eyes fairly started from his head as he hugged himself at the picture he saw in his mind's eye—himself rehearsing this scene for the benefit of the stay-at-homes

back on the Island. It was a very grand dinner indeed. All the notables of Liverpool were there, and if the viands lacked variety (a blockade entails much culinary sacrifice) there was compensation in the feast of wit and wisdom gathered to the board. The wine was the oldest and rarest, and many were the bumpers drained to the Yankee captain and his ship—yes, and to his country, too. The time was propitious, the era of cordial relations between the War for Independence and the second war between the Mother country and her wayward daughter. Amidst all the complimenting, congratulating, flattery, Cap'n Sam kept that hard head of his quite clear. At the right hand of his excellency, my Lord Mayor of Liverpool, he sat quite dignified and affable, outward calm and suavity revealing nought of inward exhilaration and complacency. What though his legs were a trifle unsteady as he rose to respond to the frequent toasts—his tongue was not loosened into boastfulness! Long before the last bottle was emptied, many a good citizen was under the table, and the stately Lord Mayor himself had lapsed into unconsciousness. Perhaps in the still unbefuddled mind of the Yankee in their midst the weight of those thousand golden guineas was the ballast. Discipline aboard the Paragon never relaxed in any port, be it ever so cordial. Therefore, her crew all slept aboard her the night after the Lord Mayor's dinner, being helped thither by the sympathetic arms of convivial English tars. And that is a part of the story young Hull Payne never could tell, for the memory thereof was a blank. Mate Cartwright always filled the similar hiatus in his account with profound and many headshakings. The next day, amid the cheers of half of Liverpool which had gathered on the wharf to wish them Godspeed, the Paragon sailed out of the harbor with a thousand guineas in canvass bags safely stowed in her captain's

cabin. Again the sailor's good fortune, a fair wind and a smooth sea, was hers. Again she slipped through the fingers of the vigilant French as silently and darkly as a flying ghost, and won the high seas, homeward bound.

"Third day out from Liverpool, early in the morning, the lookout sighted the topsails of a frigate breaking the line of the horizon,"—so Cap'n Sam began that eventful day, in the log. Gradually the frigate herself came into view, and squaring her sails bore away in the direction of the Paragon. Cap'n Sam, aloft in the ratlines where he had gone at the first shout of "Sail ho!" could make out no sign of the vessel's nationality. There was no flag on her taffrail, and no colors even on her spars. His practiced eye told him she was a clean sailer. He had no mind to be taken as a prize. Never taking his eyes off the man-of-war, he shouted his orders to the anxious crew, "Crowd on all sail!" The sails snapped to the wind; the foam curved out to leeward. The race was on! The Paragon held her distance. The wind held, and hour after hour, the fleet little schooner ran away from her giant pursuer. Cap'n Sam at the wheel smiled grimly as he watched the waters widen between the craft he steered with consummate skill, and the unknown man-of-war. He knew now that if the wind were steady he could hold his own and show his heels to the enemy. The crew was noisily jubilant over winning yet another throw from Boney. But as the day wore on, the breeze became fitful. The Paragon lost her headway. The frigate, with her towering topsails slowly gathered up the distance between them. Cap'n Sam knew when he was beaten. He determined to make the best of being a French prize of war. Giving the wheel to the mate he went below. He did not intend to lose his one thousand guineas. If he was taken with his ship and crew, so be it. No Frenchman should get the

gold. Down to his cabin he went, and pulled the mattress from his bunk. With a compass saw he cut a hole large enough to permit the passage of a bag of guineas. One by one he dropped those bags down, down, down, till they rested on the bilges in the run. Let the Paragon be taken as a prize! When his term of imprisonment was over he would buy her back, put her on the ways, and once more win his golden guineas. The last bag of gold dropped through. Carefully he filled the hole with its circle of wood, painted over the spot, put back the mattress and mounted to the deck. "As my head rose above the companionway," so runs the log, "she fired a shot across our bows; at the same moment she ran up the British flag." The Paragon hove to. Immediately a boat, an officer in command, put out from the frigate. As it came within hailing distance the officer demanded "Who are you and where are you from?" Back answered Cap'n Sam—"The Paragon of New York, three days out from Liverpool!" Short and sharp came the word—"You lie sir!" Cap'n Sam flushed. Stiffly he replied—"Sir, I invite you to come aboard my ship and examine my sailing papers, and TAKE BACK THAT WORD." No Lord Admiral of royal navy on the lofty bridge of his flagship ever voiced command with greater dignity. "That Lord manner," muttered the mate, shaking his head at young Hull Payne's wide open mouth and eyes. Cap'n Sam, backed by his crew, as plucky and sturdy a ten men as would do credit to any merchant marine in the world, awaited the coming of the officer. As he put foot to the deck of the Paragon, Cap'n Sam handed him a Liverpool newspaper of the day of his sailing. The officer looked with astonishment at this positive proof of the fleetness of the little schooner. His British mind, unconvinced by the morning's chase had, hitherto not conceived that a ship of the size, even an American one, could

log so many knots in so short a time. The officer was not too proud to acknowledge a mistake, and as Cap'n Sam recorded it in the log in the grandiloquent fashion of the time—"He craved my pardon like an officer and an English gentleman." The captain was generous, too. A man's ship is his castle, and the Lord hospitality had never been questioned on land or sea. But little urging was needed to persuade the officer to an investigation of the captain's private locker. The locker proved itself a promoter of good feeling, for the Paragon had made other voyages and touched at Madeira and like congenial ports, and her captain had a nice taste in liquors. The English officer returned to the man-of-war after the most cordial farewells, and the big British frigate and the trim little schooner parted their ways forever.

The rest of the famous voyage of the Paragon was uneventful. It ended on the twenty-first day from Liverpool. Cap'n Sam, with the blue satin coat to show, and a new and interesting yarn to spin, received an ovation in New York,—not so grand but twice as welcome to his patriotic sailor heart, as the Liverpool one. And what pleased him quite as much, he was able to put the doughty Paragon promptly on the ways and secure his one thousand golden guineas. All these events,—the twice running of the blockade,—the Lord Mayor's dinner,—the meeting on the high seas with the British man-of-war, to the price (a big one even for those days) of the blue satin coat, its gold trimmings and its lace ruffles,—are recorded in the cramped but legible handwriting of Captain Samuel Lord as he set them down duly and in order—a hundred years ago—in the log of this most famous voyage of the Paragon.

Chapter XIII

THE WAR OF 1812

ABOUT the beginning of the nineteenth century Dr. Timothy L. Dwight, who was president of Yale College at that time, traversed Long Island on a vacation trip, and paid a visit to Shelter Island. This was one of many trips that he made through several states, and he published an account of them later in a series of volumes entitled "Travels in New England and New York." In one of his books Dr. Dwight spoke thus of his visit to this island; "We found the ferry had neither wharf nor stairs on either side. The shore was a gradual slope. We were, therefore, obliged to ride to the boat, and with much difficulty to force our horses into it by leading them over the gunwale." He made this pleasing allusion to the people of our island; "To the credit of the inhabitants, especially of the principal proprietors, it ought to be observed that they have customarily made considerable exertions to support schools, and obtain the preaching of the gospel." Dr. Dwight was not as pleasing as this in his remarks about the people of Long Island in general. Speaking of Long Island, he said that by reason of its insular situation the people must always be contracted and limited in their views, affections and pursuits; that they were destitute of advantages that were calculated to awaken and diffuse information and energy, and if such were to spring up here they would emigrate, and that it must continue for an indefinite period to be a place where advantages that were

enjoyed elsewhere would be imperfectly realized. No wonder these observations and predictions elicited a reply, and here it is; "Eighty years have passed and one has only to glance over the island to see that his (Dr. Dwight's) predictions have been very imperfectly realized. Instead of becoming an intellectual waste by reason of its insularity, it has come to be the abode of wealth, refinement and intelligence in a degree equal to that of any region in the country. The salubrity of its climate, its proximity to the great commercial metropolis of the country, the excellent facilities for travel and communication which its railroad system affords, and its unsurpassed pleasure resorts and watering places, combine to make it one of the most desirable places of residence in the country; and year by year people avail themselves more and more of these advantages." This was not the first time that Dr. Dwight was wrong in his predictions. A few years before this, in the year 1800, when Thomas Jefferson was running for the Presidency, the learned doctor predicted that if Jefferson was elected president the morals of our country would be such as would lead to direful results. But quite the contrary was the case; Jefferson's first term was so satisfactory that he was elected for four years more, and his fame has continued to grow with the years. At the time Dr. Dwight visited the island the ferry crossing on the north side of the island was from Stearns' Point to the mainland, and was known as "Bushe's Ferry" because the man that ran it bore the French name of Boisseau. One finds now and then, in the town and church records, an item in reference to our early school. In 1799 and 1800 a young man by the name of John Rudd was teaching here. After leaving the island he went to New York City for awhile, and later studied for the ministry. In time he became the editor of a religious paper called the "Christian Mes-

senger." In 1805 the parish and the school united in extending an invitation to the Rev. Benjamin Bell to serve in the double capacity of preacher and teacher,—for the former service he was to receive three dollars per Sabbath. On May 5, 1806 a parish meeting was held in the old meeting house, and it was voted to invite Rev. Daniel Hall to preach here as a stated supply. Mr. Hall accepted the invitation and came here from Sag Harbor where he had been pastor of the Presbyterian Church for eight years. It has been said that his coming was indeed a bright era in the history of the island. Under his ministry the whole community seemed to feel a renovating influence. Public worship, which had been neglected, was now well attended. After Mr. Hall had labored here about two years a church was regularly constituted under the Congregational form, and was placed under the care of the Long Island Presbytery. At first it numbered sixteen members including the pastor. On January 20, 1812 Mr. Hall died, but the good he had done was not buried with his honored remains. Mr. Hall owned the house and farm that was later the property of Samuel B. Jennings, and is located on the easterly side of the island, not far from the Episcopal Church.

In the month of December 1811 a terrific storm swept over this part of the country, that must have been similar to the one which has gone down in history as the "Blizzard of 1888." This is how Thompson, in his History of Long Island describes the Great Storm; "On the night of the 23rd of December 1811, commenced one of the most remarkable snowstorms and gales of wind ever experienced together, upon Long Island. It came from the northeast, and swept over Long Island with dreadful violence. An immense amount of property was destroyed, and many lives lost. It is supposed that more than sixty vessels were

cast ashore upon the north side of Long Island; most of which were destroyed, or so greatly injured as to be of little value. Whole crews were lost—the mercury fell to eight degrees before the storm abated. The snow continued to fall, the wind increased almost to a tornado, and swept over the plains with desperate intensity. It raged for twenty-four hours. The snow was so drifted that no mail could pass, and all travelling was effectually impeded. Perhaps (says Dr. Mitchell) there never was a time when more damage was sustained by shipmasters on the north side of this island. The wind poured from the north, rendering it a total lee shore, from one end of the island to the other. The Boston mailstage from New York, Tuesday morning, only reached Stratford Thursday night, a distance of sixty miles. Indeed, the newspapers of that period were filled for many days with a succession of the most disastrous accounts of the loss of life and property. Many vessels were driven upon Lloyd's Neck, Eaton's Neck and Gardiner's Island. Thirty-six bilged and stranded vessels were counted in one day. The day previous had been remarkably pleasant, and the transition from warm to cold was so great that in many instances human beings perished on land as well as on water. Sheep expired in great numbers; domestic fowl were frozen to death, and neat cattle were overcome by the severity of the cold. Almost every vessel from Hell Gate to Montauk was driven ashore. At Litchfield, Conn. one man lost ten cows out of sixteen, and some of them were congealed in an erect position, standing on their legs."

Again we have come to the time when this country and England were engaged in war with each other,—the War of 1812. Our country began warring rather early in its history. Even before we were weaned we had a severe quarrel with our mother; and within thirty years after the

settlement of that dispute we had another quarrel with her, only by that time she was sort of a stepmother. For some years England had been overhauling our vessels and searching for men that belonged on her ships. It is true that a large number of British subjects preferred to serve on American merchant vessels rather than on British ships of war, for England at that time was in war with France. The mere claim of right to stop and search our vessels would have been annoying enough in itself had the British not gone further, and frequently taken bona fide Americans from them. In June 1807, England went even further, and a roar of indignation went up in America when the British frigate *Leopard* overhauled our frigate *Chesapeake* off the Norfolk Capes, fired on her, and took off four men. If Jefferson, who was then President, had chosen to declare war he would have had a united country behind him. But he preferred to try the coercion of economic measures, which, however, proved a failure. In 1811 James Madison was President, and he also struggled to preserve peace, but the new Congress that met that year was destined to be led by the West. Fiery young men came from Kentucky and settlements up to the Canadian border, with Henry Clay at their head to be joined by John C. Calhoun from the South Carolina frontier. Little by little these "war-hawks" as they were called, fanned the flame of the war spirit in Congress, shouting how Canada could be conquered in six weeks, but mainly giving the war-cry of "sailors' rights." So on June 18, 1812 Congress declared war with England. The following is taken from Mr. Mallmann's history in regard to this war;—"Once more the national skies were growing dark by the appearance of a war cloud which did burst in storm upon the people, and once more Shelter Island became the butt of the enemy's abuse and destruction. For like in the Revolution another fleet of British

warships made Gardiner's Bay their anchorage and headquarters. Among them were the Ramesis, Maidstone, Sylph, Thunderer, Pantagenet and the brig Boxer. These blockaded the whole eastern coast from Fisher's Island to Montauk, and sought to destroy the neighboring villages, sending off their barges by night and day. Under the cover of darkness they made an assault upon Sag Harbor, setting fire to its wharves, but were driven off by the soldiers stationed there, among whom were a number of men recruited from this island. The national forces sought to blow up the flagship of this squadron, which was the Ramesis, by the use of a torpedo sent down the sound from New York. The effort, however, failed from the torpedo getting ashore a little to the northwest of Greenport. One of the British ships, the Sylph, was sent out to destroy it, and did so, after which it cruised around the eastern end of Long Island. While running around Montauk Point on January 17, 1815 she went ashore on the south side of Long Island and became a total wreck. Out of her crew of 121 men only six were saved. . . . Indirectly that torpedo did its work. The man who brought it down the sound was named 'Penny.' He lived at 'Northwest,' in a lonely place. The British found him out, and one night took him prisoner. He was transported to Halifax, where he was held a prisoner until the end of the war. As in the Revolution so in the War of 1812, the enemy would come ashore on this island day or night and confiscate cattle, sheep, and whatever else they wanted. It was another season of trial and suffering to our fair isle. One night the enemy went ashore on Gull Island and threw the lamps of the lighthouse into the sea. But they paid dearly for this act of vandalism, as one of their barges ran ashore on Plum Island resulting in its loss, together with several of its crew. Their bodies were found shortly after, by others

from the squadron, and buried on the east side of that island. Of course such wanton destruction of our beacon light had to be repaid in some way. So the Yankees bought an old square-rigged vessel, and fixing a magazine in her hold, so connected that upon raising the hatches it would explode, sailed her as near the fleet as they dared, and then, under cover of darkness, abandoned her. When the enemy noticed the vessel they put off in boats and brought her alongside of the fleet. Then a number of officers went aboard and started to raise the hatches, when the magazine exploded with terrific force, blowing the men into the sea to their destruction, and the vessel to the bottom of the waters. The British were so incensed that they sent their barges up the Connecticut River the next night, and burned every vessel that they found, as far up as Deep River. Mr. Lodowick Havens, from whose personal record these facts have been culled, says that the sound of that explosion was like an earthquake. The British sent an order ashore on this island for the people to immediately furnish a lot of provisions, but little heed at that time was given to it as the people felt that the three companies of soldiers stationed at Sag Harbor were abundantly able to protect them. Every man, however, on the island, kept his gun and bayonet in the room where he slept, and carried it with him to meeting when there was one, which under such conditions was not often. When peace was again restored in 1814, the people once more assembled in jubilee, only this time instead of on Prospect Heights they met in the mansion of General Sylvester Dering." Rejoicing over the declaration of peace was not confined to this island, or to this country, for that matter, for both this country and England were exceedingly weary of the war long before it came to an end. No doubt England was glad to be rid of us so she could give her entire attention to

France; for just six months later than this Wellington won his great victory over Napoleon on the historic battlefield of Waterloo. England considered that we had stabbed her in the back at a time when she was fighting the battle of freedom against Bonaparte, who was then disturbing the peace of the world. England probably felt at that time as we felt at the time of the World War when we considered we were fighting to make the world safe for democracy. The War of 1812 ended rather ingloriously, and when peace was made at Ghent on December 24, 1814 no mention was made to the grievances which had brought on the conflict. It has been said that this war began in Napoleon's bathtub, where he was when he made his decision to sell Louisiana to us, and that it ended on the Atlantic Ocean with America fighting his enemies for him. After peace had been declared, but before the news reached this country, Andrew Jackson inflicted a severe defeat on the British forces in the battle of New Orleans. Although the battle was a mistake, as the British were no longer our enemies, nevertheless it was regarded as a great victory, and made Jackson a popular hero, and caused him to become President some years later. One benefit we derived from the war was this; the brilliant victories we gained on the water, mostly in duels between single ships on either side, did much to breed respect for us in England.



THE HAVENS HOUSE
Built in 1743. See page 70.



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AS REBUILT 1934-35

Chapter XIV

THE BUILDING OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

AMONG the records we find this entry in regard to our early school:

“At a meeting of the inhabitants of the School District including the whole of the Town of Shelter Island, duly warned according to law held at the Meeting House on Shelter Island on the 27th September 1813,—Sylvester Dering was chosen Moderator; Benjamin Glover, Remington Havens, Frederick Chase, Trustees, Sylvester Dering, District Clerk, Remington Havens, District Collector.

Voted, As a site for the District School House, where the present school house now stands.

Voted, To raise by tax to build or purchase a District School House &c Three Hundred Dollars.

Voted, That the Annual School Meetings be on the first Tuesday of April, at the place where the Town Meeting is held.

SYLVESTER DERING, *District Clerk.*”

That was in the good old days when a schoolhouse could be built for what it costs now to build a very plain one car garage. In 1816 the school was taught by Samuel Phillips, a young man of great piety. It was during the time he was teaching here that a religious revival began one day in school and continued for several months. Mr. Phillips later became the editor of the weekly newspaper known as the *Republican Watchman*, which was first pub-

lished in Sag Harbor and afterwards in Greenport. This paper continued to be published until a few years ago. The editor for many years was the well-known Democratic leader, Henry A. Reeves. While the name of the paper was Republican its principles were decidedly Democratic.

An attempt was made in 1809 to raise funds to build a church to take the place of the little old meeting house, but like the first attempt to raise money for the latter building, it failed. Six years later another attempt was made with better success. A subscription paper, dated September, 1815, was circulated for this purpose. Twenty-eight persons signed their names to the paper, all but one being men of this island. The amount subscribed was \$1,277.50. Another paper was circulated among people who did not live on this island, but who it was thought might be interested in this worthy cause. This was signed by fifty-nine persons, the larger portion being men of New York City, and the sum of \$1,320.50 was subscribed, making the total subscriptions \$2,598.00. The same month that these papers were being circulated a violent storm swept over this island, which felled many of the trees on here. It was called "The Great September Gale," and was probably an unusually severe equinoctial storm, as we are apt to have high windstorms about the time of the Fall equinox. But we sometimes have our hardest storms in the month of August, and some of us remember the great gales of 1879 and 1924, both of which occurred in August. While the high wind of 1815 was an ill wind, as it was a very destructive one, yet it was not one of those ill winds that blow no one any good, for some of the trees that were felled by it on the estates of General Sylvester Dering and Captain Samuel Lord were donated by these gentlemen as timber for the framework of the new church building. Rev. Thomas Harries who was the pastor of

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this church for many years referred to this incident as follows:—"The stars in their courses fought for them, and the fierce winds of heaven brought them the oaks of Bashan and the cedars of Lebanon." At a parish meeting held on December 15, 1815, the following resolution was passed:—"Resolved, That the Meeting House to be erected shall be built on the land where the old Meeting House now stands. Resolved, That Sylvester Dering, William Bowditch, Samuel Lord, Jonathan Douglass and Henry Conklin be a committee to receive the monies subscribed for building said Meeting House from the hands of the trustees, and to build the said Meeting House of such dimensions and materials as the Committee, or a majority of them shall agree." The committee began at once to prepare for the erection of the building. The first thing was to move the old meeting house from the site it had occupied for the past seventy-two years, as the new building was to be placed on the same spot. Accordingly it was moved a short distance to the east, probably on or near the site of the present parsonage, and continued to be used for church services during the erection of the new building. In speaking of the old meeting house in one of his sermons, the Rev. Daniel Lord gave the following description of it:—"The place where it stood and its whole aspect rises up before me in vivid recollection. It was a house every way worthy of Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,' always abating its dimensions. It was old and of narrow accommodations, a quadrate building with a quadrate roof. It was at the time of its erection probably equal to the wants of the people; but at the time of which I am speaking the tooth of time had made such inroads upon it that it gave unmistakable evidence of decay. It had one semblance, at least, to the sanctuary of which the Psalmist speaks,—'In it the sparrow hath found a home, and the

swallow a nest for herself where she may lay her young.' ” The pulpit stairs, sounding board and some of the pews contained in this old edifice had been brought from the Rutgers's Street Church in New York. The old building was later moved to a site across the road from where the public library now stands, and was used for many years as a sheep fold. After the removal of the old building the construction of the new one was promptly begun, and within fifteen months the structure was completed. On July 17, 1817, the church was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. Rev. Aaron Woolworth of Bridgehampton preached the dedicatory sermon. In speaking of this building Rev. Mr. Harries, in one of his historical sermons preached in the fall of 1871, describes it thus:—"It was fifteen feet shorter than it is to-day. On each side of the pulpit were four seats. In front of it was a platform about ten inches high, on the outer edge of which was a panelled breastwork elevated four feet, with a small desk in the middle of the platform, directly in front of the pulpit, for the use of the elders when reading, and for the chorister when singing. There were forty seats before the pulpit, and four each side, making forty-eight. The first range on the south end consisting of four seats, were reserved by the trustees for the colored people, and the next range for 'any white person.' The body pews were assessed at \$2.00 each, and the long side pews at \$3.50."

The church was remodelled and enlarged in 1858, and a belfry also was added at that time in which a bell was placed in 1871. During the eight years after the death of Rev. Daniel Hall the church was without a pastor or resident preacher, but the pulpit was supplied with occasional preachers, some of whom served for several months at a time. If no minister could be procured church services were maintained by the elders of the church. In De-

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ember, 1820, the Rev. Richard Floyd Nicoll was invited to supply the pulpit for a few months, which he did. Mr. Nicoll was the son of Samuel B. Nicoll 1st and brother of Lawyer Samuel B. Nicoll who was a prominent figure in this town for many years. For nine years Mr. Nicoll was in business in Utica, as a merchant. He afterward studied theology and preached as a Presbyterian minister for five years in Smithtown, Long Island. He later returned to Shelter Island and took up his residence on his West Neck farm, where he remained for the balance of his life. Mr. Nicoll married Margaret Sylvester Dering, the daughter of Gen. Sylvester Dering, by whom he had quite a number of children. One of the daughters, Joanna, became the wife of her cousin, Dr. S. B. Nicoll of Shelter Island. Soon after Mr. Nicoll finished his engagement as minister of this church the Rev. Ezra Young took up the duties as minister here, and with slight interruptions, continued in this relation for seven years from July, 1821. Mr. Young was a lineal descendant of the Rev. John Young, first minister to the church at Southold. Rev. Richard Nicoll, and his successor as minister of this church, the Rev. Ezra Young, were destined to become brothers-in-law. During the time of his ministry here Mr. Young became acquainted with Miss Maria Nicoll, a sister of Rev. Richard Nicoll, and the couple in time became very much interested in each other. In connection with this courtship a pretty story is told of how the young lady used to write love epistles to the minister, and then would go early to church and place the notes between the leaves of the Bible that was in the pulpit, where they would be found by the lover. No doubt there were many times when it appeared to the congregation that the minister was looking for his texts when in reality he was searching for his "notes." On October 4, 1827, Miss Nicoll became the bride of Mr.

Young, and the ceremony took place in this church where Mr. Young was then preaching, and it is said that it was the first event of its kind that ever took place in this sanctuary. In the fall of 1827 Daniel M. Lord, who was then a sophomore in Amherst College, and temporarily employed here as a school teacher, would occasionally preach in the church when Mr. Young was absent. It was during this winter of 1827-28 when Mr. Lord was the teacher of our school that the schoolhouse was destroyed by fire, together with all the school books. From 1828 to 1832 the Rev. Jonathan Huntting preached here. He was originally from Easthampton, but for twenty-two years previous to the time he was engaged as a minister of this church he had been the pastor of the church at Southold. He never came here to live, but continued to reside at Southold while preaching on this island. At a parish meeting held on June 19, 1832, the following resolution was passed: "Voted that the trustees be authorized to allow the Rev. Jonathan Huntting the sum of four hundred dollars a year for preaching for us, provided he will come to the island to live." Mr. Huntting declined this proposition, but continued to preach here for some time longer. As a pretty story was told of Rev. Young's courtship it is no more than right that one should be told of his successor, Rev. Huntting. These stories show that ministers are as susceptible to the allurements of the fairer sex as men of other vocations, although you would not always suspect it. This story is taken from Mr. Mallmann's book, and was told to him by some one living in the village of what was then called Franklinville, but is now Laurel,—located between Mattituck and Jamesport. "While on his way to Presbytery, which met that year at Easthampton, Mr. Huntting passed through Franklinville on horseback. It was the usual mode of travel in those days, and the route

from Southold to Easthampton was by way of Mattituck, Riverhead, Canoe Place, Southampton, and so on to the place of destination. Reaching Franklinville Mr. Huntting dismounted to pay his respects to Mr. Seldon Herrick, who at the time was a widower. Here Mr. Huntting met Miss Sayre, who happened to be at Mr. Herrick's on a visit. As Mr. Huntting was about to resume his journey, Miss Sayre and Mr. Herrick joined him, the lady, at the time, to return to her home. They started off together, Mr. Herrick and Miss Sayre in a carriage and the dominy on his horse. After they had gone some distance and were crossing the sandy plains southeast of Riverhead Mr. Herrick proposed a change to Mr. Huntting, he to ride the preacher's horse and Mr. Huntting to take his place in the carriage. This was readily agreed to, so Mr. Herrick mounted the steed and Mr. Huntting placed himself alongside the fair damsel. Such close contact had its effect, for before long their friendship ripened so fast that the dominy proposed to Miss Sayre right there and then, and was accepted. By this time Mr. Herrick, having become tired of riding on the dominy's horse, suggested to Mr. Huntting that they resume their original positions, which was agreed to and effected. Now it happened that Mr. Herrick, being a widower, was also in search of another helpmeet, and thinking the present a good chance to get one, broached the subject to Miss Sayre and proposed to her. To his great astonishment and discouragement Miss Sayre responded that while the dominy was in the carriage he had made a similar proposal and had been accepted. They were married September 20, 1808."

After Mr. Huntting had completed his services here as preacher in 1832 the church held a special meeting on November 28, 1832, in which the trustees were directed "to hire Mr. Daniel Lord to preach for us until the third

Tuesday in June next, and they allow Mr. Lord at the rate of four hundred dollars a year." After completing his engagement here as a school teacher during the winter of 1827-28 Mr. Lord returned to college and finished his course at Amherst, and then entered Princeton Theological Seminary, where he pursued the study of theology for more than two years. Mr. Lord accepted the offer that was made to him by the trustees of the church, and preached for the time that was agreed upon. At a special meeting of the parish that was held in October, 1833, the trustees were "authorized to hire Mr. Daniel Lord to preach for us for three years, and to allow Mr. Lord the income of our stock." Mr. Lord accepted this call but did not serve for the three years, as he was invited to do, but finished his services in May, 1834. Later we shall see how Mr. Lord returned again to the island and became the pastor of this church for a good many years. Apparently Mr. Lord was fond of the island, and of the people of the island. There is no doubt about the feeling of the people toward Mr. Lord, for no minister, no, nor any man ever took the place of the Rev. Daniel M. Lord in the affections of the people of Shelter Island. Previous to the departure of Mr. Lord in 1834, his successor, the Rev. Randolph Campbell, who at the time was a member of the Princeton Theological Seminary, came here as a candidate, and was asked to preach here for two years, from the last Sabbath in September, 1834. Mr. Campbell responded to the invitation and remained here for three years. He was a brilliant preacher, and was greatly beloved by the people. Many were added to the church during his ministry. He was called from this church to the church at Newburyport, Mass., which is widely known because George Whitefield, the eminent English evangelist, is buried there, as we have already noted. Rev. William Ingmire, an Englishman,

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succeeded Mr. Campbell as minister here. This was in 1837, the year that is principally remembered because of the financial depression that was experienced throughout this country at that time. In consequence of this depression much of the legacy that had been bequeathed to the church by Benjamin Conkling in 1828 had been lost. So the ministry of Mr. Ingmire began under rather unfavorable conditions, and the three years that he remained here did not prove to be very happy ones. In 1842 Rev. Anson Sheldon was invited to preach here for one year, and he remained five.

Chapter XV

EVENTFUL YEARS

LET us now turn back to town affairs, and take them up from where we left off. In the Spring of 1820 William Bowditch was succeeded as Supervisor by Frederick Chase. Mr. Chase, or Squire Chase as he was usually called, was not a native of this island, but came here in the early part of the last century from Westerly, Rhode Island. He was the owner of that picturesque portion of the island that was then called "Prospect," but is now known as Shelter Island Heights. Squire Chase must have been a man of vision for he predicted that his property would some time become the site of a city, and so convinced was he that his dream would come true that he laid out a portion of his land into building lots and streets, and gave appropriate names to the streets. He named the future metropolis the "City of Sobrie." Although he sold some of the lots, yet he did not live to see his prophecy come true for he died fourteen years before Prospect was bought by a company of Brooklyn men for summer resort and camp-meeting purposes. Squire Chase was a Seventh Day Baptist, so he observed Saturday as the Sabbath or Seventh Day. He was often seen on Sundays by people going to church, working in his fields, as he was one day ahead of his townspeople in the keeping of the Sabbath. Mr. Chase held the office of Supervisor for the years, 1820, '21, '22 and '23. He also held various other offices in town and school. Squire Chase built the Chase homestead, which was a familiar landmark here for many years.

It stood on the hill just west of the mouth of Chase's Creek, and on the north side of the street running west from the bridge, which also bears his name. Frederick Chase married Rebecca Cartwright, who was a sister of George Cartwright, and an aunt of the late Captain Benjamin C. Cartwright. Mrs. Chase, like her husband, was a native of Rhode Island. There was quite a large family of Chase children, but the only descendant of Mr. and Mrs. Chase living on the island at the present time is their great-grandson Joseph W. Parish. Moses D. Griffing succeeded Frederick Chase as Supervisor in 1824; was again elected in 1826 and re-elected in 1827 and '28, and was elected for the last time in 1830. Mr. Griffing was the grandfather of the present Moses B. Griffing. He belonged to a seafaring family, as six of the seven brothers were sea captains. He was the owner of the large farm that at one time belonged to Shadrach Conkling that lay between Chase's and Gardiner's Creeks. In 1828, at the time he was Supervisor, he built the house that is located on the westerly side of Gardiner's Creek, and is now known as the Duvall Homestead. It was at the time that Mr. Griffing was Supervisor that the road leading from the South Ferry to Stearns' Point (which was then the North Ferry) was laid out. In 1793 a resolution was adopted at the town meeting as follows: "That the persons appointed Commissioners of Highways shall for the ensuing year have power to determine what courses through the island the road from Southold Ferry to Hog's Neck Ferry shall run." For 35 years after the foregoing resolution was passed the town records show no entry in connection with the carrying out of the same, but on October 17, 1828, the Commissioners of Highways reported the laying out of this highway, giving courses, metes and bounds. In 1852, after the North Ferry landing was changed from Stearns' Point

to its present location at Dering Harbor the road leading along the beach to Stearns' Point was not used, and in time it was lost sight of. About forty years after the change of the ferry landing, Calvin M. Griffing, who was living on the island at that time, had occasion to look through the records of the town, and in doing so found the entry regarding the laying out of this road. He notified the town board of his discovery, and steps were soon taken to re-open the road. Some of the adjoining property owners objected to having a highway opened between their lands and the water, so they obtained an injunction against the town in an effort to prevent it. The matter was in litigation for some time, and then the case was decided in favor of the town. It is now the most popular drive on the island. In 1831 Samuel S. Gardiner succeeded Moses D. Griffing as Supervisor, and held the office for four years. At the time he held the office he was the proprietor of the Sylvester Manor property which was then called the Lawyer Gardiner Farm, as Mr. Gardiner was generally known by that title. Lawyer Gardiner was just the type of man to maintain the traditions of this historic old estate as he was aristocratic, dignified, scholarly and distinguished. He belonged to the well-known Gardiner family of Gardiner's Island and Easthampton. He was of the sixth generation from Lion Gardiner, the founder of the manor of Gardiner's Island. His brother was David Gardiner, one of the six gentlemen who were killed in 1844 by an explosion of a gun on the steamer Princeton near Mt. Vernon, while on a pleasure trip down the Potomac River, by invitation of President Tyler. And he was the uncle of the beautiful Julia Gardiner of Gardiner's Island, who at one time was the Mistress of the White House, having become the bride of John Tyler while he was President. Mr. Gardiner was born in the Village of Easthampton; was a graduate of

Williams College; studied law in Lichfield, Connecticut, and then went to New York City where he practiced law for a number of years. In 1821 he was one of the Secretaries of the New York Constitutional Conventions, and in 1823 and '24 he was a Member of Assembly of New York. On June 7, 1827, he was appointed a Deputy Collector of the Port of New York, but resigned the office in 1828. He also served as a member of Governor Clinton's staff in Albany. From New York City he retired to Shelter Island to take up his residence on the Sylvester Manor property which he came into possession of through his wife, who was a lineal descendant of Nathaniel Sylvester. It must have been only one or two years before he was first elected to the office of Supervisor that he came here to live, at which time he was about forty years of age. Lawyer Gardiner had the reputation of being a very eloquent speaker, and it was said that when it was known that he was to argue a case at Riverhead the people would come from far and near to hear him. In August, 1823, he married Mary Catherine L'Hommedieu, a daughter of Ezra L'Hommedieu of Southold, and a granddaughter of Nicoll Havens of Shelter Island. There are still some people living on the island that can remember Mr. Gardiner. From the descriptions of him that we have heard and read we picture him as the personification of a gentleman of the old school, —dignified, courteous, reserved, and always immaculately attired. In a paper written by the late Lilian Horsford Farlow in 1923 she relates some of her memories of Samuel S. Gardiner, and her early recollections of Shelter Island. She describes Mr. Gardiner, who was her grandfather, as follows:—"He was a tall, slight man, with large brown eyes and dark hair. He was always well dressed. I remember his coming out from the garden when my father and I surprised him by reaching Shelter

Island, and this is the picture that lingers in my mind: he came out walking between the two great old box trees with rather feeble steps, leaning on a black cane. The general effect was dark, but he wore a white ruffled shirt and a large black stock around his neck, and a brown straw hat." She closed her paper with these reflections: "For fifty years I have considered Shelter Island to be in the fourth dimension of space, and into its wonderful realm are woven most of my youthful fancies. Here end the slight memories of my stately grandfather whose graceful figure and beautiful deep brown eyes seem always to welcome us and give us pleasure; to show us the joy of possession and kindness to those in need, which makes a notable addition to the dimensions of the happy isle." Mr. Gardiner had no sons, and at his death which occurred March 21, 1859, the Sylvester Manor property descended to his two daughters, and to the children of his deceased daughter, Mary, the first Mrs. Eben N. Horsford. Samuel S. Gardiner lies buried in the South Cemetery, in front of the Presbyterian Church, and his grave is marked by a monument in the form of a table, and on it is inscribed the Gardiner Coat of Arms. He was the grandfather of Miss Cornelia Horsford, the present Mistress of the Manor.

Up to the time of the Gardiners the title of the manor property had descended through three generations of Sylvesters and two generations of Derings. Then the title suddenly switched over to the L'Hommedieu line, and it has been in that branch of the family ever since.

Ezra L'Hommedieu of Southold, (who was a great-grandson of Nathaniel Sylvester) and Sylvester Dering (who was one generation further removed from Mr. Sylvester than Mr. L'Hommedieu) married sisters, the daughters of Nicoll Havens. By some arrangement between these two gentlemen, the nature of which should, perhaps, not concern us, the title of the manor property became vested

in Mr. L'Hommedieu's name, although he never identified himself with the property, and General Dering remained in control of it as long as he lived. But sufficient evidence that Mr. L'Hommedieu once held title to the property is shown by the fact that Prof. Horsford included the name of Ezra L'Hommedieu among the list of the owners of the manor property on the Sylvester monument, and Prof. Horsford was in a position to know as much about the matter as any one. Mrs. Gardiner inherited the property from her father, and some time after the death of General Dering legal proceedings were instituted whereby the title to the property became vested in the Gardiner name. Mr. L'Hommedieu was also at one time the owner of the Lord estate at Menantic. Ezra L'Hommedieu, who was the grandson of the exiled Huguenot Benjamin L'Hommedieu, of whose romantic courtship and marriage to Patience Sylvester we have read, was undoubtedly one of the greatest men that Suffolk County has produced. Some time after his graduation from Yale College he was chosen as a delegate to the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Provincial Congresses of New York. He was active in their meetings at which the powers of State government were assumed. He assisted to form and adopt the first constitution of our state. From 1777 to 1783 he was a Member of the Assembly under that constitution. In 1779, '81 and '83 he was elected a member of the Continental Congress. From 1784 to 1809 (except in 1793) he was a member of our State Senate. At one time he was Clerk of Suffolk County. In 1787 he was chosen a Regent of our State University. This position he held until his death, which occurred on September 28, 1811. He left three daughters, two by his first wife, and the one by his second wife, as we have seen became Mrs. Samuel S. Gardiner. Mr. L'Hommedieu was a very prolific writer, especially on agricultural subjects.

In 1835 Caleb S. Loper followed Samuel S. Gardiner in the office of Supervisor. Mr. Loper was one of the substantial men of our island. Besides holding the office of Supervisor he held other town offices including that of Justice of the Peace. He was one of the elders, and also one of the trustees of the church for many years, and a trustee of the school. He owned a fine large farm on the south side of this island which now belongs to Mr. Artemas Ward, Jr. Mr. Loper was the great-grandfather of Miss Lilian T. Loper of this place. Samuel B. Nicoll, or Lawyer Nicoll as he was generally called, took Mr. Loper's place as Supervisor in 1836. Lawyer Nicoll, as his name would imply, was one of Shelter Island's notable men. He was born in the Nicoll homestead at Sachem's Neck. He bore the same name as his father, and he had a son that bore his name, the late Dr. S. B. Nicoll. Mr. Nicoll was educated as a lawyer, and practiced that profession for several years at Riverhead. In 1832 he returned to Shelter Island and settled upon the old family estate at Sachem's Neck which he had bought from his brother, Rev. Richard F. Nicoll. At one time he was a member of the State Legislature, but with that exception he refused all nominations for office. Mr. Nicoll was recognized as a leading political power in his county, and continued to dictate for many years the Congressional nominations of the district in his political party, and all Democratic aspirants for Congress made pilgrimages to Sachem's Neck as the Mecca of Suffolk County politicians. In 1837 Caleb S. Loper succeeded Mr. Nicoll as Supervisor, and then in 1838 these men exchanged places again, and Mr. Nicoll held the office until 1844 when Mr. Loper was again elevated to the office and held it for three years. In 1850 Mr. Nicoll was again chosen to supervise the affairs of the town and held the position for fifteen years, or until 1865, the year of his

death. Mr. Nicoll held the office of Supervisor for 22 years, the longest period it was ever held by any one man. And as his term of office was not continuous it stretched over a period of 29 years, from 1836 to 1865. This was probably the most eventful period in the history of our country, and perhaps the best period in the history of our island. When Mr. Nicoll first took the office of Supervisor Andrew Jackson, the patron saint of the Democratic party was President of the United States, and when his term of office ended Abraham Lincoln, the idol of the Republican party was in the White House. Between these two outstanding Presidents there were a number of Presidents that were not so outstanding, and whose names are not always readily recalled. Among the important events that occurred during these twenty-nine years were these:— the crossing of the Atlantic by the first steamships, among which was the "Great Western"; the development of the famous clipper ships; the invention of the telegraph; the laying of the Atlantic cable; the Mexican War whereby we acquired vast territory in the western part of our country; the annexation of Texas; the discovery of gold in California; the Missouri Compromise whereby the Civil War was held in check for ten years; the development, or perhaps it would be more proper to say the creation of American literature, and that great conflict known as the Civil War, when slavery, that malignant growth, that had menaced the very life of our nation for many years, was forever abolished in this country. Who can estimate how much these events contributed to the advancement of civilization?

As we proceed with our history perhaps we shall see why these years, of which we are now speaking were such fruitful ones for Shelter Island.

Chapter XVI

SHELTER ISLAND SCHOOL

WE will now give attention for a little time to matters pertaining to our school. A small account book is still in existence that shows the receipts and expenditures of the school district for about 25 years. The entries began from the time the school house was built that replaced the one destroyed by fire in the winter of 1827-'28. It also contains memorandums of the hiring of teachers. Among the first entries we find this:—"Feb'y 28, 1828—To Benjamin Glover's bill, To building a School house, \$428.48." Mr. Glover was the man who built the Presbyterian church. The district borrowed funds to pay Mr. Glover's bill, and Mrs. Conklin in her paper on the Shelter Island School, referring to an old account book, makes this statement,—“The first items are relative to the building of the new school house at a cost of four hundred twenty-eight dollars and forty-eight cents,—of this sum one hundred and forty dollars were borrowed from Aaron B. Tuthill, one hundred dollars from Jeremiah King, one hundred and fourteen dollars from C. S. Loper. Each of the three notes were signed by C. S. Loper, G. Cartwright and Jeremiah King.” These three gentlemen were the trustees of the school at that time. Again under date of Feb. 28, 1828, we find that Jeremiah King was paid \$2.50 “To survices as trustee.” Apparently in those days the trustees were paid for their services. Now all the members of the Board of Education receive is honor. Un-

der date of 1828 we find this entry:—"Put into the winter's schooling the sum of \$28. Taught by R. F. Nicoll." Richard F. Nicoll must have succeeded Daniel M. Lord as teacher in 1828. In 1829 we find this:—"Pd. into this winter's schooling taught by More \$41.28." The full name of the teacher was Usher H. More or Moore. In 1830 George Gorham taught the school, and we find this entry:—"George Gorham. By teaching school from May 1830 To May 1831 for \$195.00." Under date of Sept. 8, 1830, we find this charge:—"To going to green hill to change money—.50." At this time Greenport was a very small settlement, and was known as Green Hill.

Under the head of "Publick Moneys" we find as of July 21, 1832, this entry, "Put into the Summer Schooling taught by George H. Havens the sum of Sixteen dollars Fifty two Cents. Received from the County Treasurer." In 1833 we find this:—"Put into the Winter Schooling taught by George H. Havens the sum of Seventeen Dollars nineteen cents raised by the Town." On February 12, 1839, a Mr. Pellet was paid \$25.00 in part payment for teaching school, and the same year a Mr. Buckley was paid \$49.46 for teaching school for four months. On March 11, 1844, Levi Preston was paid \$34.32 for teaching school,—"the one half of the public monies for the year." Mr. Preston was an uncle of the late Henry H. Preston of this place, and grandfather of the well-known merchant of Greenport, George B. Preston. In 1844, '45 and '46 David E. Kinne was teaching the school. We do not find a memorandum of when he was first hired, but under date of 1846 we find this entry:—"Hired David E. Kinne six months at 25 dollars per month. Miss Griffing, assistant, 15 weeks \$1 per week." Mr. Kinne was the son of Deacon William Kinne who moved on here with his family in the early forties to take charge of the Daniel M. Lord farm at Menan-

tic. The Kinne family was a very intellectual one. Three of the sons were teachers, and the fourth a physician. After teaching school here for a number of years David returned to Connecticut and continued his profession in that State for the remainder of his life. His brother Henry, who at one time owned a farm at West Neck, and who was the father of our first librarian, Miss Helen Kinne, left the island in 1860 and went to California, and taught school in the city of San Francisco for many years. Another brother, William, was a tutor in Yale College for some time. Later he kept a private school in Ithaca, New York, in which he prepared young men for college. Deacon Kinne was the grandfather of Mrs. Lizzie E. Cartwright, who is now living in Ogden, Utah, and of Mrs. Frances G. Perrine of Shelter Island. The Miss Griffing who was the assistant of David Kinne was Glorian Griffing, an aunt of the writer's, and at the time she was teaching here she lived at the Homestead. She evidently was the first assistant that was employed in this school. She taught here for several years, and one of the last entries in the old memorandum book, under date of June 19, 1852, she was paid \$30.00. Some years later than this she went out to California, and taught school in that State for several years. After her marriage to Thomas Johnston she went to live at Half Moon Bay, a small town located near the shore of the Pacific Ocean. Mrs. Conklin, in her paper on the Shelter Island School states that she had the privilege of examining two very interesting books. One of them, no doubt, was the same one from which the foregoing facts were taken. "The other book," she writes, "is a record from 1853 to 1864 of the names of pupils (many of whom are still living) their ages, the number of days they attended school, and the subjects taught." The following statements are quotations from Mrs. Conklin's paper:—

"The names of the teachers who made and signed this report are as follows: Marcellus D. Loper, Mary C. Griffing, Isabella Griffing, Julia E. Bowditch, Gloriana Griffing, G. P. Reynolds, Maggie Case, Henry Manwaring, Charles Chester, Harriet W. Havens, M. Louise Bowditch, Charles J. Barnes, E. Sarah Havens. In early times the schoolhouse was heated by a fireplace. The older boys cut the logs, and made ready the fire, then went for a firebrand to the nearest house. Sometimes a flint and steel were used to get a spark. There being no janitor the teacher appointed two girls each day to sweep the schoolhouse. The lower windowpanes were sometimes painted so pupils would not waste their time looking out of doors, and a punishment that was enjoyed was to be made to stand upon a bench, for then the guilty one could look out through the unpainted upper panes." The site of the early school house was a short distance east of where the two story building used as a hall and belonging to A. H. Duvall, now stands. In 1868 a schoolhouse was built, which is now a part of the present school building.

Among the early teachers that taught in the new building was Wellington E. Gordon, probably the most popular teacher that ever taught on Shelter Island. He taught here in 1871 and '72. He returned in 1875 and remained until 1881. From here he went to Patchogue to become principal of that school, and held the position for forty years or more. He was recognized as one of the leading teachers of this county. In later life he received the degree of Doctor of Pedagogy, and after that was always known as Dr. Gordon. The Shelter Island school building was enlarged in 1884 and again in 1900. The large brick building was added in 1925. At the time the school exchanged the old building for the new Dwight L. Beebe was the principal, and Miss Mary C. Payne was the assistant.

Miss Payne who was the assistant here for a number of years became the wife of Benjamin P. Conklin, and Mr. and Mrs. Conklin were the parents of the present Russell H. Conklin. After the old building was abandoned by the school it was used for every conceivable purpose that was lawful, except as a schoolhouse. For many years the town used it as a place for holding its meetings, and so it became known as the "Old Town Hall," and that name brings up recollections of good times enjoyed in days gone by. The old building was never much to look at from an architectural point of view, but it certainly did house a heap of happy gatherings in its day.

Some town and school records have recently been released from jail on Shelter Island, after being held in confinement for about thirty years. There is an entry in one of the school records stating that the old schoolhouse which was supposed to have been burned in the winter of 1827-28 was burned January 1st 1827. But the question is "Can a record with such a record be relied upon?" We will not make the correction in the date without further proof in the matter.

Chapter XVII

THE COLUMBIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY

THE Columbian Temperance Society! What pleasant pictures that name brings to our minds. It would have brought a host of pleasant memories to an older generation, but it antedates our memory and so we know it only by what we have heard and read. But many are the stories that we have heard of the pleasure and the profit that were derived from the meetings of this successful organization. It is just ninety years ago that the society came into being, for the date of its birth was March 6, 1842.

At that time, the temperance cause was beginning to receive much attention throughout the country. In the same year that the Columbian Society was organized, a well-known society named the Sons of Temperance was founded, and two years previous, the Washington Temperance Society was founded in Baltimore. Rev. Lyman Beecher, the father of Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe, had been agitating the question for more than thirty years before this, but the Beecher family were noted for being pioneers in reform movements. It was one year after this, in 1843, that John B. Gough began his wonderful career as a temperance advocate.

The Columbian Society continued its activities in the cause of temperance for about twenty-five years, and it wielded a powerful influence for good in the community during that time. Perhaps the reader will wonder what

caused the wonderful success of this society. In order to solve this problem, we will let our minds go back to the year 1845.

It is in the evening of December 19th of that year, and we are seated in the building where a good-sized audience had gathered to attend a meeting of the Columbian Society. Soon after we were seated, a flutter of excitement passed through the audience, and all eyes were turned toward the entrance to see what had caused the commotion. Just at that moment, a man who bore a strong resemblance to Abraham Lincoln was seen to enter, bearing a large banner. It is Samuel H. Congdon, the standard bearer of the society. This and another banner have just been painted by a local artist.

Directly behind the standard bearer, marching two by two, we see a score or more of young ladies, all dressed in white. Who are these? They are the ladies that comprise the Columbian Choir. Following the ladies are a number of gentlemen. These are members of the orchestra that accompany the choir. The banners are placed where they can be plainly seen by the audience, and the choir and the orchestra take the seats that have been arranged for them. The President of the society rises to his feet, calls the meeting to order, and then offers prayer. The President is Richard Floyd Nicoll, a man who has had a varied career, as we have seen, and is now living with his large family on his farm at West Neck. After the President has taken his seat, a ruddy-faced, gray-haired man rises and reads the minutes of the last meeting. This is Calvin M. Griffing, who served the society for many years as its secretary. Unlike most of the young men of that time, he never went to sea, although he had six brothers who were sea captains. Instead of helping to spread the sails on a square rigger, he spread them on the arms of his

windmill which stood on the north side of Lily Pond. After the minutes have been read, we hear the discordant sounds made by the tuning of the violin and bass viol. When all is ready, the man with the bass viol raises his baton and the choir rises. Then another signal is given by him, and at that instant, a volume of sound, which almost raises us from our seats bursts from the choir and orchestra. The Columbian Choir was in action! Every one in the room is inspired and thrilled by the sound of that music. Who is the man that plays the bass viol and is leader of the choir? It is Martin Luther Prince, who was one of the leading spirits in the society. And the handsome man that is playing the violin, who can that be? It is John B. Bowditch, who was recognized by all as being one of the most useful men in the society. Were these men temperance fanatics? Let us see what others say about them. In his history of Shelter Island, Mr. Mallmann pays a glowing tribute to Mr. Prince, of which the following is a part:

"He was the most useful man in the whole community. A leading spirit in temperance reform, and in the cultivation of music, raising them both to such a high stage of effectiveness and efficiency as to make Shelter Island famous abroad in both of these departments of laudable and praiseworthy effort.

All hail to the name of Martin L. Prince!"

In the South Cemetery, almost in front of the Presbyterian Church, stands a plain marble headstone, and on it is inscribed this tribute of the people of Shelter Island to one of their worthy townsmen:

"John B. Bowditch Esq. Died Dec. 13, 1855. This stone is erected by his fellow citizens commemorative of his long and continued services in the cause of Temperance. As a friend of

education and temperance the generation in which he lived owe him a debt of gratitude. Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace. Psalms 37—37 verse."

These were the two men, who, with the aid of the Columbian choir, were instrumental in making the Columbian Temperance Society the decided success it was. The meeting of which we have been speaking, and which was held "four score and seven years ago," was a memorable one in the history of the society, for it was the first occasion that the new banners were used, and they were presented to the society on that evening. In the minute book, we find this entry in regard to this meeting: "Met and presented to the Columbians their new banners. The designs were well explained by the President followed by an address by Mr. Bowditch. The house was filled and all enjoyed it well. Good singing from the choir." It was just at this time that the whaling industry had reached the zenith of its prosperity and it was natural that a whaling scene should have been painted on the emblem of the society. We can see a ship in the offing, and the whale boats in the foreground. On the banner appear these words: "We move to conquer, we conquer to save." High sounding phrases you may think, but not considered so in those days. These banners are still in existence, and may be seen at the Worthington Museum. They savor strongly of those bygone days, and one can imagine he is breathing the salt air of the ocean as he gazes upon them. Mr. Bowditch and Mr. Prince were well constituted temperamentally to do excellent team work together. Mr. Prince was never happier than when arranging for a temperance meeting, and his efforts in securing a speaker and preparing music for the occasion were untiring. And his enthusiasm was a great asset to the society. He had a way of talking up the at-

tractions of a temperance meeting that would make it appear to be as much of a treat as a Grand Opera performance would be.

Mr. Bowditch, besides being a good singer and a violinist, was capable of presiding at the meetings when the President was absent, and to deliver an address when a lecturer was not present. That the society appreciated the services of these two men and the aid that was rendered by the choir, is shown by occasional entries in the minutes. For instance, under date of March 15, 1848, we find this entry: "Assembled at the schoolhouse to hold our Annual Meeting. In due time the meeting was called to order by the Vice President, and J. B. Bowditch was appointed Chairman. Prayer was offered by Mr. Sheldon. The Secretary's report was then read but not accepted to be recorded. It reported nineteen added, six deaths, and the whole number three hundred and forty-six. A resolution was then offered by Capt. M. P. Cartwright of which the following is a correct copy, viz.:

"Resolved, that the thanks of the society be and they are hereby presented to Martin L. Prince their late President for the able and impartial manner in which he presided over their deliberations and for his constant and unswerving exertions in promoting the objects of the society.

2nd Resolved, that the foregoing resolution be entered upon the minutes of the society and that the Secretary furnish a copy of the same to Mr. Prince.

Resolutions were then offered by S. D. Tuthill Esq. of which the following is a correct copy: 1st Resolved, that the thanks of the society be, and they are hereby presented to the young ladies composing this choir for their constant attendance upon the society, and adding to its interest and usefulness by their united efforts. It is theirs to win new votaries to the cause; to urge on to nobler deeds, and stay

the hand that grasps the poisonous cup as with a magic charm by the sweet power of song.

2nd Resolved that the foregoing resolution be entered upon the minutes of the society, and that the Secretary furnish a copy of same to the choir.

3rd by R. F. Nicoll—Resolved that Martin L. Prince be and he is hereby appointed President of this society for the ensuing year. The President then took the chair and briefly returned his thanks to the society and then called on Mr. Bowditch to address the audience, which was done in a plain, reasonable and masterly manner, with credit and honor to himself and satisfaction of audience generously expressed."

It was through the influence of this society that the island won an enviable reputation for its staunch temperance principles, and Shelter Island shared with Orient the honor of being the banner temperance towns of the county. A poem entitled "Good-bye," written by a New England lady as she was about to leave the island after a visit here, will show how the island, and its Columbian Choir, were regarded by a visitor:

"Dear little sheltered sea-girt isle,
I bid thee long farewell;
I never more may gaze on thee,
Or with thy people dwell;
Yet still however distant far
My future home may be,
Thou'lt have a place within my heart,
Dear Island of the sea.

Thy winding paths that I have trod,
May vanish from my mind;
The blossoms of thy forest flowers
Be scattered by the wind;

But that warm-hearted welcoming,
Thou hast bestowed on me,
Will live immortal as the soul,
Dear Island of the sea.

I love thee for the friends I found
In thy Columbian Choir,
Whose friendly greetings touch the heart,
Whose songs the soul inspire;
'We move to conquer and to save,'
Long may their war-cry be,
And long their banners o'er thee wave,
Dear Island of the sea.

Dear is my old New England home,
And cherished every tie,
That love hath twined about my heart,
In happy days gone by;
Yet of these hallowed memories,
None can more treasured be,
Than those that cluster round thy name,
Dear Island of the sea."

Chapter XVIII

WHALING

THE pursuit of whales as a means of livelihood gave employment to so many of the young men in this part of the country during the first half of the 19th century, that a history of Shelter Island would not be complete unless some mention was made of this interesting industry. The catching of these mammals began very early in the history of this country. In fact, according to some writers, the Indians, before the advent of the white man, were accustomed to pursue the whales in their canoes, and occasionally succeeded in harassing them to death. Their weapons consisted of a rude harpoon, to which was attached a line with a wooden float at the end, and the method of attack was to plunge their instruments of torture into the body of the whale whenever he came to the surface of the water to breathe. In "Waymouth's Journal" of his voyage to America in 1605, in describing the Indians on the coast, he says: "One especial thing is their manner of killing the whale, which they call 'powdawe'; and will describe his form how he bloweth up the water; and that he is twelve fathoms long; and that they go in company of their king with a multitude of their boats, and strike him with a bone made in fashion of a harping iron fastened to a rope which they make great and strong of the bark of trees which they veer out after him; then all their boats come about him as he riseth above water with their arrows they shoot him to death; when they have killed him and

dragged him to shore, they call all their chief lords together and sing a song of joy; and those chief lords whom they call sagamores divide the spoil and give to every man a share, which pieces so distributed they hang up about their homes for provisions; and when they boil them they blow off the fat and put to their pease, maize and other pulse which they eat."

During many years whaling was an important industry on the southeastern coast of Long Island, and at intervals along the shore whaleboats were kept for launching whenever whales were sighted. Mr. Furman, in describing a tour around Long Island in old times, says:—"there might be seen occasionally at long intervals, small thatched huts or wigwams on the highest elevations with a staff projecting from the top. These huts were occupied at certain seasons, by men on the watch for whales, and when they saw them blowing, a signal was hoisted on this staff. Immediately the people would be seen coming from all directions with their whaleboats upon wagon wheels drawn by horses or oxen, launch them from the beach, and be off in pursuit of the great fish. You would see all through this region these whaling boats turned upside down, lying upon a frame under the shade of some trees by the roadside, this being the only way they could keep them, having no harbors; four or five families would club together in owning one of these boats and in manning them. So much a standard business was this that shares in the results of the fisheries were sometimes made portions of the salaries or perquisites of clergymen.

The principal whaling ports on the Atlantic coast were Provincetown, Nantucket, New Bedford, Fair Haven, New London and Sag Harbor. It was from the latter port that the young men from this place sailed on their long sea voyages.

The first known sailing vessels to put out to sea from Sag Harbor were the sloops "Goodluck," "Dolphin," and "Success." Short cruises were made, and after a whale was harpooned and killed, it became necessary to carry the blubber to port where the oil could be tried out. The first whaling vessel sailing out of Sag Harbor fully equipped with try-works and provisioned for a long voyage, was the "Hope," in 1785. The cruise was a failure from a financial standpoint. The same year, 1785, Captain Silas Howell and Benjamin Huntting fitted out the brig "Lucy," bought from Middletown, Connecticut, for a cruise to the coast of Brazil. Success attended the voyage, and a paying catch of 360 barrels of oil was made; the oil and bone bringing a handsome profit to the company. In July, 1790, the "Lucy" brought home 800 barrels of whale oil. In 1803, the "Abigail" and "Minerva" had been added to the Sag Harbor fleet. The ship "Brazil" joined the fleet in 1807, and was reported homeward bound the following season loaded with 1600 barrels of oil. The War of 1812 brought the whaling industry to a standstill in Sag Harbor. Vessels from other ports, however, continued to sail, and a number of them were taken by the English, and either burned, or with their cargoes, were confiscated. In the year 1829, nine ships were reported as sailing out of Sag Harbor. The ship "Henry," Captain Sylvester Griffing of Shelter Island, Master, one of the nine vessels that sailed in 1829, returned the following year with 1890 barrels of oil, and 17,050 pounds of whale bone, which was the largest catch of the nine ships that were reported at that time. Captain Griffing was an uncle of the late Charles Marcus Griffing, who was a well-known sea faring man of this island.

We read that the most successful voyage recorded in history was one in which Captain Maltby P. Cartwright, of Shelter Island, in the whaling ship "Helen," shortened

a three year voyage to six months. On his way home, as he was rounding Montauk Point, two whales were sighted and killed. As the oil barrels were full, the whales were cut up, and the ship came sailing into port with a full cargo of oil on board, and blubber hanging in the rigging! Captain Cartwright was an uncle of Edgar P. Baldwin, the present town clerk of Shelter Island.

We will quote a few statistics that were made by the late Luther D. Cook, of Sag Harbor, in regard to the whale oil industry of that place.

"Starting in 1790 with one brig of 150 tons it grew slowly till 1820, when six vessels brought to port 531 barrels of sperm oil, and 7850 barrels of whale oil. In the thirty years from 1820 to 1850 the aggregate is 490 vessels bringing in 83,101 barrels of sperm oil; 812,595 barrels of whale oil, and 6,728,809 pounds of whale bone, worth at very low average prices, nearly \$15,000,000."

In 1838, there were four whaling ships sailing out of Greenport. The whaling industry reached its zenith in 1846, when there were 736 ships engaged in whaling from United States ports. When gold was discovered in California, the business was badly crippled by men leaving the ships and fleeing to the gold fields; and soon the number of vessels was reduced to a few ships.

This interesting incident in connection with whaling has come to our notice through a paper written by Mrs. Amy Tuthill Wallace.

"While sailing near one of the northern islands, off the coast of Japan, in search of whales, the crew of the ship 'Splendid' found an abandoned junk, which they boarded and found to be loaded with tea. Each man took a chest to the ship, and on reaching port, March 13, 1851, they carried the tea home and found it of superior quality. This is supposed to have been the first Japan tea used in the

United States. This was three years before Commodore Perry concluded his treaty with Japan when that country was opened to ports of other countries."

According to Lodowick Havens, from whose records we have quoted before, this is the list of the men of the island who commanded whaling ships, from time to time: Sylvester Griffing, Absalom Griffing, Maxwell Griffing, Charles Griffing, Maltby Cartwright, Sylvester Cartwright, Nathaniel Case, Isaac Case, Joseph Case, Joseph Havens, Jacob Havens, Conkling Glover, Stratton Havens, Stuart Tuthill, Smith Baldwin, Samuel Sherman, Monroe Havens, Davis Conkling, Sylvester Nicoll, Benjamin Cartwright, Lewis Bennett, Erastus Cartwright, and Frederick Cartwright.

On June 25, 1850, a whale was caught in the ferry between Shelter Island and Greenport which made about ten barrels of oil. In the fall of 1884, on the very day that the old ship "Ohio" was brought to Greenport to be wrecked for the copper that was in her hull, a whale followed her up the ferry as far as Greenport.

Chapter XIX

THE FORTY-NINERS

THE most spectacular event in the history of this country was the mad rush to California by the Forty-niners, in search of gold.

Adams, in his "Epic of America," says that the Forty-niners have forever taken their place in our picturesque history with the Pilgrim Fathers, the pioneer and the cowboy.

More than a score of men from our little island joined this immense throng to take part in that great drama that was staged in the Sacramento Valley more than four score years ago. Let us follow them in imagination, and see what was going on in far off California in those exciting times. We can realize how long the voyage must have seemed to them, to reach that land of promise, when the fastest clipper ship took three months to make the trip. We are apt to associate the year 1849 with the discovery of gold in California, but the fact is that gold was discovered there in January, 1848, and it has been stated that there were 10,000 men in the Sacramento Valley by the end of that year.

Let us refresh our memories by reviewing some of the details as to this wonderful discovery: John A. Sutter, a Swiss immigrant, in 1841, after receiving a large tract of land from Mexico, built a fort on the site of the present city of Sacramento. He was engaged in growing wheat, and raising horses and cattle on an extensive scale. It was

while he was preparing to erect a sawmill on the Sacramento River that his superintendent, James Wilson Marshall, discovered gold. Finding the race or sluice which he had dug below the mill was not quite deep enough, Marshall had adopted the plan of hoisting the gate and letting on a full head of water for the purpose of washing it out to a greater depth. Walking along the race one morning to see what progress he was making with this work, he noticed a small piece of yellow metal lying in a crevice of the soft granite which at that point composed the bottom of the race. Picking it up, he began to ponder what it might be, having an impression from the first that it was gold.

The existence of gold in California had long been suspected, and there is an authentic account of gold being discovered near Los Angeles in 1842. Its weight, and the crude tests Marshall was able to make of this metal, such as pounding it between two stones and finding it malleable—so tended to confirm the idea that he thought it best not to say much about the matter just then, for fear it might cause the men employed under him to quit work and go to gold-digging. But for all that, the notion that the metal might be gold gradually spread among the men, who failed not to notice that Marshall continued to look after and pick it up, he having, in the course of a few weeks, collected from the mill race several ounces of it. One of the men who was with Marshall when he found the first piece of gold, had also gathered a small quantity, and had his wife subject it to what was considered a crucial test by boiling it in a decoction of strong lye. As the stuff stood this trial without tarnishing, it was concluded that it must be gold, and so a feeling of interest began to show itself among the employees about the mill despite the efforts of Marshall to conceal the real facts and suppress the growing excitement.

He succeeded fairly well in keeping the secret from being noised around for about six months; then the news spread to the coast settlements, and the gold rush began. Most Californians who could dropped their regular tasks and hastened to the creek bottom gravels glinting with yellow metal. Outside the mining camps California was partially depopulated, even soldiers and sailors deserted in great numbers and rushed to the mines. But what took place in 1848 only depicted in miniature the craze which seized the people of the United States in the winter and spring of 1849. The world has never seen a better illustration of the power of gold to affect the lives and destinies of individuals than the rush of 1849. Americans were caught in a craze the like of which the nation had never known. The drawing power of the fur bearing animals, of the forests and of rich soil, which had been responsible for the swift westward advance of the frontier, was as nothing compared to the lure of yellow nuggets. In North and South, in East and West, Americans dreamed of riches acquired over night. In the spring of 1849 a multitude of people, men in large part, but among whom were many women and children, turned their faces westward. Risking everything, even life itself, they responded to the beckoning of the kettle of gold that lay beneath the setting sun! They came from every part of the country, by overland trail, across the Isthmus of Panama, around the Horn. The great migration continued uninterruptedly for years. By 1850 California, which three years before had been a foreign state with its Mexican ranch owners, its Spanish missions, and a few scattered American farmers or ranchers, held nearly a hundred thousand Americans, and was in a turmoil.

A man from Massachusetts, arriving in San Francisco in the spring of 1850, gave this description of the city: "This

afternoon, all went ashore looking over the city (?) and its surroundings. It was the general opinion that the place had few attractions,—a mass of wooden hovels and cloth tents, pitched without order.

People from all parts of the world are here, and every language seems to be spoken, but the babel resolves itself into one great motive "Gold," and still "Gold" whatever may be the cost!"

Up to the time of the discovery of gold in 1848, the whole United States had produced less than \$12,000,000 since the discovery of America; in five years following, California alone yielded \$258,000,000. Some of those who were first to reach the valley made from \$1.00 to \$5,000 a day. In 1848, \$500 to \$700 a day was not unusual luck; but on the other hand the income of the great majority of miners was certainly less than that of men who seriously devoted themselves to trade or even of common laborers. The great mass of wealth that California poured into the coffers of this country was a great factor in helping the North to win the Civil War.

It was about two weeks prior to the discovery of gold that the treaty between this country and Mexico was signed which ended the Mexican War. If the Mexicans had known of the hidden treasure that lay buried in the Sacramento Valley, perhaps they would have hesitated long before signing away all that wealth.

These are the names of the men, as found in the records of Lodowick Havens, that went out to California from Shelter Island, to seek their fortunes in the gold mines; Joseph Case, Charles Phillips, Hull Phillips, Napoleon Griffing, Absalom Griffing, Alfred Sanford, Thomas Cartwright, Erastus Cartwright, Sylvester Cartwright, Paul Cartwright, Elias Payne, William Havens, Gabriel Crook, John Crook, Charles Griffing, Alexander Harlow, Henry Ross,

Sylvester Raynor, Manly Raynor, Daniel Conkling, Benjamin Ryder, Oliver Mayo, Jacob Havens.

Some of these men were successful in different enterprises while out in California, yet none of them made a fortune from gold digging.

The clippers carried in five years thousands of adventurers to California who had left farms and shops and offices to hunt for gold. It took courage to go out to those far off regions where dangers were lurking on all sides, but most of the adventurers were young men, and were buoyed up by the expectation of getting rich quick. In imagination we can see them journeying toward that Land of Promise, and singing on the way, to the tune of "Oh! Susannah!" this popular refrain;—

"Oh California, that's the land for me!

I'm going to Sacramento with my washbowl on my knee."

Chapter XX

CLIPPER SHIPS

THE great migration to California in consequence of the discovery of gold, brought about the demand for the first large development of steam navigation, and the finest clipper ships that have ever been built were constructed for the California trade. As two young men of Shelter Island, at least, were aboard of clipper ships at this time, let us give a few moments' consideration to these famous vessels.

Charles H. Smith, the father of Ex-Supervisor C. H. Smith, was on the "Game Cock" at this time, and Nathan P. Dickerson, the father of the well-known business man, N. P. Dickerson, was on the "Flying Cloud." The clipper ships were then attracting the attention of the world, and their wonderful speed and great carrying capacity, were taking the merchant marine trade away from England. Here is a quotation from an English writer:

"With a freedom of mind which has ever characterized the American, both as a nation and an individual, the marine architects on the other side of the Atlantic threw convention still farther to the winds by modifying the design of the stern in such a way that instead of squatting and holding the dead water, the ship slid through it cleanly, with a minimum of resistance. Possessing unlimited supplies of timber, they were in a position to build ships at a far lower rate than we in this country. In fact, so much was this the case that in England between the years 1841 and 1847, no fewer than forty shipbuilders went bankrupt

in Sunderland alone. The one object of the American designer was to build a ship that should sail every other craft off the seas and so obtain the maximum of trade carrying. Even when steamers began to cross the Atlantic in 1840, these wonderful clippers were able to cross in about a fortnight. One of the most famous was the 'Flying Cloud,' built in 1851, which performed the sensational run of 427 knots in 24 hours when on passage from New York to San Francisco. The 'Sovereign of the Seas' did better still."

The increased trade with California speeded up the building of clippers. Each month clippers were launched which were to displace more water and to spread more canvas than ever, expressly intended to excel everything which the science of naval architecture had previously produced.

At the very climax of this development, Donald McKay built the "Flying Cloud," queen of the seas, mistress of the waves, a vessel whose excellencies have never been excelled or equaled. At the age of thirty-four Donald McKay opened his famous shipyard at the foot of Border Street, East Boston. Here came into being the superlative sailing ships of all time. Even their names enliven the imagination and conjure up visions which can never fail of beauty: the "Flying Cloud," the "Lightning," the "Stag Hound," the "Sovereign of the Seas," the "Westward Ho," and the "Great Republic." The untiring energy of this great man produced nearly sixty ships, all of which he designed and superintended during the construction. On September 20, 1880, he set sail for that unknown port to which all flesh departs, leaving behind him achievements superior to those which have exalted many lesser men.

The "Flying Cloud" was launched April 15, 1851. With high hopes of great financial return, her owners watched the beautiful vessel sail out of New York harbor for San Francisco on her maiden voyage, June 2, 1851. Little did

they realize that she was destined on this voyage to exceed by 42 miles the fastest day's run made under sail or steam up to that time, and that her speed to San Francisco was to be equaled only twice,—once by herself, and once by the *Andrew Jackson*, but never to be beaten by anything except a boiler and an engine. On August 31, 1851, 89 days and 21 hours from her New York anchorage, she was anchored in San Francisco harbor. On her fourth voyage, she lowered the elapsed time by 13 hours, a record never beaten.

Races were often arranged among these fast-sailing ships, which were watched on both sides of the Atlantic. In one of the races in which the "*Flying Cloud*" took part, there occurred a dramatic incident which Mr. Dickerson was fond of relating. When the "*Flying Cloud*" had been out but a few days from New York, on her way to San Francisco, several of the crew were put in irons. But they were soon released, as their help was needed to repair the damage to the topmasts that had been snapped in two under the tremendous pressure of sail that was being carried. One of the conditions of the race was that the ship that came to anchor first in San Francisco harbor would be considered the winner. Soon after the "*Flying Cloud*" had passed through the Golden Gate, another clipper was seen some distance ahead. It looked at first as if nothing could prevent the other ship from coming to anchor first. Then the Captain of the "*Cloud*" decided to try a dangerous tactic. It was plainly seen that the only way to win the race was to anchor his ship while she was under full headway. A man was placed in the bow with an axe, and was ordered to cut the rope that held the anchor as soon as a flutter was seen in the sails of the vessel ahead. It was a tense moment. All eyes were fixed on the sails of the leading vessel. Soon a faint shaking of the canvas was seen, showing that the ship was about to luff up into the wind, preparatory to cast-

ing her anchor. At that moment the rope to the anchor was cut, the anchor fell speedily to the bottom, the cable ran out with lightning rapidity, and then the ship was brought to such a sudden stop that all the spars and sails above the mainmasts came crashing down,—but—the ship was anchored,—the race was ended,—and the “Flying Cloud” had won! When Mr. Dickerson left New York at the beginning of this race, he was second mate of the ship, but when the “Flying Cloud” cleared from San Francisco on her return trip, Mr. Dickerson was her First Officer.

After retiring from seafaring life, these two men returned to Shelter Island, and devoted the balance of their lives to farming. They proved that good sailors could also make good tillers of the soil, for they were among our most prominent farmers, as their sons are at the present time.

The story of Captain Josiah Perkins Cressy and the “Flying Cloud” is an epic tale of the sea which must live in the annals of our country’s history as long as brilliant exploits hold a place in the memory of man.

Old sailors who had made many voyages on whaling or clipper ships had no use for those newer styles of vessels, the steamships. These two verses of a poem entitled the “Roaring Forties,” written by John Anderson, author of “Shadows of Sails” savor of those stirring times when the clippers were speeding to all parts of the world:

We’ve signed in some steamers, some great haughty steamers!
We’ve seen all the biggest and best that you boast.
Sink all your steamers! You may call us vain dreamers!
Poor fools! We had lived ere you came to the coast.

The Forties! The Forties! the wide Roaring Forties!
With the wind at sou’west and every sheet paid;
We stormed round the world, out and home thro’ the Forties
In the noblest creations that man ever made.

Chapter XXI

REV. DANIEL M. LORD

AFTER taking voyages on whaling and clipper ships, and journeying out to the gold fields in far off California, we will now return to quiet Shelter Island for a time. We will go back to the year 1847, and we note that the Rev. Daniel M. Lord has returned to Shelter Island to take up his residence on the Lord estate at Menantic. After his departure from the island in 1834, he was engaged as a pastor of the Mariners' Church in Boston. But his health becoming impaired, he has come back to cultivate his farm in view of regaining his former vigor. It was probably early in 1848 that the Rev. Anson Sheldon departed and left the Presbyterian Church without a minister, and then the people turned again to Mr. Lord to preach for them.

At first he was asked to supply the pulpit until a permanent minister could be procured, and he was offered \$7.00 per Sabbath for his services. Mr. Lord accepted this offer upon condition that when a satisfactory man was found, he should step aside. Mr. Lord proved so very acceptable that before many months had passed, he was asked to become the pastor at a salary of \$400 per year. Not since the death of Rev. Daniel Hall, in 1812, had the church been represented by a recognized pastor. After mature deliberation Mr. Lord accepted the call, and on August 30, 1848 he was duly installed as pastor by the Presbytery. We will quote from Mr. Mallmann's history as to this memorable event:

"It was a happy occasion, in which both pastor and people rejoiced. The like of it had never before been seen on this island. It was the first of its kind. Almost two hundred years had now elapsed since the settlement of Shelter Island, and while, during that long period, this community was never without those who feared God and worked righteousness; while it had been favored with the presence of those who were world-famed evangelists of the glorious news from heaven; while there had lived among them those who were accepted ambassadors of the Most High, one of whom was looked upon and acknowledged as pastor of this church (Rev. Daniel Hall), still to the Rev. Daniel M. Lord belongs the honored distinction of being the first duly installed pastor of the church of the living God on Shelter Island!" In speaking of this call, Mr. Lord had this to say: "Permit me to say that in accepting the office of your pastor it was not pecuniary compensation I sought. If it had been, my exclusive attention would have been given to the broad acres of Menantic. In this respect my worldly interests have suffered; without this ministry I might have been richer in dollars and cents. I knew this when I acceded to your wishes. Nor do I now regret it; for it was not yours but you I sought." Mr. Lord's pastorate extended over a period of thirteen years, and it was a time when the people of the island were probably more united than ever before or since. Mr. Lord was not only a wonderful pastor, but he was a natural leader and so was a great influence outside of the church. Another factor in producing a spirit of unity was the Columbian Temperance Society, which not only advanced the cause of temperance but united the people in a common bond of sympathy.

At this time, Shelter Island could boast of a good many fine farms, and while their owners were not acquiring great wealth from the products of their land, yet they were mak-

ing a comfortable living. In the census of 1845 we find the population of Shelter Island was 446. Astonishing as it may seem, the number of acres of improved land on the island at that time was given as 4,966- $\frac{5}{8}$. These are the different grains that were raised then:—barley, buckwheat, wheat, corn, rye, and oats. Turnips, potatoes, and beans were the principal vegetables. There were nearly 500 head of cattle on the island at that time, and over 2,500 head of sheep. During the year 1844 nearly four tons of butter, and over fourteen hundred pounds of cheese, were made, and over two and a half tons of wool were produced.

In those days fulled cloth, flannel, linen, cotton and other cloth, were manufactured in the homes.

One of the prominent men of the island at that time was Archibald R. Havens who, in partnership with Martin L. Prince, conducted a general merchandise business in the building known as the "Old Store." Mr. Havens was a most lovable character, and he and Mr. Prince and Captain Benjamin C. Cartwright were looked upon as Shelter Island's "grand triumvirate." The "Old Store" supplied nearly everything necessary for the physical needs of the people, and played quite an important part in the social life of the community. Here the farmers of the island met the soldiers and sailors, home from camp and sea, and listened to strange tales of happenings on whaling and clipper ships, and on Southern battle-fields. When a Post Office was established here in 1854, it was placed in the "Old Store," and Mr. Havens was appointed the first Postmaster, and at one time, it is said that in point of service he was the oldest Postmaster in the United States. It was at this time that Professor Horsford when making an address in the church, said: "The people of Shelter Island are blessed indeed, for they have a 'Lord' for their pastor, a 'Prince' among their merchants, and a 'Haven' on dry land." And

he might have added, and with a Nicoll (nickel) they have provided themselves with an able Supervisor.

But dark days were ahead,—dark days for the whole country, but especially dark for Shelter Island. It might be said that Shelter Island's "good times" began after the depression of 1837, and lasted until 1861, at the outbreak of the Civil War.

We will now state why the year 1861 was a darker one for Shelter Island than for most communities, although the black pall of war was hanging over the whole country. In August, 1861, the Presbytery was to meet on Shelter Island, and Mr. Lord was intending to entertain some members of that body. He planned to have some mutton from his own farm prepared for his guests, so he went out with his horse and wagon to procure a sheep for that purpose, taking a number of his children with him. As he was driving along the road, the horse took fright at the noise that was made by some boards being thrown down by a neighbor. The animal got beyond Mr. Lord's control, the good man was thrown out of the wagon, and in striking the ground, received a severe blow on the forehead. He was taken up by tender hands, and carried to his home, where he showed some signs of consciousness. But his injuries proved so severe that death could not be stayed, and he passed away in a short time. His funeral took place three days later, in the Presbyterian Church, with kindred, friends, and members of the Presbytery attending. The funeral sermon was delivered by the late Ephraim Whittaker, D.D., of Southold. Dr. Whittaker paid a glowing tribute to his friend and brother preacher. We can imagine the sorrow of the people of Shelter Island at such a tragic death of their beloved pastor.

Mr. Lord married for his first wife a Miss Brown, whose mother was the author of that familiar hymn, "I love to

steal awhile away from every cumbering care." Some time after the death of his first wife, he married Miss Eliza A. Hardy, of Chatham, Mass., a sister of the well-known philanthropist of Boston, Alpheus Hardy, and an aunt of Arthur S. Hardy, the author of those widely read novels, "But yet a Woman," and "The Wind of Destiny."



NICOLL HAVENS DERING 2D (1865-1869)

By Daniel Huntington, 1870

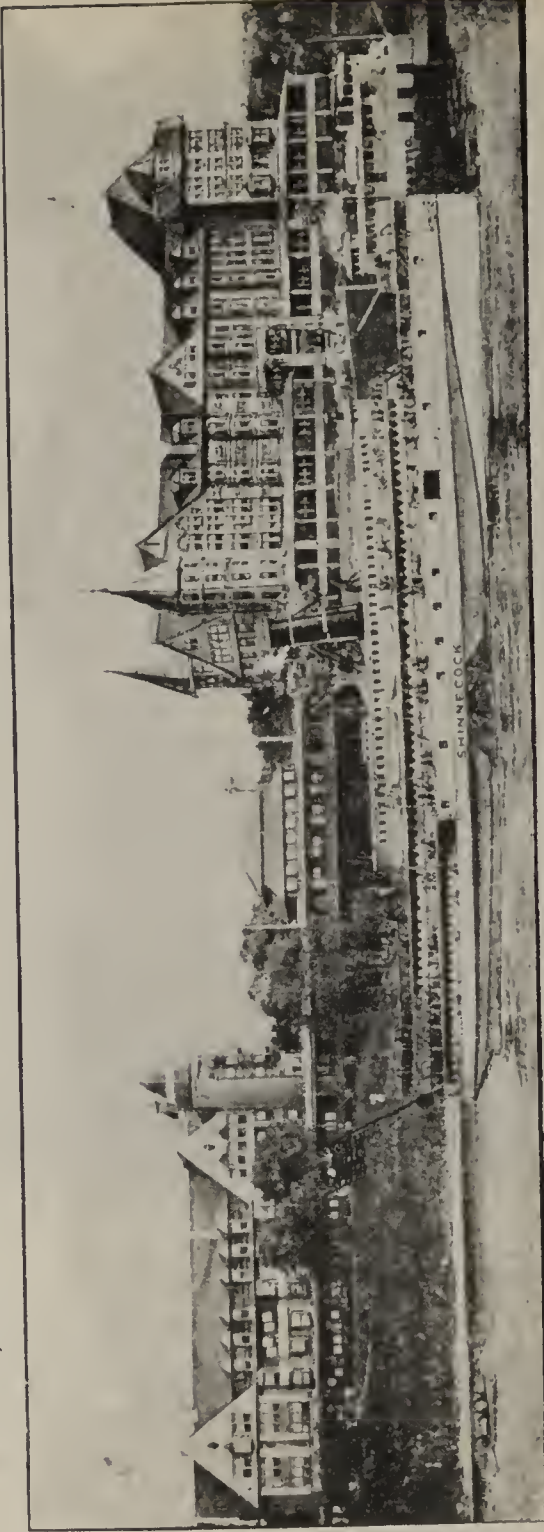
Son of Sylvester Dering and Ella Virginia Bristol; great grandson of Gen. Sylvester Dering. Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art.

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From a Booklet on the Manhasset House, Season 1904.

Chapter XXII

THE CIVIL WAR

AS we look back to the early part of the year 1861 we find that for the third time in our history a war was about to begin that would affect our little island. For a decade before this time the black clouds of war had been hovering over the country, but people were too busy with their own affairs to pay much heed to them. Adams, the historian, speaking of these signs, says:

"But the dark cloud in the American sky grew blacker, and was spreading. It assumed fantastic shapes. Was it smoke from a Northern factory, or the gigantic image of a Negro slave? In a decade the lightning would leap from it with blinding flashes, and the thunder echo on a hundred battle-fields."

The perplexing question of slavery had been menacing the peace of the country for many years, and now it was evident that a crisis was at hand. Secession had been openly talked of for a long time, and that would mean war, for peaceable secession was impossible. "Peaceable secession!" thundered Daniel Webster in the United States Senate, old and emaciated as he was, "Sir, your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle. The dismemberment of this vast country without convulsion! The breaking up of the fountains of the great deep without ruffling the surface!" In 1858 a voice out of the West cried "A house divided against itself cannot stand." Abraham Lincoln was paraphrasing from Saint Mark and applying the principle to the conditions that

then existed in this country, and he predicted that the United States could not remain permanently half free and half slave. And Lincoln was right, for in less than three years from the time he made this prediction a great war was being waged to determine whether the house should stand or fall.

On March 4, 1861 Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated President of the United States. Horace Greeley, walking among the crowd of people that had gathered on the grounds in front of the Capitol to witness the inaugural ceremonies, expected the exercises to be interrupted by the report of a pistol. But Lincoln was permitted to close his address, which he did in these words:—

"I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched as surely they will be by the better angels of our nature."

A little more than a month after Lincoln's inauguration Fort Sumpter was fired upon, and the Civil War was on! The President called for 75,000 men to put down the rebellion, and Shelter Island sent twenty-five men to the front in defense of the flag. These are the men that represented Shelter Island in this great conflict: Randolph Griffing, Charles M. Griffing, Charles C. Griffing, Robert Congdon, Charles Havens, George Case, Sylvester Nicoll, Henry H. Preston, E. Havens Payne, Benjamin Hudson, Howard Hudson, Max Walther, John Conklin, James M. Conklin, Nathan T. Wilcox, Thomas Harries, Samuel B. Jennings, Joseph Parish, George C. Worthington, Edward Dickerson, Marcus B. Duvall, Zebulon Glover, James Caton, Jeremiah Sullivan, and James Madison Hempstead, colored.

The four years of the Civil War were anxious ones for the people of Shelter Island, as they were for people all over the country, both North and South. Some of our men were killed in action; others died in prison or camp; a number were wounded, and the remainder returned home uninjured by shot or shell. For instance, Randolph Grif-fing, the first volunteer from here, died in the service, and was buried at Hilton Head, S. C. Robert Congdon died in a Southern prison. A name on the records of Libby Prison is the only trace to tell the tale. Lieutenant Sylvester Nicoll was killed by an explosion on the gunboat "Pickett" at Norfolk, Va., when twenty brave men met the same fate. Howard Hudson was killed in battle, and his brother Benjamin, the father of Mrs. Eva B. Young, lost an eye by a bullet wound. John Conklin lost a leg, and E. Havens Payne received a wound in the thigh during the Battle of the Wilderness. Henry H. Preston was in the 6th New York Cavalry. He followed General Phil. Sheridan on his famous twenty mile ride from Winchester to Cedar Creek. At Appomattox, just before the close of the war, Mr. Preston received a severe wound in the ankle, which never healed. He suffered from this wound for nearly half a century, and it would probably have incapacitated a man with less courage than he. A few years before his death, the leg was amputated at the knee, and it is probable that this hastened his death. James Madison Hempstead, a Northern negro, died in a Southern camp. The town raised money to procure volunteers, as the following entries from the town records show:—At a special meeting held August 22, 1862 it was voted to offer a town bounty of \$125 to each volunteer from this town until the quota was filled under the call of August 4, 1862, for 300,000 men. Samuel B. Nicoll, James D. Tuthill, and Marcellus D. Loper were chosen a Committee to raise the money and pay the bounty; eight volunteers were procured at \$125, and seven

at \$80. A special town meeting was held February 22, 1864, when it was resolved that there be raised on the taxable property in the town the sum of \$4,000, to fill the quota of volunteers assigned to Shelter Island, and Benjamin C. Cartwright and Charles H. Smith were chosen as a Committee to borrow the money and procure volunteers; \$3,047.50 was paid to volunteers under the above resolution.

A special town meeting was held June 18, 1864, and it was voted to raise \$4,500 for bounties. At a special meeting held January 4, 1865, \$6,000, or such part thereof as might be required to fill the quota of the town, was voted. At the annual town meeting held April 3, 1866, it was voted that \$300 be raised to pay those persons who had contributed \$25 each to furnish substitutes.

March 4, 1865, was the date that President Lincoln was inaugurated for his second term. Much had been crowded into those four years between his first and second inaugurations. Lincoln had been called to the helm in a hurricane, and the fierce storm had continued ever since. But rifts in the clouds were now appearing, showing that the sun would soon be shining again above a united country. And the sentiment in regard to Mr. Lincoln had undergone a great change in these four years. On his first appearance many saw in Mr. Lincoln only a gaunt, coarse, uneducated backwoodsman, with no qualifications whatever for high office. Now he stood before them as a President who had proved himself to be one of the wisest of statesmen, who had piloted the Ship of State through a terrible storm, and now was about to bring it safely into port. "Mr. Lincoln," says one writer, "had taken a strong hold upon the affections of the people. With a large store of plain common sense, with an even temper, an abounding good nature, and a humor that cast wise thoughts in the form of pithy max-

ims and similes, he combined an unflinching firmness and loyalty, to his convictions of duty. What Clarendon says of Cromwell is true of Lincoln: "As he grew into place and authority, his parts seemed to be raised, as if he had concealed faculties, till he had occasion to use them."

There were many wise and able men in Washington at that time, but Abraham Lincoln was the greatest Roman of them all. In his writings he particularly revealed his extraordinary gifts. His First Inaugural Address displayed exceptional literary powers; the Gettysburg Speech was recognized by the best critics and scholars as having been written by a master hand, but probably he touched high-water mark in his literary attainments in his Second Inaugural Address.

A few weeks after Lincoln's second inauguration Lee surrendered the Army of Virginia to Grant. It then looked as if the President, who had borne the heaviest burden that any Chief Executive had ever been called upon to bear, would soon be relieved of a portion of that load. The South, which had been severed in twain and bled white, could not hold out much longer. But fate had decreed that Lincoln was not to be relieved of his burden until it was taken from his shoulders by the hand of an assassin, and who by the same act, placed him by the side of Washington,—the two brightest stars in the American firmament.

"The war was won; the Union was preserved; but peace and love and honesty and brotherly kindness had fled with Lincoln's soul."

No more would the Boys in Blue be heard singing,—

"We're coming Father Abraham,
Fifty thousand strong."

Chapter XXIII

MENHADEN FISHERY

THE whaling business was beginning to wane before the mad rush for gold began in 1849. The whales by that time had been so long harassed that they were becoming wilder and more difficult to procure. But when gold was discovered, and the men on the ships joined the great throng that rushed to the mines, it waned almost to the vanishing point.

It seems almost Providential that about this time another industry should have sprung up, that gave employment to many of the men of our island. It was in 1853 that the menhaden fishery began to be recognized as an industry of some importance in this part of the country. This business started in a small way, and at first was conducted in a very primitive manner.

The menhaden, or "moss bunkers" were valued principally for the oil they contained, but the scrap that remained after the oil had been extracted was also valuable, as it made excellent fertilizer. At first, the men went out on the bay for only a day at a time to procure the fish, which was quite a contrast to the long voyages made in whaling ships to different parts of the world.

When a red spot was seen in the water and a little commotion was observed on its surface, all the men but one would leave the sailing vessel and put off in large round-bottomed rowboats, for they knew that a school of fish was present. They would then surround the red spot by a large purse-seine which was arranged with cork-lines on

the top, and lead-lines on the bottom. When the boats had completed the circuit and had come together again, the men would begin to "purse in" the seine in order to get the fish into a smaller compass. Then a heavy weight known as a "Tom" was let down along the lead line to bring the seine into the form of a big bag so the fish could not escape. When the fish were sufficiently massed together, they were baled out of the seine with large scoop nets and put in the hold of the vessel. After being brought to port, the fish were cooked and pressed. At first, large iron kettles were used for cooking the fish, and after they were cooked enough, the oil was extracted from them by wooden presses. Because of the utensils that were used in this process, the outfit was known as "Pot Works." The first of these outfits was located on the most prominent point of the island,—Chequit Point. From this location the north-west winds wafted the perfume of boiling fish and drying scrap all over the island. No wonder the townspeople complained of this as a nuisance. William Wells of Greenport, was the owner of the plant. After the town began action in Court to have the Works declared a nuisance, Mr. Wells decided to move his plant, and it was taken to another part of Squire Chase's property, which was much more remote and secluded than Chequit Point. In later years it developed into a large factory, and the small Scudder Cottage, near the foot of White Hill, was one of the buildings belonging to it. The factory remained in this location until the Chase property was sold to the Shelter Island Grove and Camp Meeting Association in 1871, and then it was moved to "North West," which is a short distance east of Little Cedar Island, in the township of Easthampton. As the industry grew, the "Pot Works" gradually developed into large plants that were known as fish factories, and they were equipped with modern ap-

pliances, such as were necessary to conduct the business on an extensive scale. The fishermen no longer returned home every night, but would be away in pursuit of fish for a week at a time. For this purpose a good sized sloop was used, being fitted up with berths, and a supply of "hardtack" and other provisions, enough to last a week, were taken along. Two smaller boats, known as "carryways," followed the sloop, and when a school of fish was caught, these boats, or one of them, would carry the fish to the factory.

In 1860, a Riverhead firm built a fish factory at Dinah's Rock. Dinah's Rock is located in the bend of the shore line just east of the property belonging to the Village of Dering Harbor. This factory was sold in 1864 to A. deFiguneur, of New York City, to be used in the manufacture of phosphate. Later, Mr. Mapes, of the Mapes Fertilizer Company, who at one time owned a large phosphate plant at Barren Island, manufactured phosphate at this factory. He was a brother of Mary Mapes Dodge, who was a well-known writer, and the editor of that popular periodical for young people, the *St. Nicholas Magazine*. Mrs. Dodge used to come to the island often to visit her brother.

The phosphate was made of a material brought from South Carolina and known as Charleston Rock and fish scrap, and certain chemicals, all ground together. Much of this phosphate was shipped south and used as a fertilizer for raising tobacco and cotton. It was also used in the Connecticut Valley for raising tobacco. In 1867, a phosphate factory was erected on Hay Beach Point by a party named de Herrmege.

In 1863, Captain Benjamin C. Cartwright owned a factory at Ram Head, near the mouth of Cocckles Harbor. A little further up the harbor, on the Ram Island property, and near the locality where there are now fine summer

residences, were fish-oil and guano works. This factory, and the pretentious dwelling that was connected with it, were built by Jacob Appleby, of Southold, and in 1868 the property was sold to Henry Ackley and company. In October, 1871, the factory was destroyed by fire, but previous to this time the house had been taken apart and removed to East Haven, Conn., where it was re-erected. About 1865, two factories, with pot works, were built at the foot of Burns' Avenue, near the shore of Coeckles' Harbor. One of these was owned by King, Roger and Company, and the other, the Union Factory, belonged to men of this island. The year following, Horton and Fithian of Southold, erected a steam factory on the site where the Monastery of the Passionist Fathers now stands. In the early seventies this was moved to Napeague Harbor, which is near Montauk. At one time two factories were located on Ram Island Beach, and the locality was then known as "Bunker City." One of them, the Peconic Oil Works, was built by Harrison and Hubbard Corwin of Riverhead. The Corwin Bros. was later joined in the enterprise by Captain B. C. Cartwright. The other factory belonged to Hawkins Brothers of Jamesport. This was the largest of all the plants on the island, and the last to disappear. The two factories at Bunker City were the only ones that remained on the island after it became a summer resort. One of these, the Peconic Oil Works, was compelled to sell out its business in 1882 on account of the low price of oil and fertilizer. Hawkins Brothers, the owners of the other factory, continued their business at Bunker City until the year 1900, and then sold their plant to the Atlantic Fishery Company who owned a large factory at Promised Land.*

* Many of the foregoing facts about this industry were taken from a paper written by Mrs. Fannie C. Cartwright for the Shelter Island Historical Society.

After a time, the sailing vessels were superseded by steamers, and then the industry gradually drifted away from Shelter Island, and has now almost reached the zero point. In the palmy days of fishing, when sailing vessels were in vogue, among the most successful captains in the fishing fleet were Captains C. Marcus Griffing and Nathan T. Wilcox.

Captain B. C. Cartwright was one of the leading spirits in the fishing business from its early history. He was so well-known in these parts that in addressing him it was not necessary to write the twenty-six letters that were contained in his full name of Benjamin Conkling Cartwright, but if an article was marked with his two initials, B. C., it was readily recognized as belonging to him. Here is a story that used to be told in connection with the factory he owned at Ram Head. This plant was built by Gavitt and Lay of Rhode Island, its first owners. It was afterwards sold to Morgan and Gallup of Groton, Connecticut. In 1863 Captain Cartwright bought it, and ran it until it was condemned in 1872. During its last years the engine that belonged to the factory became the worse for wear, and would break down quite frequently, much to the annoyance of the engineer, Oscar Greene. One day while Mr. Greene was at work putting the machinery in order, he remarked to some men that were standing nearby, "I always knew this engine was a pretty old machine, but it is even older than I thought, for I have just found a part marked B. C."

Chapter XXIV

DR. SAMUEL B. NICOLL

BEFORE giving further consideration to town affairs let us turn our attention for a few moments to church matters.

After the death of Mr. Lord it was necessary to look for another minister, not to fill his place, as that would have been hardly possible, but merely to take his place. Mr. Lord had been held in loving esteem by all the people during his lifetime, and his tragic death intensified their admiration and affection, so it took a good deal of courage to follow a man of Mr. Lord's stamp. In September, 1861, Rev. Charles H. Holloway was engaged to preach in the Presbyterian Church for one year, as a stated supply. He continued to serve in this capacity until February, 1863, when he was invited to become the pastor of the church. He accepted the call, and was duly installed by the Presbytery. It has been said that Mr. Holloway possessed considerable literary ability, but lacked the personal magnetism of Mr. Lord. At any rate, at his own request, the relations between pastor and people were dissolved in August, 1864. It was during his pastorate that the present parsonage was built. Up to this time the house which was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar P. Baldwin until it was destroyed by fire a few years ago, had been the parsonage. This property had been bought by the church society of Mr. Lodowick Havens, in 1834, with funds that were bequeathed to the church by Mr. Benjamin Conkling.

On Christmas Day, 1864, Rev. Thomas Harries preached his second sermon here as a candidate for the office of minister of this church. On that day he was given a call to preach here for one year, at a salary of \$700. He accepted the invitation, and began his duties on the first Sabbath of 1865. Within two months from that time he was asked to become the pastor, at a salary of \$750. He acceded to the people's request, and was installed on June 8, 1865. He served as pastor of the church until 1884, and then, because of failing health and impaired memory, he resigned.

Dr. A. P. Bissell followed Mr. Harries. He came here in the fall of 1884, and preached for three Sundays as a candidate. At the end of that time he was unanimously invited to become a stated supply for one year, at a salary of \$1,000. Dr. Bissell began his labors here on December 15, 1884. He was the only man who ever served here, either as a pastor or stated supply, who had received the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He received this degree in 1884, from the University of Vermont. In the same year he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Leipsic, Germany, where he was a student from 1882 to 1884. Dr. Bissell preached here until 1889. Two years later he became Professor of Hebrew and Greek Exegesis and German in Biddle University, a well-known university for colored students in Charlotte, North Carolina.

Rev. Benjamin F. Parlman succeeded Dr. Bissell as a stated supply, and began his services in December, 1889. Mr. Parlman remained here for six years, and worked with much zeal and earnestness. It was during the time he preached here that the chapel that stands on the east side of the church building was erected.

When the month of April, 1865 arrived, a month made

memorable forever by the assassination of Lincoln and the surrender of Lee, the people of Shelter Island had to look for some one to fill the office of Supervisor, which had been left vacant by the death of Lawyer Samuel B. Nicoll, who had died a few months previously.

Marcellus D. Loper was chosen to take the position held so long by "Lawyer Ben." Mr. Loper was the son of Caleb S. Loper, and like his father, was a very useful man in the community. Besides holding the office of Supervisor for one term, he served as town clerk for a number of years. In the church, he held the office of trustee for fifteen years, and was an elder for nearly forty years. He was also a teacher in the school for some time. By occupation Mr. Loper was a farmer, having inherited from his father a large farm on the south side of the island, now known as the Artemas Ward Farm. Mr. Loper was the father of the well-known physician of Greenport, Dr. Arthur C. Loper.

In April, 1866, Samuel B. Nicoll 3d, or Dr. Nicoll, as he was widely known, succeeded M. D. Loper as Supervisor. It is an old saying that "History repeats itself." This is rather a peculiar co-incidence: In 1836, Lawyer Samuel B. Nicoll succeeded Caleb S. Loper as Supervisor, and just thirty years later, in 1866, Lawyer Nicoll's son succeeded C. S. Loper's son to the same office.

Dr. Nicoll, being a man of ample means, aristocratic and well educated, was recognized for many years as Shelter Island's leading citizen. He first studied medicine in the College of Physicians of the City of New York, from which he graduated in March, 1852. After receiving the degree of M.D. he took up the study of law, and in 1858 was admitted to the bar of the city and county of New York. Preferring medicine to the law, he practiced the former profession in New York City for some time, and then removed to Greenport, where he continued his professional

work until 1863, when he removed to Sag Harbor. Two years after he settled in the latter village, his father, Lawyer Nicoll, died, which threw the charge of the family estate upon him, so he came to Shelter Island to reside in the old family homestead at Sachem's Neck. In time he replaced the old house that had sheltered a number of generations of Nicolls, by the present large three-story dwelling. Dr. Nicoll held the office of Supervisor from 1866 to 1880, with the exception of the year 1872. He was again elected Supervisor in 1890, and re-elected the following year.

During this period quite a number of roads were laid out on the island. Here are the names of the roads and the dates on which they were opened: Ram Island Beach Road, in 1868; the Menantic Road, in 1872; Burns' Avenue, in 1874; Gardiner Avenue, in 1877; Winthrop Road, in 1881; the Cartwright Town Road, leading south from the Cockles Harbor settlement, part in 1886 and the remainder in 1887; the Dickerson Road, in 1886; the Midway Road, in 1887; the Tuthill Road, leading east from Turkum Neck, in 1889; and the Stearns' Point Road, in 1889.

At the annual town meeting held on April 6, 1869, the following resolution was passed:—"That the Supervisor be authorized to build a bridge across Chase's Creek, at an expense not exceeding \$100, provided he can obtain a right of way in exchange therefor to the usual landing place at the old dock, and the town raise \$100 to pay for the cost of the bridge." Only a little picturesque foot bridge spanned the mouth of Chase's Creek at that time. The old dock referred to in the resolution occupied the site of the present Prospect Dock.

As far back as 1837, a road was opened through Prospect leading to this dock, that probably followed nearly the

same course as the entrance that now leads into the Heights from the South. This was not only a steamboat landing in those early days, but it was also used as a ferry landing in the winter, when Dering Harbor was frozen up. Now, it is no longer a landing for steamboats. It may surprise some people to learn that a grocery store stood near this old dock, a good many years before Shelter Island was even thought of as a summer resort. The store was kept by Joseph Skillman, a son-in-law of Squire Chase.

In 1873, Dr. Nicoll, with the co-operation of his brothers and sisters, was instrumental in the erection of the Episcopal Church on Shelter Island. The first Episcopal service was held in the Town Hall on the 14th of May, 1871. In 1872, Dr. Nicoll purchased from Charles D. Manwaring one acre of land near the center of the island, and the following year a church was built upon it. Mr. Matthias Nicoll was the principal contributor, giving \$1,000, and afterward presenting the church with stained glass windows. The one behind the altar is a memorial to his wife, Mary Alice, who died January 5, 1873. As a tribute to her memory the church was named "Saint Mary's." In 1881, the church received the donation of a bell from Miss Julia King, of Sag Harbor. Dr. Nicoll was an officer of this church for many years.

The first Nicoll to become Supervisor of this town took office in 1730, the year the town was organized, and the last Nicoll to hold the office vacated it in 1892. During this period of 162 years, members of the Nicoll family filled the office of Supervisor for 49 years.

It was very appropriate that this family should have resided at Sachem's Neck, the section that was occupied by the Indian Sachems, for the Nicolls might properly have been called the White Sachems of Shelter Island.

Chapter XXV

SHELTER ISLAND BECOMES A SUMMER RESORT

IN the year 1871 a transaction took place on Shelter Island that eventually was to work a great change in the place, and alter its character for all time.

It was in the fall of that year that a company of Brooklyn men came here to look for property that would be suitable for summer resort and camp meeting purposes. At that time life on this island was moving along about as slowly and peacefully as it had moved for the past hundred years or so. The summers did not differ greatly from the other seasons as far as the number of people were concerned. The Horsford and Havens families came here to spend the summers in their old historic homes, and occasionally two or three families would come to board for several weeks or longer. Farming and fishing were then the two principal occupations that were engaging the time and attention of the people. The pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Rev. Thomas Harries, was just at that time preaching a series of sermons, in which he reviewed Shelter Island's past, little dreaming that he was standing on the threshold of a new era in the history of Shelter Island. The Brooklyn men, of whom the Rev. John E. Searles was the leader, decided after looking the island over, that "Prospect," the highest and most picturesque portion of Shelter Island, was the part best suited to their needs. This property, or at least a large proportion of it, was still in the possession of the Chase family, although Squire Chase

had passed away fourteen years previous to this time. An agreement between the parties was soon reached, and in December of that year, a deed of the property was delivered to the purchasers. The men that bought the property belonged to the Methodist denomination, and the new company was incorporated under the name of "The Shelter Island Grove and Camp Meeting Association of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

Among the incorporators were men who afterwards became prominent at the Heights in its early history, such as Rev. John E. Searles, William M. Little, John French, Hon. Samuel Booth, John E. Searles, Jr., Rev. William T. Hill, and Foster Pettit.

Almost over night Prospect was changed from a wild and remote part of the island, with only a handful of houses, into a full-fledged summer resort, with a well-equipped camp meeting ground. When we look back and consider what was accomplished between the latter part of 1871 and the beginning of the summer of 1872, we realize that great credit is due both to the managers and the workmen for the wonderful change that was wrought in that short time.

It must have been an interesting experience to the people of the island, who had always lived in a place where few changes took place from generation to generation, to have witnessed this sudden transformation. The silence of the wooded hills of Prospect was broken by the sound of hammer, saw, and axe. Surveyors from Boston were busy laying out the land into building lots, streets, and parks. The blackberry briars and bayberry bushes that had been permitted to blossom and bear berries from season to season were ruthlessly uprooted to make space for the habitations of man, and by the time the summer of 1872 had arrived, the stage had been arranged for the

first act of the drama that was to be enacted upon it, the curtain was rung up, and Miss Shelter Island stepped forward, made a curtsy, and thus began her long career as a summer resort. What did it all mean? Squire Chase, in his day-dream, saw a prosperous city spring up on the hills and along the shores of his beloved Prospect, whose chief characteristic was sobriety. Was there, in this little Methodist summer colony of 1872 a promise that this dream would some time be a reality? Perhaps so, and each succeeding summer brings that promise nearer to fulfillment.

Let us look back for a few moments, and see of what that colony of sixty years ago consisted. At the opening of the summer season of 1872 the Prospect Hotel was ready to receive its first guests. A short time before this, and while the hotel was still unfinished, a reception or house-warming party had been held in the building, to which the people of the island, and a number from surrounding towns, had been invited. It was sort of a friendly demonstration on the part of the Association, to create a good feeling for the new corporation among the natives. A dinner was provided for the people, followed by speech-making. Another building that had been erected by the Association was one known as "The Restaurant," which was to be used as a community dining hall. This was the nucleus of the substantial building now known as "Chequit Inn." Quite a number of cottages had been built, and were ready for occupancy, at the beginning of this first season. Three of these were located on the water front, directly in front of the hotel, and two large ones had been built on the Dering Harbor front. A number of smaller cottages were scattered about the grounds, some belonging to the Association, and others to private parties. If one wishes to know how these first



PROSPECT HOUSE, SHELTER ISLAND HEIGHTS, c. 1890



NEW YORK YACHT CLUB STATION OFF MANHASSET HOUSE

See page 244.

cottages looked, he will find their counterparts among the cottages at the camp meeting ground at Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard. Some of the founders of the Shelter Island Association used to attend camp meeting at Oak Bluffs, which was then called Cottage City.

In the grove above the hotel, a preacher's stand had been erected, and wooden seats constructed, for camp meeting purposes. Camp meetings were held for the first eight or ten summers, and they attracted large audiences. The well-known revivalists Pentecost and Stebbins, and the famous singer, Ira D. Sankey, were among the noted people that came here to assist in the services. One of the ministers who owned a small bungalow here, and was most active in the camp meetings, was a Scotchman by the name of John Parker. He was a shouting Methodist of the old-fashioned type, and he used to make the old grove ring with his shouts and songs. One of his duties was to solicit funds for different purposes connected with the organization. He would do this somewhat in the manner of an auctioneer. Standing on the preacher's platform, after having made a plea for a certain cause, he would call out, "Who will give twenty-five dollars?" "Sister Beebe gives twenty-five dollars; God bless Sister Beebe!" Nothing pleased him better than to get up before a large audience and, in his rich Scotch brogue, sing that familiar and favorite Scotch hymn "My Ain Coun-tree."

The Chase Homestead was not included in the sale of Prospect, and so for many years it catered to boarders in the summer, and to transients the rest of the year. Among its first guests were Dr. Henry M. Scudder and family. Dr. Scudder had been a missionary in India for a long time, and he belonged to the large and distinguished family by that name who had furnished so many foreign

missionaries that it has been said that their combined services amounted to a thousand years. Dr. Scudder would always draw large congregations whenever he preached here, and he was fond of taking his texts, or drawing his illustrations, from subjects connected with the sea. His son, Dr. John L. Scudder, was also a forceful preacher. He was the pastor of the "Tabernacle" in Jersey City, and was instrumental in establishing a recreational adjunct to the church that was known as the "Palace of Delight." It was a novel idea at that time to introduce recreations such as billiards, bowling, and dancing, into the church life, so it caused considerable comment at first.

There were quite a number of large cottages built at Prospect during the winter of 1883-84. Among them were four residences erected on White Hill. As three of these belonged to Doctors of Divinity, that locality has ever since been known as "Divinity Hill." One of these ministers was Dr. Richard S. Storrs, who was pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn for fifty-four years, and one of the most eloquent pulpit orators of this country. Another minister was Dr. Edward B. Coe, a son-in-law of Dr. Storrs, who was pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church of New York City. The third minister was Dr. A. J. F. Behrends, pastor of the Central Congregational Church, of Brooklyn. He was also one of the great preachers of his time. Shelter Island Heights owes a debt of gratitude to Brooklyn, for that city sent some of her best citizens here to help develop this place.

Among the distinguished appearing men that were prominent here in years gone by, but have now passed on to the Great Beyond, were Dr. Richard S. Storrs, Dr. A. J. F. Behrends, Hon. Frederick A. Schroeder, Joseph Battin, John French, Hon. Samuel Booth, Joseph C. Hoag-

land, Dr. C. N. Hoagland, Alfred H. Porter, Dr. J. Lester Keep, and Judge George B. Abbott. And they were not only distinguished appearing, but they were eminent as professional and business men.

One of the men who became prominently identified with the Shelter Island Heights Association* in its early history, was Frederick A. Schroeder, of Brooklyn. For many years Mr. Schroeder was an officer of the Association, first as its treasurer, and later as its president. Mr. Schroeder came to this country from Germany with his father, when he was sixteen years of age. His father had to leave Germany because of his efforts to obtain a democratic form of government for that country. By industry, integrity and ability, and with the assistance of his devoted wife, Mr. Schroeder became a very prosperous tobacco merchant. In time, he became one of the leading men of Brooklyn. One of his contributions to that city was the founding of the Germania Bank, on Fulton Street, the name of which has since been changed to Fulton Bank. In a reform movement in 1871, he was elected Comptroller of Brooklyn. In 1875, he was elected Mayor of his adopted city. He refused a re-nomination, on the ground that the city, under the form of government it then had, could not be protected from grafters. Later, he was elected State Senator, and in that office he rendered valuable service in having Brooklyn's charter revised. That charter was incorporated in a large measure in the creation of the charter of Greater New York.

Perhaps in driving through the Heights on an early summer morn some thirty-five or forty years ago, you saw a handsome man with snow-white hair riding upon a

* The name was changed from the Shelter Island Grove and Camp Meeting Association of the Methodist Episcopal Church to the Shelter Island Heights Association in or about the year 1886.

beautiful jet-black horse. If so you saw Frederick A. Schroeder who, at the time, was President of the Shelter Island Heights Association, and he was then engaged in looking over the Heights property to see if everything was in the neat and orderly condition that was required by him. At that time the writer of these lines was connected with the Association, and the praises of Shelter Island Heights were often sung in his ears. The place reminded visitors of a beautiful, well-kept park. But the credit for the efficient manner in which the Heights property was developed in its early history should not all be given Mr. Schroeder; it should be shared with his able and faithful superintendent, the late Wesley Smith.

Of all that group of people that were prominent here some forty years ago, only four are now remaining, and may the familiar forms and faces of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Otis, Mrs. J. Lester Keep, and Mr. J. G. Dettmer continue to be seen at the Heights for many coming summers.*

In the fall of 1872, a number of Massachusetts men bought two hundred acres of land on the opposite side of Dering Harbor from Shelter Island Heights. This was part of the Horsford estate, and was known at that time as "Locust Point." During the following winter and spring a handsome hotel was erected upon this property, and for many years the Manhanset House was famous all

* Another person who was temporarily absent from the island when this history was being prepared should have been included in this small group, for Mr. N. Chandler Jones has manifested his love for Shelter Island by returning here summer after summer for more than fifty years. The Jones families were among the pioneers of our first summer colony.

Other early families that are still represented here are the following: Adams, Aspinwall, Belknap, Bradley, Butler, Cook, Corse, Eggleston, Francis, French, Gardner, Groser, Hicks, House, Jenkins, Kalley, Pettit, Schroeder, Scudder, Shiebler and Westlake.

along the Atlantic coast. It was opened for the reception of guests for the first time in the summer of 1873. This hotel catered to a wealthy class of people, especially to yachtsmen. When the sailing yachts were in their glory the waters about Shelter Island were a favorite rendezvous of theirs. The different yacht clubs used to include a visit to this island in their annual cruises. So many large, handsome yachts in the harbor at one time made a beautiful picture. If one has ever gazed upon Dering Harbor on a bright summer's day, when its blue waters were dotted with the white sails of many yachts, and looked upon it at night when the lights of those yachts were mirrored on its glassy surface, he would probably have difficulty in deciding which was the grander sight.

One of the most enthusiastic lovers of Shelter Island, and one of the most ardent admirers of its beauties, was the late Samuel H. Groser. Mr. Groser used to spend the summers on this island when a boy, some years before Shelter Island was known as a summer resort. And summer after summer he came to the Heights to occupy the cottage that he owned fronting on Dering Harbor.

Mr. Groser died in 1929, and it was his wish that his body should be cremated, and the ashes scattered upon the waters of Dering Harbor,—the harbor which was so familiar to him, and of which he was so fond. A short time before his death, Mr. Groser wrote a poem in which he expressed his fondness for Shelter Island. The writer has received a copy of this poem from the Shelter Island Heights Association, and at the bottom of the card on which the poem is printed are these words: "Written in a spirit of appreciation and admiration of the natural beauties of Shelter Island Heights, L. I., by a resident and property owner—Mr. Samuel H. Groser, and reproduced

with his kind permission, by Shelter Island Heights Association."

MY PLAY-LAND

To the east of the broad Peconics,
Hemmed in by Gardiner's Bay,
Lies a charming, green-clad island,
I call my "Land of Play."
If you have ever been there,
Where the foam-tipped wavelet croons,
You'll feel a poignant longing
For its hills and sandy dunes.

For the wonderful view from its headlands,
For the clear, cool starry nights,
For the gorgeous hues of the sunsets,
And the harbor with myriad lights;
For the shady roads through the woodlands,
For the green on the Dering side,
For Ram Head, and White Hill, and the beaches,
And the lap of the lazy tide.

For the brown-skinned, bare-kneed kiddies,
A paradise, surely, for them;
For the southwest wind that "heads" you,
As you try the ebb tide to stem;
For the lawns and the shade of the locusts,
As the noon-day sun mounts high;
For even the fog from the eastward,
That blots out the blue of the sky.

The spell of the island is on me,
And it will not be denied;
I long for my island playground,
As a lover for his bride;
For the shining land-locked harbor,
Where the foam-tipped wavelet croons,
On that wondrous, green-clad island,
The isle of hills and dunes.

Chapter XXVI

THE FOUNDING OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE decade between 1880 and 1890 was not a very eventful one,—at least not compared with the decade that preceded it or the one that succeeded it. In the early eighties Mr. John N. Stearns a silk manufacturer of New York City bought the property that is now owned by Camp Quinipet. This is one of the most attractive points on the island both as to location and otherwise. At the time Mr. Stearns bought it the property was known as Rocky Point or Jennings' Point, as Mr. Morancey P. Jennings was then the owner of it and had been for a good many years. The group of five large rocks brought here in the glacial period is a distinctive feature of this location, and the name "Quinipet" was suggested by the presence of these rocks. In 1882 Mr. Stearns built a fine large residence here for himself, and a number of smaller houses which were occupied for a good many summers by his sons and daughter and their families.

During the latter part of this decade a number of houses were built at West Neck Park, a development that was opened up by the late John L. Nostrand, who at that time was the owner of a large portion of the property located on the southwest section of the island and known as West Neck. It was in 1889 that the late William Ulmer, the well-known brewer of Brooklyn built twin houses at this development for his two daughters, Mrs. John F. Becker and Mrs. John W. Weber. This is one of the coolest and

sightliest parts of the island, but when Mr. Ulmer bought his property it was merely a barren bluff with no growth upon it except of a low, scrubby nature. In or about 1901 Mr. Weber re-built his house, creating the present beautiful residence that he now occupies. The following year Mr. Becker moved his house to another location and erected a dwelling similar in style and appointments to Mr. Weber's. The Becker and Weber properties are good illustrations of what can be done by skillful landscaping and scientific culture to transform barren land into beautiful garden spots. The park-like appearance of these places, with their fine trees and shrubs and many flowers are the admiration of all passersby.

In 1880, Benjamin C. Cartwright succeeded Samuel B. Nicoll as Supervisor, and held the office continuously until 1890. This was not the first time that Captain Cartwright had been elected to this office, for in 1848, when he was a young man of thirty-three, he was chosen to supervise the affairs of the town, and was re-elected the following year. In 1872, he was again elected to the office as a representative of the town's interest in some fishing question which the Board of Supervisors were to pass upon. For many years Captain Cartwright was one of the leading men of Shelter Island, not only in town affairs but also as a business man and church official.

He began his seafaring life at the age of fourteen on a coasting vessel running between Sag Harbor and New York. Five years later he shipped on a whaler bound for the South Atlantic. He soon became useful in keeping some records, and finally the journal. On the second voyage he learned to work the log, and gradually mastered the elements of navigation. Seven voyages were made by him on a whaling ship, the last one as captain, and from this last voyage he not only gained a fair pecuniary reward but the title by

which he was generally known after that time. After retiring from a seafaring life Captain Cartwright became active in the menhaden fishery business, as an owner of factory and boats. On his mother's side the captain belonged to the Conkling family, one of the early prominent families of Long Island. John Conkling, the progenitor of the Long Island branch of the family, settled in Southold about 1650. This family was noted for the longevity of its members, and Captain Cartwright did not prove an exception to this rule, for he was beyond the four score limit when he passed away. In his later life "Capt. Ben," as he was familiarly referred to, was generally considered as the Grand Old Man of Shelter Island. He took a fatherly interest in the people and in the organizations of the island, and was always ready to help any worthy person or cause. He was prominent in the church, holding the office of trustee for forty-nine years, and that of elder for twenty-four years. The Cartwright homestead is pleasantly located near the shore of Coeckles' Harbor, and from it an excellent view is obtained of the harbor, and of Gardiner's Bay beyond. He was the father of a large family, and as most of his children settled near him, the colony was known for years as "Cartwright Town."

When the time arrived for this old seafarer to set sail for that unknown port from which no bark ever returns, it was natural that he should have repeated these words as his eyes closed for the last time on the familiar scenes of this world:

"Safe in Port."

One of the notable and interesting personages that used to summer on Shelter Island in the late seventies and early eighties was the poet, Isaac McLellan. He spent a number of summers at Ram Island with the Daniel Tuthill family,

and several seasons on the farm of W. H. Phillips which bordered on West Neck Bay. Mr. McLellan was a contemporary of that illustrious group of literary people who were living in New England three or four score years ago. He was an intimate friend of the poet Longfellow, and the two men had much in common. They were about the same age, both were born in the Maine city of Portland, both attended Bowdoin College at the same time, and both went to Massachusetts to live after graduating from college. But their tastes led them in very different paths. Mr. Longfellow passed most of his life in college halls as a professor, and in his study as a reader and maker of books, while Mr. McLellan spent much time in the great out-of-doors, tramping through the woods, and over fields, and along the shores, with rod and gun,—ostensibly for game, but more especially, perhaps, to study nature in her different moods for material to be translated later into poetry.

The following letter which Mr. Longfellow wrote to his friend under date of February 6, 1875, shows what intimate relations existed between these two poets:—

“I see you in imagination, tramping with your gun and dogs over frozen marshes, eager for any birds that have not been wise enough to migrate southward at this season! Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky! and the beautiful creatures fall and leave their little lives in the air. Meanwhile I sit here by my fire, with the reading and making of books; not so healthy a recreation as yours perhaps, but more congenial to my taste. My old enemy neuralgia sometimes troubles me, and then I suffer like Laocoon with his serpents.”

The following quotation from the *New York Times* shows how Mr. McLellan was regarded as a poet throughout this country:

“Mr. McLellan is known all over the United States as

the poet who sings of the woods, of the streams, of the birds, beasts and fish. There is hardly a sportsman who does not remember some happy line of Mr. McLellan's for he occupies alone the position of the American laureate of the brookside and riverside. In Daniel Webster's time near Marshfield our poet sportsman spent many a happy hour as the guest of the great expounder."

In his later years he made his home in Greenport, and in a number of his poems he refers to Shelter Island. There is something about his writings that seems to stimulate the imagination. For instance, in the following verse from his poem "The Flight of Wild Geese," a vivid picture is brought to one's mind:

"High up in upper field of air
I note your serried phalanx on its way;
Now rank on rank your winnowing squadrons press,
And now a wedge-like host display.
A soft south breeze stirs overhead,
Peconic Bay in slumber sleeps in rest;
There is no ripple on its blue expanse,
No foam-wreath on its breast.
The withered autumn leaves on Shelter Isle,
Without a rustle settle to the ground;
The curling smoke on many a village roof
Rise not, the calm is so profound."

As we read these lines, we are standing in imagination with the poet on Greenport shore looking across the glassy water, and through the haze of a lovely Indian Summer day we see the wooded hills of Shelter Island still clothed in their autumn dress, and above them, the wedge-shaped flock of geese speeding and honking their way southward to a warmer and sunnier clime.

Speaking of literary persons reminds us of libraries, and brings to mind the fact that the Shelter Island Public Li-

brary was founded in the fall of 1885, by the late Prof. E. N. Horsford, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. The library was organized by the election of nine trustees by the incorporators, and the election of officers by the trustees from among their number.

Miss Cornelia Horsford was elected one of the original trustees, and was also the first president of the library. For many years she held the presidency, and she is still on the board of trustees, the only one now living of those who were elected trustees forty-seven years ago. A room was secured for the library books in the "Old Store" building, a room that had originally been used as a boot and shoe department. The shelves of the room were relieved of the footwear that had been reposing upon them for countless years, and new books took the place of old boots. For nearly six years the books supplied food for thought to the island people, and proved a great aid in helping to relieve life of its monotony, especially through long winter evenings.

The first librarian was Miss Helen Kinne, and her assistant was Miss Essie A. Tuthill, who later became Mrs. William D. Loper, the mother of Miss Lilian T. Loper. Later, Miss Kinne took a course in Domestic Economy in the Teachers College of New York City. After her graduation, she was retained by the college as head of this department, and was sent by the college to different parts of this country, and to England, as a lecturer.

It was on the morning of August 18, 1891, that the news began to circulate about the island that the "Old Store" building had gone up in smoke the night before, carrying with it the telegraph office and Post Office, and also the books of the library. Perhaps the loss of no building except a church could have affected the people

of the island more than the loss of this one. The "Old Store" was such an ancient and familiar landmark that it seemed a part of the island as much as were its hills and harbors. Had not this store supplied the needs of the body for many years, while the books were rendering a similar service to the mind? While the ruins were still smoldering, several of the trustees were canvassing the island for funds in behalf of the library. At a meeting held in the Presbyterian Church shortly after this, Professor Horsford offered to contribute a generous sum for the purchase of new books, and his daughter Lilian, who afterward became Mrs. William G. Farlow, agreed to donate a lot as a site for a library building. During that fall the library building was erected, and on the evening of December 9, 1891 it was dedicated with appropriate exercises. The meeting was held in the Firemen's Hall at the Heights, and Dr. Samuel B. Nicoll, who was then the Supervisor of the town, made the principal address of the evening. Byron Griffing, who was to succeed Dr. Nicoll as Supervisor, contributed an original poem for the occasion which was read by Mrs. Ella S. Cartwright who, at that time, was one of the trustees. Mr. Griffing, in his poem, referred to Dr. Nicoll who, by training, was not only a physician but also a lawyer, as follows:

"How broad the range of honors that attend
Our Speaker, Healer, Advocate and Friend,
Who, while he well our highest trust fulfills,
Will cheat both mind and body of their ills,
And brings to-night those taking graces here,
That steal our plaudits, while they charm the ear."

Of Professor Horsford, the founder of the library, whose circle of friends included a large number of literary people, he wrote as follows:

“Happy the man in whom to-night we find
 The reader’s and the author’s friend combined.
 Happy the people who their cause confide
 To such a Leader, Counselor and Guide.”

To Miss Cornelia Horsford, the president of the library, he paid this glowing tribute:

“For you our guest, who hath so kindly cared
 To grace a feast you first yourself prepared,
 I would to-night some finer, mightier mind
 Whose deathless thoughts are in this building shrined,
 Might guide the pen that fittingly should frame
 The grateful thoughts that cluster round thy name.
 But no,—these happy faces must reveal
 That which the lips nor heart can ne’er conceal.
 Thou’st strewn our pathway with unfading flowers,
 And made life joyous with its golden hours.
 Take back the thought such deeds alone can give—
 That hearts to-night are happier that you live.”

A mortgage was placed on the property to raise funds to pay for the erection of the building, and was held by the late J. Wickham Tuthill, who for many years was a trustee of the library. A literary society called the Library Club was organized, whose purpose was the paying off of this mortgage. It proved one of the most successful and popular societies ever organized on this island. It continued to hold its meetings season after season, until its purpose had been accomplished. Another society was then formed, called the Research Club, whose object was to raise money to build an addition to the library for a museum.

From the time of the organization of the library, members of the Horsford family were generous contributors to its support. Each summer for many years, a Harvest



THE WINDMILL AS RESTORED IN 1952

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GREENPORT FERRY LANDING IN 1900

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Festival was held, first in the chapel at the Heights, and later, on the lawns of different property owners, to procure funds for the benefit of the library. These proved a very pleasant feature in the social life of the community.

In recent years the library has received two very substantial gifts, one of three thousand dollars from Mrs. Amy Tuthill Wallace, in memory of her father, J. Wickham Tuthill and a legacy of five thousand dollars from General Sylvester Dering, a friend of Miss Horsford, and a relative of the Dering family that once owned Sylvester Manor.

As Professor Horsford was not only the founder of our library, but was also one of the first and most famous of our summer residents, a few facts in connection with his successful career we trust will prove of interest to the reader.

Professor Eben Norton Horsford was a most profound scientist and scholar. His achievements as such were many and varied. He graduated from the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, of Troy, in 1838, and after spending four years as professor of mathematics and natural sciences in the Albany Female Academy, he went to Germany for two years. There he studied analytical chemistry and made experimental researches in Liebig's laboratory at Giessen. On his return to this country he was elected to the Rumford professorship of science as applied to the arts, in Harvard University. Soon after beginning his duties at Harvard he submitted to Abbott Lawrence a plan for a department of analytical and applied chemistry which led to the formation of the Lawrence Scientific School of Cambridge. After sixteen years of service as professor of chemistry in Harvard, Professor Horsford resigned his position to engage in chemical manufactures in the Rumford Chemical Works at Provi-

dence. He made many important discoveries, one of the most important being the Rumford Baking Powder. This was the first baking powder prepared in this country, and for many years all other baking powder companies were obliged to pay royalty to the Rumford. Another one of his well-known preparations is Horsford Acid Phosphate. One of his successful practical experiments was the pouring of oil on rough seas as an aid to vessels in time of distress. For years Professor Horsford gave much time to the study of the Norsemen who came to this country long before it was discovered by Columbus, and in search of their settlements near Boston. He published a book on this subject entitled "On the Landfall of John Cabot in 1497, and the site of Norumbega." By his research he established the exact location of places that had been lost sight of for more than three centuries. He erected a tower on the site of Norumbega at Auburndale, Mass., and also a statue to Lief Ericson in Boston. Professor Horsford was also greatly interested in the study of the Indian language. One of his publications on this subject was the "Indian names of Boston," and another the absolute reproduction in print of the manuscript Indian dictionary of David Yeisberger the Moravian missionary. In his later years Professor Horsford became one of the great benefactors of Wellesley College. With his gifts he provided for the endowment of the library; for a continuous supply of apparatus for the departments of physics, chemistry, botany and biology, and for a system of pensions to the president and heads of departments whereby the officers are allowed to spend one year in seven in Europe, and are given a progressive raise in salary after twenty-one years of service, and a pension of five hundred dollars a year for life after twenty-six years of service. He attached the condition that the beneficiaries must be women.

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Professor Horsford received the degree of A.M. from Harvard University and Union College, and that of M.D. from the medical college of Castleton. In 1873 he was appointed one of the government commissioners to the Vienna Exposition, and was one of the jurors in the Centennial Exposition held in Philadelphia in 1876. His services as a chemist expert were in frequent demand in courts of law, especially during the period of the vulcanized rubber litigation.

In 1847 Professor Horsford married Mary L'Hommedieu Gardiner, a daughter of Samuel S. Gardiner. The acquaintanceship began when Miss Gardiner and her sister Phoebe were attending the Albany Female Academy in which Professor Horsford was one of the instructors. Four daughters were born of this union. Mrs. Horsford died in 1855, and two years later Professor Horsford married her sister, Phoebe Dayton Gardiner, to whom there was born a daughter, Miss Cornelia Horsford, the present mistress of Sylvester Manor. Professor Horsford spent many summers at Sylvester Manor. After the property came into his possession he made enlargements to his estate by a number of purchases of land. Before Shelter Island became a summer resort he was active in drawing the attention of the outside world to its attractions as such. He erected a tower on Prospect Hill, at the highest point on the island, from the top of which a wonderfully fine view was obtained. In 1872 he sold two hundred acres of land to the company that built the Manhasset House. In 1873 Professor Horsford acquired title to a large tract of land that included the property which was once occupied by the Mapes' Phosphate Factory and known as Dinah's Rock. Some time in the late seventies Professor Horsford had the factory buildings reconstructed so as to be made into suitable ones for a beach

resort. Here Rhode Island clam bakes were served, and different forms of recreation were provided. The steam ferry-boat *Cambria* was then making triangular trips between Greenport, Shelter Island Heights and Manhasset, and it touched several times a day at this resort. Excursion steamers brought crowds of pleasure seekers from New England to enjoy the delicious shore dinners that were served here, and to indulge in the dancing, bathing, and other sports the place afforded.

But after a time the resort ceased to be conducted in a manner that accorded with Professor Horsford's ideas, so it was closed, and the buildings and their contents were eventually sold at auction. As you look at this lonely nook now you would not suspect that in former years it was the scene of such varied activities.

Professor Horsford belonged to that wonderful group of men and women that centered about Boston during the last half of the past century,—the most wonderful group of its kind that ever appeared on the American continent. It included among its members ministers, philanthropists, philosophers, poets, novelists, historians, scientists, statesmen, educators, and editors.

Many celebrities were entertained at Sylvester Manor by the Horsford family, in by-gone days. Among the number were the poets Longfellow and Lowell; the author of those well-known books, "*Ramona*," and "*A Century of Dishonor*," Helen Hunt Jackson; the writer of those two delightful classics, "*Deephaven*," and "*The Country of the Pointed Firs*," Sarah Orne Jewitt; the celebrated opera singer Emma Thursby, and the wife of the great Norwegian violinist, Mrs. Ole Bull.

And so we see that the name and fame of Sylvester Manor were made to shine with added luster by the coming of Eben Norton Horsford.

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Mrs. Mary Gardiner Horsford, the first wife of Professor Horsford, was buried on Shelter Island, and she sleeps beside the graves of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel S. Gardiner, in the South Cemetery.

In 1855 Mrs. Horsford published a volume of poems under the title "Indian Legends and Other Poems." In one of the most familiar of these, "My Native Isle," she expressed her love for this island, and her wish to be buried here:

"My native isle! My native isle!
In sunnier climes I've strayed,
But better love thy pebbled beach
And lonely forest glade,
Where low winds stir with fragrant breath
The purple violet's head,
And the star-grass in the early spring
Peeps from the sear leaf's bed.

I would no more of strife and tears
Might on thee ever meet,
But when against the tide of years
This heart has ceased to beat,
Where the green weeping willows bend
I fain would go to rest,
Where waters chant, and winds may sweep
Above my peaceful breast."

Chapter XXVII

THE GAY NINETIES

WE have now reached the "Gay Nineties" of which so much has been written of late. Perhaps they were gay for all the people part of the time, and for part of the people all the time, but they certainly were not gay for all the people all the time.

In the early Nineties General Prosperity was in charge of business affairs, and then everything was looking rosy. But pretty soon old General Depression, who pays this country a visit about every so often (but why he comes, or from whence, no one seems to know) came along and drove General Prosperity out of the country. After he took charge of affairs life took on a more somber hue.

In 1888, Benjamin Harrison and Grover Cleveland ran against each other for the Presidency, and Harrison was elected on a high tariff platform and business was prosperous during his term of office. In 1892 these two men again ran against each other for the same office, and Cleveland was elected on a low tariff issue, and four months after his inauguration the bottom fell out of the business bucket and the depression lasted through the balance of Cleveland's term.

The Republicans claimed the credit for the "good times" and blamed the Democrats for the "bad times."

The people are apt to praise the administration in power when times are prosperous, and blame it when business is bad, but this is not always just. History tells us that depressions appear about every fifteen or twenty

years no matter which party is in power,—as for instance, in 1837, 1857, 1873, 1893, and 1907,—not to speak of the present one.

Our little isle shared in the general prosperity of the early Nineties and Shelter Island reached a high point at this time in its prosperous career as a summer resort.

We have already mentioned the two outstanding events of '91,—the burning of the "Old Store," and the building of the library. Soon after the curtain was rung down at the close of the season of '92 great preparations began on Shelter Island for the season of '93. And when the summer people arrived here at the beginning of the latter season many surprises awaited them.

The first surprise to attract their attention on their arrival at Greenport was a new ferryboat that was similar to the ones used on the city ferries, only on a smaller scale. What an improvement this commodious, double-end and double-deck steamer was over the little Cambria that had done duty on the ferry for so many summers. The next surprise was a handsome new annex building in connection with the Manhasset House. This was built on a bluff at the east of the Manhasset House, and connected with the main building by a low structure leading over the roadway which was to be used as a music hall. The third surprise was the transformation that had taken place in the Prospect House during their absence. This had been so changed and greatly improved that it was hardly recognizable. And thus Shelter Island manifested its prosperity in the early part of the "Gay Nineties."

Thomas H. Wood was the president and principal stockholder of the Manhasset Improvement Company when the improvements were made in that property, and he was ably assisted by H. D. W. Lawson, who was the popular

manager of the hotel at that time. Frederick A. Schroeder was the president of the Association, and the Ferry Company, when the improvements were made in these companies.

At that time, D. P. Hathaway was the lessee of the Prospect House, and had been for some years previously. He was one of the best hotel men in these parts, and at one time was the general manager of the Plant System of hotels on the west coast of Florida, and had personal charge of the large and handsome Tampa Bay Hotel at Tampa, one of the finest hotels on the West Coast.

Captain Isaac Reeve of Greenport, was the superintendent of the ferry at that time. Captain Reeve was one of the leading business men of Greenport, and was president of that village for a number of years.

It showed faith and foresight on the part of those who were responsible for the building of the steamer Menantic, to look into the future and anticipate its needs. At this time, there was very little vehicular travel on the ferry, for it was not until seven or eight years later than this that the Rev. J. A. Aspinwall brought the first automobile to the island. It was a long look from the primitive ferry that Captain Jonathan Preston received a charter for in 1859 to the up-to-date ferry of 1893. Captain Jonathan had charge of the ferry in the fifties, and was a very popular ferryman, and one of those fortunate men that everyone swore by and none swore at. He transferred the charter of the ferry to Charles Costa in 1863. Two years later Captain Costa sold the ferry to Samuel Clark and Charles Harlow. In 1869 Clark and Harlow sold to Captain Benjamin H. Sisson, and in 1871 Captain Sisson sold out to the Brooklyn men who represented the Association at Prospect.

The story of the South Ferry would read almost like a

fairy tale because of the immense increase of business that has come to it during the past two decades, and also on account of the great improvements that have been made in its equipment during that time. Before automobiles came into use there were very few vehicles crossing the ferry, consequently there was very little provision made for transporting them. Some of us can remember the crude craft that was used by George and William Tyndall, the ferrymen on the North Haven side, for this purpose. It was a flat-bottomed scow that was propelled partly by sail and partly by oars. In starting out in this craft you were never sure just when and where you would land, as you were at the mercy of the wind and tide. And foot passengers in those early days were not numerous, to say the least, and the arrival of a single passenger was not an occasion for any particular rejoicing or excitement, for it only meant an increase of twelve cents in the ferryman's assets. But how all this has been changed. Instead of starting on a trip whose length and destination were merely a guess, you drive on board of a large double-end ferryboat that will take you safely across the ferry on schedule time. Instead of the ferryman finding a lone passenger waiting at the landing with a dime and a two-cent piece in his pocket to pay his fare, he sees a long string of cars lined up near the landing, and these are quickly absorbed by the large boat and taken across the ferry. At certain seasons of the year, especially on week-ends and holidays, the cars come so thick and fast it almost seems that they must be attached to an endless chain. Of late there have been rumors that this may all be changed soon for the Board of Supervisors of Suffolk County have voted an appropriation for building bridges across the North and South Ferries.

There is a difference of opinion among the people as to

the desirability of these bridges. Some feel sure that they will be a wonderful benefit to the island in many ways, as well as to the whole of Long Island. Others see in them a menace that will detract much from the attractiveness of the island, and feel sure it will no longer be the safe, secluded and quaint place it is now, but will be just another town like hundreds of those that are to be found in all parts of the country.

But probably neither the hopes of one group or the fears of the other will be wholly realized. No doubt if the bridges materialize they will be found a great convenience, not only to the island people but to all the traveling public. But doubtless, in exchange for the advantages derived from the bridges, some of the attractive features of Shelter Island will have to be sacrificed. Which will it be?

In the spring of 1892 Byron Griffing was elected Supervisor, to succeed Dr. S. B. Nicoll, and held the office for fourteen years.

Mr. Griffing's nomination was a surprise to the people for he had not been looked upon in the light of a public official, having never held a town office or taken any part in political affairs. He was retiring by nature, a reader and a thinker, and never aspired to be prominent in public life.

It was only after much persuasion that he consented to accept the nomination for this office. Although inexperienced as a town official, nevertheless he performed the duties of Supervisor very efficiently and to the entire satisfaction of his constituents. During the time he held office the Democrats placed no one in nomination against him. It was a matter of general regret when Mr. Griffing, after fourteen years of service, decided not to continue longer in office. He was a trustee of the Presbyterian Church for three years, and an elder for twenty-six years. Byron

was unusually gifted as a writer of verse, and could express himself equally well in humorous or serious veins.

When a church or library was to be dedicated, or a golden wedding was to be celebrated, he was called upon to write an original poem for the occasion. His poem, "Hallowed Echoes," which appeared in Mr. Mallmann's history, and was written at the time the church was rededicated, was perhaps his greatest effort in expressing beautiful thoughts in choice language.

In the summer of 1892, during a severe thunder storm that occurred on the 26th of July, St. Mary's Episcopal Church was struck by lightning and completely destroyed by fire. As the bolt struck the steeple the building was consumed very slowly, so that it was possible to save the contents and the stained glass windows of the church.

It was just before this disaster occurred that two young men came from New York City to publish a newspaper on this island. They established their printing office at the "Center," and in the first issue of the paper appeared a full account of the burning of the church. If the editors could have been as fortunate every week in obtaining "live" news for their paper as they were the first week, the Shelter Island Tribune would doubtless have been a great success. But unfortunately important happenings on the island were rather rare, so it was difficult to find enough items to fill a great deal of space in a full-sized newspaper, consequently it was a struggle to maintain the paper.

And the winter of 1892-93 was a memorable one for its severity, and it must have reminded the Field Brothers, in their struggles against heavy odds, of the winter that Washington passed at Valley Forge. But the editors stuck courageously at their post until the following sum-

mer, and did not surrender the ship until they were fully convinced that a weekly newspaper on Shelter Island was not a feasible project,—at least, not just at that time. And so the Shelter Island Tribune passed out of the picture and became merely a memory, and now it is hardly that.

In the year 1892 real estate was moving quite briskly on Shelter Island, and among the transactions that took place were the sale of two large places on the south side of this island to two men who were prominent summer residents here for many years. The two men referred to were Francis M. Smith, of Oakland, California, and Artemas Ward, of New York City.

Both of these men had interesting careers; both amassed large fortunes, and both were philanthropists.

Mr. Smith was born in Richmond, Wisconsin. Upon reaching his majority he went out to Nevada as a prospector. One day he discovered a white deposit in a valley below his cabin which proved to be borax. Borax at that time was selling at five dollars a pound. Mr. Smith organized a company to market the product, but when the news of the discovery leaked out, the price of borax dropped to ten cents a pound, and his associates left him.

Convinced that the market could be controlled if a man had enough accessible borax, Mr. Smith not only kept what he had found but also got control of additional deposits in California. For a time he had control of the world's supply and was known as the Borax King. His deposits were not on a railroad and so he used big freighters' wagons, with numerous spans of mules to haul the product to the railroad, using a twenty-mule team as his trademark. It is believed that the most picturesque part of his eventful career was in the early days when he drove "twenty-mule teams" to transport the borax from Death

Valley to rail heads at Barstow and Zabriskie, California. It is estimated that in time borax piled up a fortune of about \$20,000,000 for him.

Seeking investment for his funds Mr. Smith organized a transportation company to connect San Francisco with the cities across the bay, and did well with this, too, until cutthroat competition began. He held out as long as he could, sold his borax holdings to meet his obligations, but finally was forced into bankruptcy, his debts exceeding his assets by several millions. Mr. Smith was sixty-five years old then, but he did not repine, being encouraged considerably by the discovery that a silver mine, on which he had taken a chance in his more prosperous days, had rich deposits. He could have retired on his income from his share of the mine but he preferred to pay his debts and start over again. He got more borax land in California, put up a refinery, and began competing with the big concern he had founded years before, but was now in other hands. In 1921, when he was seventy-five years old, and "bucking the trust," he heard while in New York City of the discovery of new borax deposits near the Grand Canyon by prospectors who wished to sell immediately. Mr. Smith took the next train west. He traveled five days on the train, and eight miles across the desert, on horseback, only to find that his competitors already had representatives on the ground. As is sometimes the way with agents of big corporations, these men did not know whether they had the authority to close the deal immediately, and that was what the prospectors desired. Mr. Smith knew he had the authority, and when told the price was \$250,000, he wrote a check for that amount then and there. Three months later a survey revealed the value of the deposits as \$24,000,000.

Mr. Smith was interested in many enterprises in Ala-

meda County, and did much to develop that county. But when his \$200,000,000 United Properties Company came crashing down some years ago, Smith was ruined almost over night.

One of the sorrows of his declining years was the loss of his home in Oakland, known as Oak Hall, one of the show places of the city. Shortly before his death he auctioned off an art piece in his home that was valued at \$1,800,000.

Mr. Smith proved himself great in his youth by wresting from the barren wastes of Death Valley a large fortune, but he proved even greater when adversity came to him in old age and he fought on with courage and determination against overwhelming odds. Noted as a philanthropist as well as a mining expert and capitalist, Mr. Smith built numerous homes around his extensive Oakland estate for homeless girls, and he organized means of educating and caring for them.

Artemas Ward, Sr., who was a well-known summer resident of our island for more than thirty years, was an advertiser, manufacturer, publisher, and philanthropist. He was born in New York City, and was a great-grandson of Major General Artemas Ward, Commander-in-Chief of the New England forces at the beginning of the Revolutionary War, and later was first Major General under General Washington; he was also a member of the Continental Congress for three years, Speaker of the House during Shay's Rebellion, which he was instrumental in putting down, and a member of the second and third United States Congresses.

Mr. Ward moved to Philadelphia when he was a young man to enter the employ of a well-known company of importers. In 1874 he founded the trade journal known as the "Philadelphia Grocer," of which he was owner, editor,

and publisher for many years. His work on this journal won for him wide recognition in the grocery trade, with the result that, in 1885, he became general manager of Enoch Morgan Sons' Company which, by its extensive advertising of "Sapolio" became a well-known firm throughout the country. While manager of this company he conceived the idea of sending Captain Andrews in a fourteen-foot boat named "Sapolio" from Atlantic City to Palos, Spain. This was one of the first publicity scoops in the advertising line in this country. As manager of the Sapolio Company Mr. Ward greatly increased the production and sale of this product, and made sapolio one of the foremost scouring soaps in the world. Mr. Ward was a born advertiser, and seemed to know intuitively the best method to use to catch the attention of the public. His experience in advertising and developing the Enoch Morgan Sons' business led him into the general advertising field with the result that he formed the company of Ward and Gow, which later became Artemas Ward, Inc. of New York City. Under these two companies he obtained the advertising privileges on the New York Elevated and Interborough Rapid Transit cars, and the elevated and surface cars of Brooklyn. These privileges, with the rights that went with them, created a business of mammoth proportions, and by it Mr. Ward became one of the leading business men of the metropolis.

From 1913-20 he was the proprietor of the King Motor Car Company of Detroit.

Among other of his interests were a three-thousand-acre dairy farm in Orange County, and a thousand-acre apple orchard in Virginia.

In 1921 Mr. Ward published the *Life of Artemas Ward*, the first Commander-in-Chief of the American Revolution, a valuable contribution to American history; in 1923, an

Encyclopedia of Foods, which was considered the outstanding authority on foods; and in 1925, the William Ward Genealogy. Mr. Ward was a member of a number of societies of a historical, biographical and genealogical nature, also a member of a number of clubs of a social nature.

A fund for the benefit of the Hundred Neediest Cases in New York City has been raised at the beginning of each winter season for a good many years. Mr. Ward's name used to head the list of contributors to this fund, as he contributed a thousand dollars to each of the four organizations that were formed to receive and distribute these contributions.

Among other benefactions he founded a school in Brooklyn for crippled boys who were taught useful occupations.

Mr. Ward was constantly making improvements on his two hundred and twenty acre estate, and thereby gave much employment to the men of this island. He was gifted in many ways, and his career was an unusually successful one, but perhaps the one great impression that Artemas Ward left in the minds of the island people was made by his genial personality.

In the autumn of 1895 the Rev. Jacob E. Mallmann came here to preach in the Presbyterian Church as a candidate. On November 17th of that year he was unanimously invited to become the pastor of the church, and was installed the following January. Mr. Mallmann continued his duties here for twenty-five years, being the longest pastorate of any minister that ever served in this church. During the early part of his pastorate here the church was renovated and greatly improved, and a pipe organ installed. In preparing for the re-dedication of the church Mr. Mallmann became so interested in the history of the

church and of the island that he decided to write a book that would combine the history of both. This he did, and it was published in 1899 under the title of "Shelter Island and its Presbyterian Church." This history of the island ended with the year 1815, and only the history of the church continued from that time. In connection with this volume there are complete genealogical tables of the descendants of the early settlers of this island and of the founders of the church, and the work is recognized and has been commended as an authority.

Mr. Mallmann was unusually gifted and his talents included those of a minister, musician, and a mechanic. He was so much attached to the island and its people that it was his request that he should be buried here, and his remains rest in the new cemetery at the north of the church in which he served so long as pastor.

Rev. A. Lincoln Shear of Asbury Park, New Jersey, succeeded Mr. Mallmann in 1921, and preached here until 1927.

The present minister of the Presbyterian Church, Rev. George J. Kilgus, succeeded Mr. Shear in 1927.

The great tragedy of the Nineties was the burning of that building which was a marvel of beauty in architecture,—the original Manhanset House. This occurred in the summer of 1896, in the month of August, and on the date that is so renowned for tragedies,—the thirteenth.

It was just about the time for serving breakfast in the hotel that a fire was discovered in the laundry building at the rear of the hotel. If there had been a sufficient supply of water on hand it is probable that the fire could have been readily subdued. As it was the flames got under such headway that they leaped across the driveway that separated the laundry from the main building, and set the latter building on fire. By the time the firemen arrived

from Greenport with their engine the flames had made considerable progress. But even then the firemen could probably have extinguished the fire if they had not been handicapped by lack of water. The fire crept slowly but steadily along the easterly side of the hotel, from the rear to the front, until it reached the northeast corner of the building, and then a light easterly wind fanned the flames along the front, and the beautiful building went down like a house of cards.

The hotel was full of guests at the time, and there was great excitement among them in their efforts to get their baggage out of the burning building. It was said that the colored help held up the guests for big pay before they would render any service in removing the baggage. The fire was stopped at the low one story structure that connected the main building with the annex.

It was a strange sensation to go into the hotel while the building was still largely intact and realize that in a few hours all those fine rooms, with their furnishings, would be as completely annihilated as if they had never existed. Before the opening of another season the old building had been replaced by a more modern one, and one that corresponded with the new annex, but the glory of the former house could not be replaced.

If we stop to consider that during this decade fire had consumed a store, a Post Office, a telegraph office, a public library, a church and a large hotel, we realize that the Gay Nineties were not altogether gay for Shelter Island.



BURNING OF THE ORIGINAL MANHASSET HOUSE, AUGUST 13, 1896



THE SHELTER ISLAND YACHT CLUB IN ITS EARLY DAYS

Chapter XXVIII

THE WORLD WAR

ALTHOUGH the first thirty odd years of this present century have been eventful ones in the world's history, yet as we look back upon them there does not seem to be many important incidents connected with the history of our little isle to relate. Perhaps the reason for this is that recent happenings are not seen in the right perspective to make them appear interesting. The ox-cart age is interesting to us when we have reached the automobile age, and probably the same will be true about autos when they have been replaced in a large measure by airplanes.

What surprises are awaiting those that are living twenty-five or thirty years from now. Instead of riding over the ground at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour they will be flying above the earth at the rate of two or three hundred miles an hour. But to return to our history.

David H. Young succeeded his partner, Byron Griffing as Supervisor in 1905. Mr. Young was a grandson of Rev. Thomas Harries who was pastor of the Presbyterian Church for so many years, and he was a nephew of Judge Thomas Young of Huntington. It was during the time that Mr. Young held office that the State road was laid across the island from ferry to ferry. This great improvement was much appreciated by the people of the island. Mr. Young held the office of Supervisor for eight years without any opposition. In 1912 Theodore Roosevelt

organized the Progressive or Bull Moose party and this split the Republican party squarely in two.

The Democrats of Shelter Island, who had not been represented on the Board of Supervisors for twenty years, nor had made any nominations for the office during that time, were shrewd enough to see that the hour for them to act had struck. In the fall of 1912 Charles H. Smith, the Democratic nominee was elected Supervisor in a three-cornered fight.

Perhaps it is enough to say that in a strong Republican town Mr. Smith held the office for seventeen years, defeating all candidates that were nominated against him. In 1929 T. Everett C. Tuthill was elected Supervisor, and he was re-elected to the office in 1931. Everett is not the first Tuthill to hold this office, as his great uncle James D. Tuthill was elected Supervisor in 1847. James Tuthill, or Squire Tuthill as he was usually called was the owner of a large farm on the south side of this island which later was inherited by his nephew the late James Wickham Tuthill, and part of the farm is now owned by Wickham's daughter Mrs. Amy Tuthill Wallace.

In 1907 the Catholic Church, known as "Our Lady of the Isle Church," was built at Shelter Island Heights by Rev. Charles Gibney who was then the pastor of the Catholic Church in Greenport. Before this time the Catholics of the island were obliged to go to Greenport to attend church services. For many summers mass was said in the Manhanset House in which the priests from Greenport officiated. In 1911 the Passionist Fathers took charge of the church and Rev. Father Isidore Smith, C. P., was made its first pastor. He had Fr. Alexius, Fr. Valentine and others to assist him. In 1925 Bishop Molloy took over the parish and appointed Rev. Fr. Cornelius

Duffy, pastor. In May 1928 the Bishop appointed the present incumbent, Rev. William W. Kroupa, pastor.

The outstanding catastrophe in the history of Shelter Island occurred in 1910 when that beautiful building known as the Manhasset House was totally destroyed by fire. In the middle of a May night, when all the people were rapt in slumber, a ball of fire descended, a terrific report was heard, and in a few short hours that handsome hotel, which had been the scene of so many festive gatherings, and which for years had been the pride of Shelter Island was gone forever. For the second time the people from different parts of this island, and from Greenport gathered at this point to witness a spectacular sight that had been staged by this hotel. The first fire occurred in the daytime, as we have seen, when the house was full of guests, but this one took place in the night when no one was in the building. The conflagration presented a picture never to be forgotten by those who beheld it. The people standing and watching with awe the cruel fiend Fire devour with greed that wonderful creation upon which so much thought and labor had been expended, was an impressive spectacle. How helpless one felt in the presence of such a terrifying force! The flames leaped higher and higher as fresh material came within their reach, lighting up the surrounding country with a weird light, and attracting the gulls that came and hovered over the scene as if fascinated by the sight. There were really three buildings included in the holocaust and by the time the sun rose the following morning nothing remained of them but a few blackened embers. But let us not allow the last agonies of this grand hostelry to linger in our minds, but remember it as we have seen it at the close of a bright summer's day when its many windows were reflecting the red rays of the western horizon and, thrilled with the

beauty of the scene we almost wondered if we had not caught a vision of that better land that lies beyond the setting sun.

No effort was made to rebuild the hotel as Mr. Thomas Wood, the president and principal stockholder of the company was in advanced years, and the demand for large summer hotels had already begun to wane at that time. Later the Manhasset property was incorporated as a village under the name of the Village of Dering Harbor, and this fine section is now strictly residential.

It is not wise to call any particular location or building the finest one, for that is always a matter of opinion. But among the many fine places in the Village of Dering Harbor is the one owned by Mr. Adolph Schwarzmänn. This place demonstrates how a summer home can be created that will always be a delight to the eye and a joy forever when man works in harmony with nature. This fine type of Colonial architecture that was designed by the late Stanford White, the famous architect, surrounded by so much that is beautiful in nature makes a most pleasing picture.

It is not well to call to mind memories of those anxious years, when the World War, that terrible blot on our Christian civilization, was being waged. The last two years, when the United States had joined the Allies, were especially anxious ones for the people of this country, when thousands of American troops were either fighting in France, or being rushed overseas to fight. Sixty-four young men of Shelter Island were in Uncle Sam's service helping him in different ways to keep Old Glory floating over Flander's Field or some other field of France.

This is the list of names of the men that served in the World War from here, as appears on a tablet of our War Boulder that is located at the "Center":

Charles C. Baldwin, John S. Baldwin, Frederick W. Becker, Louis Bohlke, George P. Cartwright, Henry H. Case, Albert H. Casey, Irving F. Clark, Philip R. Clark, Harry Dawson, Walter M. Dawson, Daniel W. Dickerson, Henry E. Dickerson, William E. Dickerson, Leo J. Donohue, Elmer W. Edwards, Jr., Walter Franklin, Claude L. Fuller, Henry H. Fuller, George O. Griffith, J. Harry Hansen, O. William Hansen, George R. Havens, Randolph G. Hudson, Ralph D. Hulse, Henry E. Jennings, Joseph M. Kelley, William C. Ketcham, Eugene H. King, Walter C. King, Frederick C. R. Klein, James Laspia, John Laspia, Joseph Mawrey, William L. Macdonald, Clarence J. McManus, Thomas C. McManus, Thomas S. McNamara, Henry Martin Mitchell, Elbert A. Nostrand, Clarence W. Parish, Russell B. Parish, Charles F. Payne, Edward W. Payne, Kenneth H. Payne, Alfred E. Poor, C. Lane Poor, Jr., Edward H. Raynor, Harold L. Ryder, Stanley Sabalinskas, Russell H. Sherman, Rev. Isidore C. R. Smith, Thomas E. Stein, Perry M. Sturges, Frank Sugo, Theodore C. Towl, John W. Weber, Ulmer J. Weber, Clarence M. Wilcox, Jr., John E. Worthington, George K. Worthington, Thomas T. Young, Frederick R. Zable, Otto J. Zable.

On a smaller tablet of the memorial appears a list of the Civil War veterans as follows:

Frank Barnes, George C. Case, James Cayton, Robert J. Congdon, James M. Conklin, John Conklin, David S. Dean, Edward S. Dickerson, Marcus B. Duvall, Charles C. Griffing, C. Marcus Griffing, Randolph Griffing, William M. Halsey, Thomas Harries, Madison J. Hempstead, Charles Havens, Benjamin Hudson, Samuel B. Jennings, Ray Littlefield, Cornelius B. Martin, David Macomber, Sylvester Nicoll, E. Havens Payne, H. Howard Preston,

Joseph H. Parish, Jeremiah Sullivan, Max Walther, Nathan T. Wilcox, George Worthington.*

We have read that at the close of the Revolutionary War, when the British ships were sailing out of Gardiner's Bay the people of this island went up on Prospect Hill and held a jubilee as they watched the ships depart.

At the close of the War of 1812 they met at the home of General Sylvester Dering and had a time of rejoicing.

In a letter to her sister Miss Cornelia Horsford told how Armistice Day of 1918 was celebrated on here. After telling of the preparations that were made for a big bonfire she continued as follows:—"When we went home after the Red Cross meeting I stopped near the mill to see how the bonfire was building up. The line of wagons loaded with brush was still coming slowly up the road from my gate in the red sunset light, looking just like a picture. In the evening the fire-engine and hook and ladder apparatus were hung with Chinese lanterns, and the men wore their white helmets. They led the procession and Mrs. Crispell in her car followed with the Civil War veterans, Mr. Havens Payne, Mr. William Halsey and Mr. Marcus B. Duvall. After that there must have been thirty or forty automobiles all dressed with flags, their own lights making a brilliant show. The bonfire was already burning, throwing up roaring flames and showers of sparks, and casting its red light far and wide. Some of the farmers who marched had old lanterns on sticks over their shoulders. After a good deal of marching all the bells began to ring,—the school bell, the fire bell and the bells of the two churches. It was very beautiful and solemn. Mr. Mallmann made his speech through a megaphone, standing near the bonfire. First we sang the

* A few of these men were not residents of Shelter Island at the time of the Civil War, but lived here for many years after the war.

'Doxology' and then he talked to us. Then we sang 'My Country 'tis of Thee.' Mr. Mallmann told us that one of our boys had been promoted to captain, (Elbert A. Nostrand) and had won the Croix de Guerre and we all cheered for him. Then he told us one had died (Martin Mitchell) and asked us all to be silent for a few minutes and it seemed as if all the world was still until he said 'Amen.' We cheered a few other things that he told about and then sang 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' The Service Flag with its one gold star floated above us lighted by the red glare from the fire, and the great arms of the mill stretched out like a blessing, and the moon shone over all. It was a sweet and solemn hour, poetic in its simplicity and the great crowd of people."

The name of a World War veteran that does not appear on our memorial but whom Shelter Island would be proud to claim is that of Col. Ralph H. Isham. Col. Isham spent many summers on the island in his infancy and youth, and his mother, Mrs. Juliet C. Isham is still a resident of the Heights. Col. Isham was in England at the outbreak of the World War and joined the British army and was made Lieutenant Colonel. Among other honors that he received from the British government in recognition of the part he played in the war was a medal which was handed to him by King George, conferring upon him the title of Commander of the British Empire, the highest honor that can be conferred upon one who is not a British subject. Col. Isham is now engaged in publishing a work that is attracting much attention in the literary world, and which will probably link his name inseparably with those of Dr. Samuel Johnson and James Boswell; Johnson who possessed one of the greatest intellects in English history, and Boswell who was the greatest biographer in all history. Some years ago Col. Isham, in

company with Lord and Lady Malahide paid a visit to Malahide Castle in Scotland. Being very familiar with Boswell's writings he noticed a cabinet in the attic of the castle which he instantly recognized as being the ebony cabinet which was often referred to by Boswell in his writings. Upon opening this cabinet there were found many valuable papers of the great biographer that had been lying there undisturbed, for years. Although these papers were sought by many collectors and publishers in England who were willing to pay a large price for them yet Col. Isham was fortunate enough to secure them. He brought the papers to this country, and they are now being edited and published in an elegant and limited edition of fifteen volumes or more. Col. Isham's mother, Mrs. Juliet C. Isham, who has lived at the Heights for many years is also known in the literary world. One of her poems which was written when she was sixteen years of age was accepted by the Atlantic Monthly Magazine, and in 1924 she published a book of poems entitled "Winds and Tides" which received favorable comment in different parts of this country.*

In the decade between 1920 and 1930 quite a number of important real estate transactions were consummated on here. In 1922 two camps were established,—Camp Quinipet, a camp for boys at Rocky Point, and Dr. Pettit's Camps for girls and adults on the shore near Rocky Point.

At this same time Albert J. and Fred N. Dickerson opened up a new development at Menantic which has proved very popular. This is often spoken of as the "Montclair Colony" as a number of the men who first built here were from that attractive New Jersey city.

* Since the above lines were written, Mrs. Isham has passed away.

This property is prettily located on West Neck Harbor and commands a wonderful view of the South Ferry and Noyac and Peconic Bays. Two of the recent developments that have been opened up are the Ram Island Estates and the Silver Beach colony. The Ram Island Estates are situated on the easterly side of the island and consist of two beautiful tracts of land that were formerly known as Little and Big Ram Islands. But they are not really islands for both tracts can be reached by narrow beaches. Gardiner's Bay borders this property on the east and Coeckles' Harbor, a fine land-locked harbor washes it on the south and west.

This property, which was owned for many years by the Tuthill family, and came into possession of the present company in 1926, consists of about four hundred acres of land, a hotel known as Ram's Head Inn, twelve or fourteen summer residences and a bathing pavilion. The drives that have been laid out through this property are very popular for they lead along the shores of harbor and bay, over high hills and through shady woods, making a delightful combination of scenery.

The Silver Beach colony is also beautifully located, having a fine bay on the south and west, and a safe harbor on the east. This is part of the West Neck property that formerly belonged to Rev. Richard F. Nicoll, of whom we have read. Although this is a very recent development, as it was first launched in the season of 1929, yet it has already made considerable progress. A number of summer residences have been built there, and also a bathing pavilion. Pleasant drives have been laid out through the property, and pretty basins for mooring small pleasure boats have been made by dredging. One of the unique features of this property is a long narrow beach that extends out into the water for a considerable distance, mak-

ing a fine protection for West Neck Harbor from southerly gales. The views from this location looking over to the sandy bluffs and wooded hills on the Noyac Bay side, and across the bay to Paradise Point at the west are exceedingly fine.

Among the recent developments is the bungalow colony owned by Mr. James M. Heatherton that lies between the State Road and Gardiner's Creek, and is about a quarter of a mile from Dering Harbor. This is part of the land that once comprised the Shadrach Conkling farm. The colony has been named the Shelter Island Manor, and consists of a number of attractive bungalows.

The big deal of this decade was the sale of the Sachem's Neck property in or about 1925, and after one or two transfers came into possession of Mr. Otto Kahn, banker and opera patron of New York.

The passing of this title out of the Nicoll name after an ownership of 230 years was a memorable event in the history of Shelter Island, and in the future it may be regarded in importance with the sale of this same property to the first William Nicoll in 1695, and with the sale of the 1000 acres in the Center to George Havens in 1700. But the sale of Sachem's Neck has meant nothing more to the people of the island than a change in the name of the ownership. Until last year Miss Annie Nicoll continued to come to the island to spend the summers at the Nicoll home, as one of the conditions of the sale was that she should have a life-lease of the Nicoll mansion. Miss Nicoll passed away in January, 1931, the last one of her father's family to go, and at her death the full possession of the property passed into Mr. Kahn's hands. What disposition he will make of his purchase remains to be seen. The property has wonderful possibilities, and could be made an important and attractive part of Shelter Island.

At present Sachem's Neck is almost an unknown quantity to our people, and if some mighty convulsion should happen to sever it from the rest of the island perhaps it would be mostly missed by the loss of its long shore-line. At this writing a new town building is being erected at Shelter Island Center. On the ground floor of this building will be kept the fire apparatus which the town has recently procured, and above this will be a town hall. Shelter Island has not had a town hall since the old building that was used for that purpose was torn down about thirty years ago.

Chapter XXIX

CAPTAIN KIDD

PERHAPS some people might think that a history of Shelter Island would not be complete without some reference being made to that notorious pirate of olden times, Captain William Kidd. It does seem as if he should enter into our story in some way, for he was a much talked of character in these parts in early days, and supplied the people with many exciting stories at a time when they were very much needed. It would be very pleasing if we had the authority to state that Capt. Kidd visited this island one or more times, and buried some of his treasure here. If we were writing the history of Gardiner's Island instead of Shelter Island we could do this, for it is a historical fact that Kidd buried a large amount of treasure on that island at one time. There is now in possession of the Gardiner family a small piece of cloth that is carefully preserved under glass. This is a piece of the dress goods that Capt. Kidd gave to Mrs. Gardiner in return for the farm produce that he had demanded of Mr. Gardiner, and which was called the Cloth of Gold. There is also a piece of it at Sylvester Manor house that is similarly preserved. In looking up Kidd's record it is quite apparent that he was a much maligned character. William Kidd was born in Scotland about 1650; entered the merchant marine service in his youth, and distinguished himself as a privateersman against the French in the West Indies. He was active against the pirates that infested

the waters near New York, out of which port he sailed; and for his services the Assembly of the province gave him \$750, in 1691. In 1695 a company for the suppression of piracy by privateering was organized in England. Among the share-holders in the enterprise were King William III, the Earl of Bellomont, Robert Livingston of New York, and other men of wealth and influence. One tenth of all the booty gained by privateering was to be set aside for the King, and the rest was to be divided among the share-holders. A new ship of 287 tons was bought and named the Adventure Galley, and at the suggestion of Livingston, who was then in England, Captain Kidd was appointed her commander and admitted as a share-holder. His commission bore the royal seal and signature.

On April 3, 1696, he sailed from Plymouth and arrived at New York about July 4. With his ship well provisioned, and with a crew of 154 men and boys, he sailed for Madagascar, the chief rendezvous of the pirates who infested the India seas. In the course of a year or more rumors reached England that Kidd had turned pirate. At length the clamor became so loud that the royal share-holder in the enterprise, and his associates, perceived the necessity of taking action, and an order was issued to all English Colonial governors to cause the arrest of Kidd wherever he might be found. In the spring of 1699 he appeared in the West Indies in a vessel loaded with treasure. Leaving her in a bay on the coast of Haiti in charge of his first officer and a part of the ship's company, he sailed northward with forty men in a sloop, entered Long Island Sound and at Oyster Bay took on board James Emott, a New York lawyer, and landing him on Rhode Island sent him to the Earl of Bellomont, then at Boston as governor of Massachusetts, to inquire how he

(Kidd) would be received by his partner in the enterprise. During Emott's absence Kidd had buried some of his treasure, which he had brought with the sloop, on Gardiner's Island. Bellomont's answer was such that Kidd went to Boston July 1, 1699, where he was arrested, sent to England, tried on a charge of piracy and murder, found guilty, and executed May 24, 1701, protesting his innocence. It is admitted that his trial was grossly unfair, and it is believed that Kidd was made a scape-goat to bear away the sins of men in high places. Earl Bellomont sent to Haiti for Kidd's ship, but it had been stripped by the men in charge; but he recovered the treasure buried on Gardiner's Island, also that which Kidd had with him in the sloop, amounting in the aggregate to about \$70,000.

Ever since Kidd's death there have been numerous attempts to discover places along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts where the pirate was believed to have secreted other treasure.

A story is told of how one of these attempts was made on Shelter Island. It is said that a company of men of this place went to a remote part of Sachem's Neck one dark night, with picks and spades, to dig for Kidd's treasure, which was supposed to have been buried in that locality. After digging for some time suddenly one of the spades struck against something that made a metallic sound. The men were sure it was the kettle that contained Kidd's gold, and were about to continue their labors when to their dismay they saw a full-rigged ship loom up out of the darkness, and by its weird light they saw the bearded faces of fierce-looking men on the ship's deck. Not stopping to inquire the mission of these strange visitors the men dropped pick, spade and lantern and fled from the scene as fast as their trembling legs could carry them. And they never cared to repeat the spooky experi-

ence. The scene of another Kidd story was laid on the east shore of Dering Harbor, near Sunset Rock. Sunset Rock, so named for having been the resort, formerly, of the Shelter Island ladies, to watch the sun in its going down, reciting poetry and singing songs meanwhile, is pointed out as near the spot where the notorious Kidd buried his ill-gotten treasures. The story goes, that he came with twenty men to perform the work, and when it was done he cut off all their heads to prevent their telling.

This is one of the verses of a song that used to be sung about Kidd many years ago:—

I murdered William More,
As I sailed, as I sailed;
I murdered William More, as I sailed.
I murdered William More,
And I left him in his gore,
Not many miles from shore,
As I sailed.

There were several other verses that continued in the same cheerful strain. To obtain the full effect from this song it should be sung on a dark night as you are passing through a dense woods alone.

We have followed the history of Shelter Island from its settlement in 1652 to the present time, a period of 280 years, and it is to be hoped that we have taken note of most of the principal events that have occurred during that time. I will now bring my story to a close with the following little tribute to my native isle, and at the same time I acknowledge my indebtedness for the meter of these verses to the author of that pleasing little poem entitled "In Ole Virginny":—

THE ENCHANTED ISLE

The sunshine nowhere seems so bright
 As on Shelter Island;
 And hearts are nowhere quite so light
 As on Shelter Island;
 The air is nowhere quite so pure,—
 The waters nowhere have such lure;—
 Even troubles you'll find are fewer
 On Shelter Island.

The skies seem nowhere quite so blue
 As o'er Shelter Island;
 Dark days are nowhere quite so few
 As on Shelter Island;
 The sands seem nowhere quite so white,
 And nowhere make a prettier sight,—
 In fact most everything's just right
 On Shelter Island.

The seas are seldom very rough
 'Round Shelter Island;
 Although the waves are high enough
 'Round Shelter Island;
 The clams taste nowhere quite so sweet,—
 The fish and crabs are hard to beat,—
 Indeed most anything's a treat
 You find at Shelter Island.

Where can be found more lovely links
 Than on Shelter Island?
 Nowhere, so every golfer thinks
 On Shelter Island;
 Where can be found such pretty views
 That always drive away the blues?
 Where can you make the score you choose
 Except on Shelter Island?

The hills seem nowhere quite so high
As on Shelter Island;
And heaven seems nowhere quite so nigh
As on Shelter Island;
For "Paradise" is close at hand
And even far-famed "Promised Land"
Can by the mortal eye be scanned
From Shelter Island.

Where can be found such loyal friends
As on Shelter Island?
Happy is he whose journey ends
On Shelter Island;
Where can be found so much that's best?
Where can be found such peace and rest?
Seek no further but end your quest
On Shelter Island.

Perhaps God made a prettier place
Than Shelter Island;
One with more charm and added grace
Than Shelter Island;
But doubtless neither you nor I,—
Although we search both low and high,—
Will ever find an isle to vie—
With Shelter Island.

NOTE

This marks the end of Duvall's "History of Shelter Island" as originally published. The remaining chapters and the index are the work of Jean Lichty Schladermundt.

Chapter XXX

1932-1952

TO a casual inquiry about what has happened on Shelter Island in the twenty years since Mr. Duvall's "History of Shelter Island" was published, one gentleman replied, "Nothing ever happens here!" It was a hasty remark, repeated here only to point up the fact that for islanders and summer residents alike, life on the whole moves tranquilly from season to season. Nothing has occurred to mar the natural beauty and freshness of Shelter Island. Its clear air and magnificent views are as much a tonic to the spirit as they were when they attracted Nathaniel Sylvester and his bride to settle here three hundred years ago. The centuries have of course brought many changes, but the changes have come gradually and are not as far-reaching as in many other comparable communities within the same radius of New York City. In summers the roads and shops are busy and the beaches are popular; sail and power boats of all sizes glide in and out of the harbors; and all year round the commercial fishing boats may be seen setting out from Greenport. Island people go about their affairs in an unhurried and independent manner, and summer visitors find in Shelter Island an eminently satisfactory place for relaxation and recreation.

When one takes the time to compare the island in 1932 with its appearance and conditions today, it is found that a number of significant changes have taken place. There may have been no startling increase in the census figures,

but the osprey population has multiplied enormously. The light and power company is kept busy building platforms for these fish hawks to nest in, in order to keep their poles and lines free. The company's superintendent estimates that the ospreys have increased 500 per cent in the past forty years. Sylvester Manor is no longer the "Horsford estate." Some old landmarks are gone, but there are many new modern homes and several public buildings. And while it has no immediate bearing on Shelter Island's history, mention should be made of the fact that publication of Colonel Isham's "Private Papers of James Boswell from Malahide Castle" was completed in 1934 by the Oxford University Press. Mr. Duvall describes the beginnings of this gargantuan undertaking (18 volumes plus Index) on pages 219-20, well knowing that it was sure to make literary history.

To be specific, here is a partial list of the events of the past twenty years that have left their mark on the history of Shelter Island:

1. New Town Hall built 1932.
2. Presbyterian Church building burned in 1934.
3. Shelter Island Yacht Club's fiftieth anniversary, 1936.
4. Disastrous hurricane, 1938, and lesser hurricanes in 1944 and 1950.
5. Shelter Island Fire House built 1941.
6. World War II, 1941-45.
7. Burning of New Prospect Hotel, 1942.
8. Formation of Shelter Island Farmers' Co-operative, 1949.
9. Construction of new Public School building, 1950-51.
10. Reorganization of Dering Harbor Golf Club as the Gardiner's Bay Country Club, 1951-52.

This outline is more than enough to show that time has not stood still on Shelter Island. Fires and storms have taken a severe toll, but new buildings and new landscaping have added much to the attractiveness of this proud island.

At the close of his book (page 223), Mr. Duvall says that "a new town building is being erected at Shelter Island Center. On the ground floor of this building will be kept the fire apparatus. . . ." This is the brick Town Hall completed in 1932, whose plaque reads as follows:

T. EVERETT C. TUTHILL, Supervisor
EDGAR P. BALDWIN, Town Clerk

H. K. DAWSON, Superintendent of Highways
M. VOLNEY LIDDELL, Architect
BENJAMIN L. REEVE, Construction Superintendent.

The building is ample for the town's needs and is used for many purposes by the entire community. But its service as a housing for the fire apparatus ended when the new Shelter Island Fire House was erected in 1941. Since the equipment was moved to this modern, fireproof building, the space in the basement of the Town Hall has been available for garaging the ambulance donated to the town in 1947 by Mrs. Dorothy P. Kahle. The car had been specially built for Mrs. Kahle's mother, Mrs. Pickhardt.

It is appropriate here to say something about the total facilities for fighting fires at Shelter Island. There are three Fire Districts, each having its own equipment and headquarters: at the Center, at Shelter Island Heights, and in the village of Dering Harbor. At present the combined resources of these departments comprise four pumpers, two hose carts, and one hook and ladder truck. The three districts work as one, and the volunteer firemen respond in a matter of minutes to the sound of an alarm. These men

follow a rigorous course of training and have frequent drills to improve their fire-fighting techniques. In the event of a large fire, additional companies are called from Greenport and other neighboring communities.

On February 6, 1934, a fire occurred which gained such headway before the alarm was sounded that the firemen were powerless to stop it. Early in the evening of this winter night, when snow covered the ground, the Presbyterian Church was discovered to be ablaze. The chapel was already almost entirely consumed, and the flames spread so quickly through the rest of the frame building that it was possible to save only a few relics.

The church destroyed that night was over one hundred years old. It had been built "to take the place of the little old meeting house" of 1743 (page 116), and was dedicated in July 1817. But this site where two churches had stood was not to lie in ruins for long. Less than four months after the fire, the cornerstone was laid for the present church building, which almost exactly duplicates its predecessor. The following is quoted from the program for this ceremony which took place on June 3, 1934, as preserved in the "Session" minutes of the church:

"For almost one hundred seventeen years this building was a sacred spot, a House of Prayer, to succeeding generations who worshipped here. On the evening of February 6, 1934, it was completely destroyed by fire.

"The real spirit of Shelter Island asserted itself at once. Steps were taken toward the erection of a new church. At a Parish Meeting held on the evening of April 18, 1934, a motion was made by Mr. Samuel Hudson, and seconded by Mr. E. O. Payne, as follows: 'Resolved, That the meeting empower the Building Committee (Herbert W. Dickerson, Chairman, George Cartwright, Herbert M. Whitney, Everett C. Tuthill and Donald C. Clark) to proceed with

the erection of a church and chapel according to plan number one, and tentative figures submitted by Mr. J. E. Jargstorff at the last meeting.' ”

By the end of November construction was well advanced and the regular Thanksgiving services were held in the chapel of the new church. The entire building was completed early in 1935. The church was thus the second public building erected at the Center during the depression years. Both it and the Town Hall were built entirely by local labor.

Dr. J. Percival Huget came to the Presbyterian Church as minister soon after the fire and was a tower of strength during the period of rebuilding. He served until 1944, when he was succeeded by Rev. J. W. MacElree. The present minister, Rev. Gilbert Lovell, replaced Mr. MacElree in 1949. Dr. Huget still returns to Shelter Island in the summers and conducts services at the Union Chapel on the Heights.

During the ministry of Rev. MacElree an elaborate pageant was held at the Community Hall on April 15, 1947, to commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of the first visit of the Long Island Presbytery to Shelter Island. Entitled “Faith of Our Fathers” and written by Mrs. Everett C. Tuthill, the eleven scenes depicted various dramatic events in the development of Shelter Island and its church, from the time of the landing of the Sylvesters. The church has always been closely bound up with the community. The contribution of one of its ministers, Rev. Mallmann, who wrote the first history of the island, is an accomplishment which has earned the gratitude of everyone interested in Shelter Island and its lore.

To bring the records of the other churches up to date, there have been many changes in the resident pastors serving the Catholic Church at the Heights, “Our Lady of the

Isle." Special mention should be made of Rev. Joseph I. Foley, during whose tenure the new Rectory was built in 1937. The present pastor is Rev. William J. Reilly.

The Episcopal Church, St. Mary's, holds services in the summer months under the leadership of Rev. Lee A. Hanes. Rev. Hanes, who is rector in Hillsdale, N. J., was instrumental in reviving the church in 1949, after a number of years in which it had been closed.

But to return to worldly affairs, from which no island can be wholly exempt in modern times. The fiasco of Munich occurred in September 1938, and World War II began on September 1, 1939. When the United States entered the war after the attack on Pearl Harbor of December 7, 1941, the people of Shelter Island were ready and willing to make the sacrifices and difficult adjustments that soon confronted every community, small and large, throughout the country. Various branches of the military services claimed a great many of the island's young generation, while at home many civilians worked in the shipyards at Greenport, which increased their output enormously in the war years. Other civilians were employed in factories at Sag Harbor, and in industrial plants even farther away. Some summer homes had to remain closed at this period because of the restrictions on gasoline.

The list of the men and women from Shelter Island who served with the armed forces in World War II is a very long one, which may be seen on the tablet in front of Legion Hall at the Center. Those who gave their lives are: Charles W. Avona, C. Edward Conrad, Arthur L. Dickerson, Raymond C. Dickerson, Herbert E. Power, and John William Sanwald, Jr.

A new Roll of Honor by Legion Hall now lists the names of the young men in service because of the present conflict in Korea. Already one name is starred here; Julius Schultz,

Jr., lost his life in Korea. It is devoutly hoped that under the leadership of the United Nations this distant and savage war, which has taken such a heavy toll in casualties among the Allied forces, may be brought to a conclusion before spreading to other parts of Asia.

With V-J Day, World War II came to an end on September 2, 1945. There was no special celebration at Shelter Island, nor in many other towns. In retrospect it would seem that the American people as a whole felt no real sense of finality about the ending of the war and had a premonition of uneasy days ahead. In the troubled times since then, with the world powers engaged in a gigantic diplomatic struggle, the rights of free men have been threatened in many quarters. The people of Shelter Island have even more cause to be thankful for the comparative harmony and security of their lives.

In the booming post-war economy, which gradually released long-scarce building materials for private use, between fifty and sixty new homes have been built on the island. The developments at Silver Beach and Ram Island have several new residences, many of them in the attractive modern style of architecture which adapts so well to informal summer living. At the same time, some of the older and larger homes—in the village of Dering Harbor and on Divinity Hill, for instance—have been modernized by young families and converted to the less elaborate way of life that prevails today.

One significant feature of the new summer homes is that the majority of them are being equipped for occupancy over longer periods of the year. Whereas the earlier summer residents tended to spend only the short vacation season at the island, today's home owners are likely to be here from early spring until late fall, if only on week-ends. More homes now have heating facilities, and many families look

forward to permanent residence here after retirement. Imperceptibly with this has come a better relationship between the summer and year-round residents, who feel a mutual respect and affection that were perhaps not so strong in Shelter Island's early days as a summer resort. It is a healthy thing that the summer home owners want to put down roots here and are aware of their responsibilities as citizens. A number of them return to vote and take an active interest in local elections.

There are many vacationers who mourn the loss of one distinguished landmark of fond memory. On June 26, 1942, the New Prospect House burned to the ground. This large and—in its time—comparatively luxurious hotel had held a commanding view of the bays since 1872, being situated on the hill by the present Greenport ferry landing. Fortunately the fire occurred the day before the hotel was to receive guests for the coming season, so there was no loss of life. A report from the Shelter Island Heights Fire Company reads as follows:

"According to the Fire Company records, the New Prospect Hotel fire started at around 3:30 A.M. on June 26, 1942, in the bake shop, which was in a separate building in the enclosed courtyard in the rear of the hotel proper. It apparently had gained some headway before the alarm could be gotten in, and spread into the main building, at a point where a service stairway gave it access and draft to the upper floors.

"All three units of the Shelter Island Fire Departments responded, and companies from Greenport and Sag Harbor were called in to attempt to hold down the fire, but the entire main building was a total loss, as well as the kitchens and ballroom. The three-storey frame annex, to the west of the main building, was saved, and damage to nearby private homes prevented."

It was impractical to rebuild the hotel during the war years. The property was therefore made into a park by the Shelter Island Heights Association, and the several other hotels and guest houses on the island have gradually absorbed those of the perennial guests of the New Prospect who wished to continue their summer visits.

Nearest to the site of the old hotel is the Chequit Inn, and beyond it, Oxford Hall. On Stearns Point Road are the Shelter Island House and the Forest Inn. Just below them on the Shore Road are the Pridwin Hotel and Peconic Lodge. The latter, formerly known as Dr. Pettit's Camp, is now a family hotel where Dr. Pettit's daughter, Mrs. Edson, remains as owner-manager. Ram's Head Inn is again operating on Ram Island, after a period of inactivity during the war. Among the guest houses are the Beebe House, Bowditch House, Burns Cottage, Harbor Inn, Menantic Grove House, Oak Lodge, and Sylvan Lodge.

Camp Quinipet, on Jennings Point (also known as Stearns Point and Rocky Point), was purchased from Dr. Lester Clee in 1947 by the New York East Conference of the Methodist Church and is now used as a training center for church leadership. About fifteen hundred campers attend each summer.

The burning of the New Prospect House was not the only casualty of 1942. In the summer of that year, the Dering Harbor Golf Club failed to reopen. A declining membership list, damage from the hurricane, and the cost of maintenance during the war forced the discontinuance of this beautifully situated private golf course. But fortunately this is not lost to Shelter Island forever. After several years in which the berry bushes multiplied and the property reverted to a wild state, a group of enterprising men are reclaiming the course under the sponsorship of the Lions' Club of Shelter Island. The new association is known as the

Gardiner's Bay Country Club. The clubhouse has been renovated and the eighteen holes are being made ready for play. It is also planned to use the excellent swimming facilities at Hay Beach Point in connection with the club.

Meanwhile, the Shelter Island Country Club, owned by the Heights Association, continues in operation under the management of Mr. William Congdon. This nine-hole course, winding up and around one of the highest points of the island, is easily accessible from most of the hotels and is open to the public. A miniature golf course, known as the Manhasset Recreation Park and operated by Mr. William Johnston, is located near the center of the island.

September of 1938 brought the first of several disastrous hurricanes in modern times. While the damage was not comparable to that at the Hamptons and other points on Long Island, Shelter Island suffered a great deal of property damage and subsequent inconvenience because of fallen trees and power failure. The toll of buildings was relatively slight, being confined mainly to boathouses along the shore and the ferry house at the Heights. But uncounted numbers of trees went down. The ground had been soaked by a month of rains before the hurricane struck, and in the high winds the trees were easily uprooted, particularly the shallow-rooted evergreens. At Sylvester Manor the loss of trees was considerable, the pine grove being completely destroyed. There was also some damage to the old windmill. On the other hand, some nearby properties were quite untouched, the storm being a freakish one that cut wide swaths through some areas and spared others.

The 1938 hurricane marks a date that will never be forgotten by persons living along the Atlantic seaboard. Its violence and intensity were almost beyond belief, and in the days following it there were many accounts of danger, heroism, and near disaster. Dramatic tales of the fury of

the wind and waves are told by the sea captains on Shelter Island. Yet, in comparison with the inhabitants of Long Island, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and other points along the New England coast, Shelter Islanders had cause to be thankful that the damage here was no worse. The storm which laid waste many sections along the south shore of Long Island had lost some of its force when it reached Shelter Island. The Indians knew of this island's favored position when they named it Manhansack-aha-quash-awamock, "an island sheltered by islands."

Another hurricane occurred in the fall of 1944 and still another in late November 1950. Neither of these was as severe as the first one, though considerable damage resulted. The intensity of these phenomena depends to some extent on the condition of the tides at the time the hurricane strikes. A high wind with an incoming tide is potentially far more dangerous than a wind striking at ebb tide. Abnormally high tides whipped up by the wind are usually followed by correspondingly low tides. After the latest hurricane, in 1950, the extremely high tide, which ran as much as six feet above normal, was followed the next day by one of the lowest tides ever recorded in this region.

One constructive effect of the 1938 hurricane is that people along the entire coast have been alerted to the possible danger of such atmospheric disturbances. The efficiency of government storm warnings has greatly improved since that time. Such warnings are also treated with proper respect and all possible measures taken to minimize damage when a hurricane threatens. Had adequate preparation been made in 1938 to batten down seaside buildings and lay in supplies of emergency rations and water against the danger of power failure and impassable roads, many of the hardships of the days following the storm might have been avoided.

At a special meeting of the Town Board on September 24, 1938, a resolution was passed making it unlawful to build fires in the open, as a consequence of the dangerous debris left by the hurricane. The resolution remained in effect for nine days, being rescinded on October 3. Also in the town records are copies of letters sent to the Shelter Island Light and Power Company and the New York Telephone Company, Riverhead, as follows:

"I am directed by the Town Board of Shelter Island, pursuant to Resolution unanimously adopted at its meeting held November 5th, 1938, to express the earnest thanks of our Community and this Board, to your Company and its local exchange staff, in appreciation of the promptness, vigor and efficiency with which service was restored on the Island after the terrific damage occasioned by the hurricane of September.

"Your Men worked day and night. Spared no Human effort toward restoration of emergency services, and were consistently thoughtful and courteous in the midst of many impatient demands and complaints.

Sincerely yours,
E. P. BALDWIN
Town Clerk"

The last decade has brought changes at Sylvester Manor, the charming and gracious home with which the fortunes of Shelter Island have been so closely bound. Mr. Duvall gives a full account of the Sylvester family and their descendants. Although the names of the owners have often changed through marriages, the Manor house has always been owned by a direct descendant of Nathaniel Sylvester.

The mistress of the Manor at the time Mr. Duvall closed his History was Miss Cornelia Horsford, one of the five daughters of Professor Eben Horsford (page 197). Miss

Horsford died in November 1944. The property was then inherited by her nephew, Augustus H. Fiske, of Warren, R. I., son of Gertrude Hubbard Horsford. Mr. Fiske was born in Boston on May 28, 1880. In many ways his career paralleled that of his distinguished grandfather, Professor Horsford. He was a chemist who taught at Harvard University, and for many years he was chief chemist of the Rumford Chemical Works at Providence, R. I. He was also a great student of history and well known as a yachtsman.

Mr. Fiske did not live long enough to enjoy the Manor and take his place in the life of Shelter Island. He died suddenly in July 1945, only a few months after Miss Horsford's death. The property was then inherited by his eldest son, Andrew Fiske, who now lives the year round at Sylvester Manor and takes an active part in the community.

If Mr. Duvall were alive now, he would enjoy giving us a vivid picture of the contrast between the Shelter Island of three hundred years ago and that of today, especially as typified by the way of life at Sylvester Manor. Where there was once an abundance of slaves to keep the home's beautiful interior polished and gleaming, the gardens trim and luxuriant, the fields productive and neat, there is now no comparable labor to sustain an estate on such a plane. But it is a tribute to the succeeding descendants of Nathaniel and Grissel Sylvester that the house remains much as it was many generations ago and the grounds are in a remarkable state of preservation.

Through the generosity of Mrs. Thomas Emerson Proctor of Boston, the historic windmill on the Manor property (originally located at the Center next to the library) is being repaired and restored. Mrs. Proctor is a descendant of Benjamin and Patience Sylvester L'Hommedieu and has always maintained a keen interest in the home of her forefathers. The task of reconditioning the windmill is a formi-

dable one, as timbers of the size used in its original construction are now practically unobtainable.

The chronicle of Sylvester Manor and its uninterrupted stewardship cannot be duplicated in the case of any of the other families whose names have been prominent since the early days of Shelter Island's settlement. The property at Sachem's Neck passed out of the hands of the Nicoll family some time ago (see page 222) and is now owned by the Gerard family. The Dering family name is perpetuated in Shelter Island's famous harbor, but is so closely allied with the Sylvesters that there was no separation of property ownership. Neither of these names is represented on the island today, nor is the Havens name since the death of Walter R. Havens (page 46). But it is interesting to note that a certain woodland acreage of the original large Havens holdings is still in the possession of Mrs. Abram Britton Havens, of Rhinebeck, N. Y., whose husband was a direct descendant of the first George Havens.

Anyone familiar with Shelter Island today may find it odd that Mr. Duvall makes no mention of the Yacht Club, though some reference to the sailing yachts to be seen in the harbor is made on pages 184-85. Perhaps the explanation lies in the fact that when the "History of Shelter Island" was first published, yacht racing was in a temporary eclipse owing to the depression. But the waters around Shelter Island are ideally suited to sailing and boating of all kinds, and Dering Harbor is the finest natural harbor for many miles around. Neither wars nor depression can extinguish the spirit of the Shelter Island Yacht Club. By the time it reached its fiftieth anniversary in 1936, the clubhouse had been enlarged and the membership increased and revitalized under the leadership of Commodore J. M. Heatherton. In view of this and of the position that yacht racing and activities hold in the life of the island today, it seems

appropriate to quote at length from the publication, "A History of the Shelter Island Yacht Club," compiled for the Fiftieth Anniversary by Alfred E. Fountain, Jr.

"At 8:15 on the night of August 14, 1886, six good men and true gathered at the office of the Shelter Island Heights Association of Shelter Island, L. I., with the avowed purpose of forming a yacht club.

"It was an early day for yacht clubs. The New York Yacht Club, granddad of them all, had of course been in thriving existence since 1844. The Larchmont Yacht Club had just been incorporated and was housed in the little Horseshoe Harbor house at Larchmont which it soon outgrew. Here and there other yacht clubs were either being talked about or struggling through an early existence. The idea of organized yachting was appealing to many interested in sailing Eastern waters."

It is interesting to observe here that for years the New York Yacht Club maintained a station off the shore of the Manhasset House. Club cruises to this resort hotel were annual affairs, and the little clubhouse provided facilities for visiting members. After the Manhasset House burned in 1910, this station was discontinued by the New York Yacht Club. The club building was then towed on a barge to Sag Harbor, where it still serves as the clubhouse of the Sag Harbor Yacht Club.

"At this first regular meeting, officers for 1887, the first elected officers of the Club, were chosen. Mr. John N. Stearns, Jr., owner of the yacht 'Minnie Rogers,' was elected the first Commodore. Other elections were:

J. B. KEEP, Vice-Commodore
G. L. HAIGHT, Rear-Commodore
W. B. HILL, Secretary and Treasurer
A. H. PORTER, JR., Measurer

"At a trustees' meeting August 20, 1886, a regatta committee composed of Messrs. Hoagland, Keep, Porter and Hill 'decided to hold the regatta as soon as possible and Thursday next was fixed provisionally as the date.'

"Six classes were provided for: first, sloops over 33 feet; second, sloops under 33 feet; third, cat boats 28 feet and over; fourth, cat boats from 23 to 28 feet; fifth, cat boats from 18 to 23 feet and sixth, cat boats under 18 feet. As prizes for the larger sloops, a pennant, and for the other classes money prizes of \$15 to the first boat and \$10 to the second. Racing measurement to be the length on the water line, adding one-half the over-hang. Time allowance to be two minutes to the foot on a 20-mile course.

"1887 was the first real year of existence for the new club. At the annual meeting held July 6, 1887, the 1886 officers and trustees were re-elected for another year and the treasurer reported a balance in the treasury of \$20. The annual dues were then fixed at \$5.00. The 'Committee on club colors reported and on motion a blue flag, with white ball in the center and a red cross, was adopted as the club flag.'

"At a meeting held July 14, 1888, came the first official mention of the desirability of a club house and Messrs. Hoagland, Schroeder and Aspinwall were appointed a Committee to devise a plan to provide the members with such a structure.

"Apparently the principal contribution of the original Committee of 1888 was to center attention on the necessity of a yacht club house and to crystallize attention on the logical site—the then narrow and barren sand spit, Chequit Point. No sea walls, parking space, boat basin or docks then—just the semblance of a point mostly submerged at high tide.

"But in 1889 William H. Nichols became Commodore and things began to happen. . . .

"The Club got its house and moved in, in the spring of 1892. The building work was done by Mr. Thomas Burns, one of the Shelter Island builders. When the Building Committee issued its final report it was shown that \$3850 had been collected and only \$3849.48 had been expended. No record can be found of what became of the balance of 52 cents."

Mr. Fountain then goes on to describe the early days of racing at Shelter Island and some of the boats that competed. That the club soon attracted a large number of boats may be seen from his listing of the roll of yachts from the year book of 1903. This includes 21 Steamers and Launches, 42 under the heading "Schooners, Sloops, Cutters, Etc.," and 10 Cat Boats. The latter class had already considerably declined since "the very early days when the important boats were mostly cat rigged."

The Yacht Club has always had its social side, although such activities were curtailed during the wars and also at times of lean finances. Mr. Fountain reproduces an article from a newspaper file of 1899, with this headline: "SHELTER ISLAND'S CRUISE: The Fleet Sails to South Jamesport, Where the Yachtsmen Make Merry." Nonetheless, the club's chief emphasis has always been on yachting and yacht racing. Dering Harbor is well known to yachtsmen all along the Atlantic seaboard, from New England to Baltimore, and many boats call here during the summers, alone or in fleets.

The Off-Soundings cruises call regularly at Shelter Island in June and September. In these, sometimes as many as a hundred boats rendezvous at New London, race to Montauk and then to Shelter Island. A cruise from the American Yacht Club arrives annually in August, and cruises from



BOATS IN DERING HARBOR

The building is Cochran's Boathouse (on the property of Winthrop Hall), which was destroyed in the hurricane of 1938. Photo by Morris Rosenfeld.



OFF-SOUNDINGS RACE
Courtesy Morris Rosenfeld.

Fisher's Island and many other clubs come in occasionally. The waters here are deep enough for ocean-going yachts and vessels of all kinds.

Dering Harbor is not the only center for boat racing in the summer. The Menantic Yacht Club was organized in 1931 by residents of the Montclair Colony and Silver Beach. In 1933 the club was incorporated and registered in Lloyd's, with twenty-nine charter members. Sailing has been the main activity, and there are two classes of boats which race regularly from West Neck Harbor. The residents of Ram Island also schedule some sailing races in Coeccles Harbor.

The waters around Shelter Island provide much more than a raceway for boat owners and sailors. As long as there have been people on the island, a rich harvest of fish, clams, oysters, scallops, and other seafood has been taken from the bays every year. The Indians must have found the water one of their main sources of food. And since the earliest days, the town landings—now some thirty in number—have provided water rights for everyone, so that fishing as a means of livelihood and as a sport is not confined to those who own shore property.

Shelter Island's soil also yields an abundance of food. It is exceptionally fertile and ideally suited to the growing of certain crops. Flowers grow in profusion, and the gardens are luxuriantly beautiful during the warm summer months. The annual flower show sponsored by the Shelter Island Garden Club offers specimens of a variety and size that can be duplicated scarcely anywhere else.

Agriculture has played an important part in the development of Shelter Island. When the population was small, a great many different crops were raised to supply all manner of needs. (See page 160.) Spinning and weaving were done at home and the families were largely self-sufficient. Gradu-

ally the machines took over much of this work and marketing methods improved, so that island farmers began to specialize in only a few products to which the soil is particularly adapted. As on the rest of Long Island, potatoes have long been a staple crop. Mechanization and modern farming techniques bring an unusually high yield per acre. But today lima beans constitute the island's chief agricultural product. With this has come a commercial development that brings to the island its first industry since the closing of the Menhaden Fishery (Chap. XXIII).

The Shelter Island Farmers' Co-operative, Inc., was formed in 1949 by ten farmers: Anton Blados, Albert J. Dickerson, Daniel W. Dickerson, Elliott Y. Dickerson, John Gar, Evans K. Griffing, Richard Moser, Frank Mysliborski, Sylvester Prime, and Everett C. Tuthill. From small beginnings, these men have built a plant for the vining, processing, and freezing of lima beans which now gives employment to about seventy-five people during certain seasons of the year. Cauliflower, which is harvested into the late fall, is also processed and frozen here, extending the season of productivity and employment. The presidency of the Co-operative rotates monthly, and the products are handled by brokers for the large suppliers of frozen foods, which market them throughout the country. Summer residents always believe that an especially flavorsome package of Fordhook lima beans must have originated on Shelter Island.

Shelter Island's school reached an important milestone in 1951 when its fine new building was dedicated. The frame building which had been erected in 1868 was still being used for classes until it was demolished to make way for the new brick unit. The first brick building, which was added to the old schoolhouse in 1925, now forms a part of the present school plant.

For some time the old building had been inadequate and a portion of it a serious fire hazard. (Until 1951 there had been no space for a kindergarten class, for instance.) On June 28, 1949, therefore, the town voted to replace the old frame structure with a modern fireproof building which, with the earlier brick unit, should be equal to the community's needs for some time to come. The new addition houses kindergarten through fifth grade, cafeteria, industrial arts shop, and the science laboratory and classroom. The older building was renovated at the same time. Shelter Island now has a school system and facilities that compare favorably with the most modern plants in New York State.

The following notes are quoted from the historical sketch read at the dedication of the new school on June 17, 1951:

"Records of 1833 show a school census of 85 children. Many of the names appearing on this list are to be found on the 1950 school census. School was 'kept' for seven months. It is interesting to note that teachers received 'board and found' instead of a fixed salary. . . .

"The 1950 addition to the Shelter Island School is the result of the splendid planning and work of the present Board of Education of the Shelter Island Union Free School District, consisting of Dr. D. F. Currie, President, Mrs. Melva Sherman, James H. Aspell, Edward W. Payne, William O. Payne, together with Mrs. Hazel N. Payne, School District Clerk, Mrs. Helen T. Loper, Treasurer, and Roland S. Sherwood, Principal of the School.

"The present enrollment is 216 pupils with a staff of sixteen teachers.

"Although Shelter Island is cut off from the mainland by water on all sides, its school rates high in the records of the State Education Department. Graduates are accepted at the leading American colleges, and during World War II

many of them made fine records in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Air Force."

So in the two decades beginning with 1932, four new public buildings have been constructed at the Center—the Town Hall, the Presbyterian Church, the Fire House, and the School. With the modern offices of the Shelter Island Light and Power Company (built in 1934–35), which also performs an essential public service, these constitute a modest but dignified civic center which amply meets the needs of the island. Many social activities now take place in Legion Hall (also known as Community Hall and formerly Mechanics Hall) at the Center. And the structure which completes the town's roster of public buildings and which boasts the longest history in its present form is the little Shelter Island Public Library.

Not much has happened to the library since Mr. Duvall wrote his chapter on "The Founding of the Public Library." But two changes, both of which occurred before 1932, make a difference in its appearance since the early days. A wing was added to house the "Worthington Collection" of stuffed birds, animals, and other natural history specimens, and the windmill which for years had stood beside the library was moved to the Manor property. At Miss Cornelia Horsford's death, the library lost a patroness whose many contributions as president, trustee, mentor, and friend are remembered with affection and gratitude.

One of the most poignant chapters in the early history of Shelter Island is that describing the hardships of the early Quakers. The names of Lawrence and Cassandra Southwick and of the indomitable Mary Dyer are memorialized here by reason of the protection given them by Nathaniel Sylvester and his wife. (See Chapter III.)

It is of interest to know that there are still some Quakers on Shelter Island. On Sunday, September 9, 1951, a Friends

Meeting for worship was held at the home of Eugene Sherpick. The meeting was attended by Shelter Island Friends and by Quakers from Peconic, L. I., from Rhode Island, and from New York City. After the meeting for worship, the group visited Sylvester Manor and viewed the memorial there to those persecuted Friends who had found refuge on Shelter Island in colonial days. It is expected that similar meetings will be held in the future.

At Shelter Island's three hundredth anniversary we find a population that feels a tremendous loyalty to its island, sensible of its fine heritage and of the ideals that moulded it. But its people have also progressed with the times and can hold their own in the competitive modern world. With a manor house still occupied by a descendant of the original settlers of the island, and many families in residence whose antecedents were the Havenses, the Nicolls, the Derings, and other great names associated with the early history, Shelter Island is proud to remember its link with the past and to pay tribute to the men and women who have made its history. The summer residents share the same loyalty, and many of them have made valuable contributions to the welfare and prosperity of the island. Certainly there are few communities in which the summer and permanent residents live in greater harmony and mutual respect.

Chapter XXXI

SHELTER ISLAND TODAY

A FEW facts about Shelter Island may help to answer some of the questions visitors often ask.

The area of Shelter Island is approximately 8000 acres.

According to the 1950 census, the population of Shelter Island is 1136. There are no official figures for the total summer population, though the estimates run to as high as four or five thousand. It is probably safe to assume that in summer there are roughly three times as many people on the island as in winter, but not all at the same time. The summer peaks naturally come on holiday week-ends.

(In 1845 the population was 446 and the number of acres of improved land was almost 5000; see page 160. The number of acres now under cultivation is undoubtedly far smaller, but with modern methods of farming the yield per acre has increased enormously.)

Property on Shelter Island is assessed at about \$3,600,000. Non-residents pay somewhat over half of the taxes.

Two ferry services connect Shelter Island with Long Island. The Shelter Island and Greenport Ferry Company, operated by the Shelter Island Heights Association, runs scheduled trips throughout the year, with continuous service at busy week-ends. South Ferry, Inc., owned and operated for many generations by the Clark family, has the somewhat shorter run between the south shore and North Haven. The service here is no longer "on schedule time" (see page 203), but continuous.

Another ferry service of great convenience especially to New Englanders is that between New London and Orient Point. From Orient the run to Shelter Island Heights is only a few miles of highway to Greenport and then the short ferry ride. Thus transportation to this island is a matter of only a few hours from New York, Boston, and intervening points.

Regular air service by seaplane has been offered in recent years by two independent airlines. Although such service is not available at present, it is safe to assume that it will be reinstated before many years. Several property owners have private planes in which they commute to business. The calm waters around Shelter Island and the many bays and harbors make such seaplane travel eminently safe.

It is a source of relief to most residents that the bridges to the island mentioned by Mr. Duvall (pages 203-4) have not as yet materialized.

To the uninitiated, the idea of an island spells isolation and privation. Shelter Island, however, has grown to comfortable proportions, so that all the necessary conveniences may be found there. Local shops can supply practically everything, and it is only a short trip to shopping centers at Greenport, Sag Harbor, and other Long Island settlements. So while Shelter Island still offers isolation and privacy in the measure that they are desired, it is nevertheless an up-to-date community in touch with the rest of the world.

The island is fortunate in having a resident physician, Dr. Donald F. Currie, a man of exceptional ability and training and well loved by all. Dr. Currie is on the staff of the Greenport Hospital, which was modernized and fire-proofed in recent years, and of the new Central Suffolk Hospital.

The swimming facilities at Shelter Island are unsur-

passed, several of the finest beaches being open to the public. Some thirty town landings, many of which were set aside in the early history of the town, give everyone access to the water for swimming, fishing, and other water sports. The tides run in and out very fast from Montauk to Riverhead, insuring clean water at all times.

On November 6, 1951, Mr. Everett C. Tuthill was elected to his eleventh term as Supervisor of the island. Each term of office is two years, and Mr. Tuthill was Supervisor at the time the Duvall History was first published.

Mr. Sylvan Tybaert is Chief of Police.

There are unlimited opportunities for sports on Shelter Island. Golf and tennis are popular, and hiking, bicycle-riding, and horseback-riding are pursued along the shore and on inland trails. But the majority of the island's activities have to do with the water and beaches. The fishing around the island and out from the bays is unexcelled, and every day both commercial and amateur fishermen put out in boats of all sizes and types. On a clear Saturday when sailboats are racing from the Yacht Club, the blue-green waters of the bays are a magnificent sight. And Shelter Island has many high elevations from which to enjoy these views, being geologically more fortunate than much of Long Island. Artists find the scenes here very stimulating, and photographers revel in the variety of the scenery.

Living close to the water as they do, islanders make a careful study of tides and winds and weather. Visitors also soon learn to do this in making plans for a day's activities, as so much depends on them. It takes a while to learn where the best fishing may be found on an incoming tide, the best beach for picnicking when a southeast wind is blowing, the best time of day to schedule sailing races. Shelter Island fishermen are canny in their knowledge of the seasons and tides for bluefishing, weakfishing, crabbing and clamming.

And any novice will do well to listen to them. The waters in midchannel around the island require skillful navigation at rip tides, but near shore they are almost uniformly safe for bathing.

There is an abundance of wild game on the island—ducks, pheasants, deer, and foxes—and several large private properties are held as game preserves.

The chronicle of Shelter Island's attractions could be extended much further, but this is not a guidebook nor a publicity folder. Our main purpose in describing the island as it is today was to give some impression of the resources in which it abounds. For the sake of future generations these must be safeguarded so that the natural beauty and advantages of this sheltered and secluded land may be enjoyed to their fullest. There are still many acres of undeveloped land on Shelter Island. It is the responsibility of all those who love the island to see to it that the future development of this land will be of a type that enhances rather than destroys the island's character and charm.

If it were possible for the Sylvesters to visit Shelter Island in the year of its tercentenary, they would find the changes bewildering but not out of character. Acres and acres of wilderness have been replaced by well-kept homes and gardens. They would find much cause for pride and gratitude in the comparatively modest development of their island. Where once were only narrow carriage tracks, there are now miles of paved roads—many of which come to a pleasant dead end at the water.

Too many seaside resorts in America have been spoiled by careless planning and commercialization. Here we have been fortunate in having as leaders in public affairs people of integrity and good will. Shelter Island moves into its fourth century with the hope and faith that its rich resources will continue to be protected by men of vision and courage.

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